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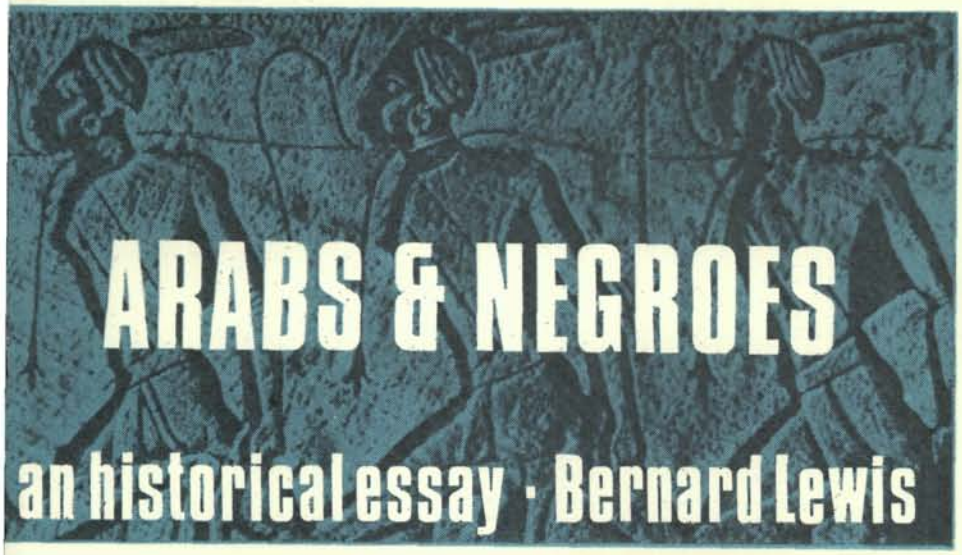

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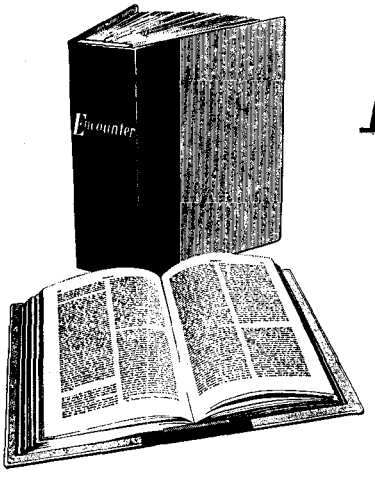

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IUP announces the publication of the books and broadsides of The Dun Emer and The Cuala Presses. All of these books were originally issued in limited editions and many contain material which has not since been reprinted, including 14 titles with contributions of Yeats. One book, "Synge and the Ireland of his time" by W. B. Yeats, exists only in its original edition of three hundred and fifty copies. There were seventy-seven official titles. The IUP set includes in addition to these the four most significant of the privately printed volumes.

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Jorge Luis Borges & Adolfo Bioy-Casares

H. Bustos Domecq on Universal Theatre

NOTHING in this admittedly rainy fall season of 1969 is less up for debate than the fact that Melpomene and Thalia are the youngest Muses. After twenty-five or more centuries, the mask that wears the grin as well as the mask of her tearful sister have at last overcome (as drama critic Myriam Powell-Paul Fort has so often maintained) almost insuperable obstacles. In the first place, there was the enslaving influence of names whose genius is above argument—Aeschylus, Aristophanes, Plautus, Shakespeare, Calderón, Corneille, Goldoni, Schiller, Ibsen, Shaw, Elmer Rice. In the second place, a succession of ingeniously wrought architectonic bulks that ranged all the way from those plain courtyards wide open to every rigour of drizzle and snow flurry (such as the one in which Hamlet delivered his monologue) down to the elaborate revolving stages of today's modern opera temples—to say nothing of such concomitant features as orchestra pits, prompters' boxes, and ladies' and gentlemen's powder rooms. In the third place, there were the overwhelming personalities of the mimes—Beerbohm Tree, that giant, etc.—who intruded between spectator and Art for no other purpose than that of reaping a rich harvest of applause. In the fourth and last place, were cinema, theatre of the air, and television, which, by purely mechanical means, broadened and popularised past evils.

THOSE WHO HAVE unearthed the prehistory of the *new* New Theatre wave aloft, as forerunners, two precursors: the Oberammergau Passion play, acted by Bavarian farmhands; and those truly popular, multitudinous presentations of *William Tell* which burgeoned out across cantons and lakes in the selfsame setting that first produced this (to be quite candid) hackneyed historical romance. Other investigators, even more antiquated, hark back to those guildsmen of the Middle Ages who enacted the history of the world out of rustic oxcarts—fisherfolk performing Noah's Ark, and contemporary pastrycooks the Last Supper. All this, though undeniably true, hardly blurs the now venerable name of Bluntschli.

IT WAS IN THE SWISS city of Ouchy, sometime back around 1909, that Georg-Adolphe Bluntschli gained his much-discussed reputation as an eccentric. Time and time again, with a well-aimed jerk of his elbow he tipped waiters' trays, managing to get himself soaked not infrequently in Kümmel when not in grated cheese. Typical—but apocryphal—is the incident on the grand staircase of the Gibbon Hotel of his having introduced his right arm into the left sleeve of a raincoat with a Scotch-plaid lining into which Baron Engelhart was struggling unsuccessfully to button himself up. Nobody would dream of denying, however, that he did put that swiftest of aristocrats to flight one day by the sudden display of an outdated Smith-Wesson made entirely of almond-studded chocolate. It has also been conclusively proved that Bluntschli was in the habit of

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venturing out onto the peaceful waters of Lake Geneva in a rowboat, where, under cover of darkness, he would mutter a brief aside or else allow himself a yawn. Further examples of his eccentricities are on record. We now definitely know that he smiled or sometimes sobbed in the funicular; and as to his conduct on streetcars, more than one witness has sworn as to having seen him swagger down the aisle, ticket tucked into the band of his boater, troubling some fellow passenger for the time. But around 1923, increasingly conscious of the significance of his Art, Bluntschli forswore such far-out experimenting. From this point on, he strolled along the streets, he found his way into offices and shops, he entrusted a picture postcard to a mailbox, he purchased tobacco and smoked it, he leafed through the morning papers, he behaved—in a word—exactly like the most inconspicuous of citizens.

THEN, IN 1925, HE DID what all of us end up doing (*absit omen!*)—he passed away one typical Thursday, well after ten P.M. Had it not been for the kindly-disposed disloyalty of his eternal friend, Maxime Petitpain, who in the unavoidable funeral harangue revealed it in words that are now classic, Bluntschli's message to the world would have been buried with him in the peaceful cemetery of Lausanne. Incredible as this may seem today, the address delivered by Petitpain and reproduced in its entirety in the biweekly *Petit Vaudois*, had no repercussions whatever until 1932, when, from the back files of the newspaper, it was brought to light by the now celebrated actor and producer Maximilien Longuet. This promising young man, who had obtained the coveted Shortbread Award to study chess technique in Bolivia, ended by consigning to the flames—like Hernán Cortés before him—both chessmen and chessboard and, without as much as crossing the traditional Rubicon between Lausanne and Ouchy, gave himself up body and soul to those principles bequeathed posterity by Bluntschli.

IN THE BACK-ROOM of his bakery, Longuet brought together a limited but select group of illuminati who in their way not only constituted the posthumous executors of what has come to be called "the Bluntschli plan," but who also put this plan into action. Let us, in gilded capitals, stencil the names our memory still retains, even though they may be somewhat mixed up or even apocryphal—Jean Pees and Charles (or Charlotte) Saint Pe. This bold conventicle—on whose banner, we have no doubts, was inscribed the cry *"Out into the streets!"*—without an instant's delay confronted all the risks of public indifference. Not for a single second condescending to advertising gimmicks or to billboard posters, they went out, a hundred strong, into the Rue Beau Séjour. Not all of them left the aforesaid bakery at the same time. First, one threaded his quiet way due south, then another due northeast; a third rode on bicycle; not a few took the streetcar (some in patent-leather boots). No one suspected a thing. The populous city took them for common passersby. The conspirators, showing exemplary discipline, neither greeted one another nor exchanged a wink. X strolled along the streets. Y found his way into offices and shops. Z entrusted a picture postcard to a mailbox. Charlotte (or Charles) puchased tobacco and smoked it. Tradition has it that Longuet waited at home, tense, biting his nails, his whole attention glued to the telephone, which at long last would bring him one of the two horns of the dilemma: *succès d'estime* or flat failure.

IS THERE ANY READER unaware of the outcome? Longuet, after the long centuries cited earlier, had struck a death blow to the theatre of stage properties, set speeches, and box-office queues. The new theatre stood on its own legs! The unprepared, the most ignorant, you yourself, are the actors; the script is life, and all the world's a stage.

(Translated from the Spanish by Norman Thomas di Giovanni in collaboration with the authors)

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Nigel Dennis

Alfred Adler

and the Style of Life

WE ARE sufficiently used to psychology by now to agree that the psychological theory we like best does us the most good, and that the one that does us the most good is bound to seem the best. This happy degree of tolerance, which was impermissible in the dogmatic days of the 1920s and '30s, has brought us to the point where, if we follow Jung, we feel only faint surprise that a friend should go to Freud, or that Stekel should mean so much to the French, or that Wilhelm Reich and his "box" should have charms so different from those of B. F. Skinner and *his* "box." Our religious brethren reached this amiable stage long ago, and though the Methodist family thought it unfortunate that a near relation should become an R.C. or a Druid, they agreed mournfully that any religion was better than none. Psychology only began catching up with religion's equanimity during the Second World War, when all sorts of emergency treatments, including hypnosis, were practised with some success, and the use of new drugs called for a reassessment of all the old psychologies. It was high time, because the dogmatists of the old schools had brought matters to a point where one was afraid to die of cancer for fear of being accused of neurosis—and from there it could only have been a step to feelings of guilt over stopping short of eternal life.

That each of us is peculiarly attracted by the teachings of a particular school is now perfectly clear, though why we opt for one in preference to any other is itself an amusing psychological question that each school would answer in its own way. The personal nature of the choice is strongly underlined by the fact that the personality of the theorist can be a decisive factor: a neophyte can wander despairingly from school to school before finding his chosen teacher; and even within a single school, teaching one doctrine, psychologists will be as variable and relatively effective as Fathers in Christ. It is not the truth that saves us, but the finding of our favoured exponent, whose truth then becomes our truth with little difficulty.

For these reasons I must write in a personal manner about Alfred Adler, whose anniversary is celebrated this year. His favourite maxim was *Alles kann auch anders sein*, so I shall not argue that what he taught was the sole, imperishable psychology; I shall only insist that it has never perished for me. My strong confidence in him began when I was his paid translator at the age of 23, and someone said to him at a party: "I don't think Nigel is looking very well." Adler replied at once: "He probably needs a *cheque*," and wrote one on the spot. I remember with deep affection the immediate improvement in my health; and I am sure it will not sound boastful if I add that when I had a cheque or two of my own to press upon nervous younger men, it was a pleasure to

ALFRED ADLER *was born a hundred years ago in Vienna. His last years were spent in the United States; he died in Aberdeen during a lecture tour of Scotland in 1937. Among his available works are "Understanding Human Nature" (1928), "The Education of Children" (1930), "The Science of Living" (1930), "What Life Should Mean to You" (1932), and with his associated "Guiding the Child on the Principles of Individual Psychology" (1930)—all published by Allen & Unwin. "The Practice and Theory of Individual Psychology" (1929) is published by Routledge.*

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observe in them, too, the same brisk heightening of muscle-tone, the disappearance of hysteriform symptoms, the renewal of the comic spirit.

THIS MEANS that I am pledged to what used to be called "surface" psychology by the "deep" schools—those who have the natural but curious idea that the psyche is built in composted layers, forming a kind of "depth" into which one peers or lowers grappling-hooks. This was never Adler's view: he believed strongly that what most psychiatrists call the "unconscious" was generally the place where they put any characteristics they were unable to grasp. He used the term himself, to describe acts that the doer failed to understand, but his "surface" view of the matter was neatly expressed in a back-handed compliment he once paid to Freud for his "significant attempt to read between the lines of consciousness."

Both read the Bible day and night,
But thou read'st black where I read white.

This view was part of Adler's insistence on the "unity of the personality." Conscious, unconscious, physical movements, ways of speaking, manners, sexual tendencies, neurotic aberrations were all elements of the one unified personality, which he refused to believe could ever become "split," "ambivalent," or affected by a tussle between "ego" and "libido." Behind all a person's most varying, apparently contradictory forms of behaviour he saw always a single strategic plan, which produced numerous tactical devices of various sorts as means of attaining its end. He had great admiration for some of these tactics, because so much intelligence went into the making of them, and because when one failed, another of a different sort could be sent out from headquarters immediately. Where smiles, for instance, failed, tears could win the day—and Adler respected tears. "Water power" was his name for them.

THE MULTIPLE EXPRESSIONS of a unified personality he called "the style of life," a term which is now coming into vogue without anybody knowing how and where it began. The aim of every individual style was always basically the same—to reach a goal of superiority.

This striving was the dynamo of the Adlerian system, and his breach with Freud came from his insistence on it. Whatever arguments may be brought against it, it has always seemed to me to be the most natural and obvious fact that we all begin life small and relatively helpless and embark immediately on finding ways of overcoming this disability and increasing our strength. The style of life that we build for ourselves is directed to this simple end of advancing beyond our first "feelings of inferiority" and achieving a certain self-confidence, a tenable position in the world, and an escape from what Janet was the first to describe as a human "*sentiment d'incomplètude*." Adler never tired of stressing the immense physical differences between a child and its parents—the smallness of the first, the comparative immensity of the second; and it has always seemed astonishing to me that all schools of psychology do not start at this point. As a parallel, he stressed equally the demands that this disparity made upon the ingenuity of the child, and the elaborate techniques it was bound to develop in order to hold its own against superior power. It is this plain, elementary conception of human growth in a powerful environment that has given the Adlerian system its strongest position, which is in the schoolroom. Never popular among intellectuals, never even remotely "fashionable," it has commanded devotion among school-teachers ever since Adler's early days in Vienna.

The "inferiority complex"—the condition that results when the striving for superiority is blocked, and discouragement sets in—is the best known of Adlerian concepts. He did not invent it; it was invented for him by an American journalist many years after Jung had introduced the word "complex" into psycho-analysis and caused everything to be termed a "complex" of sorts. Adler accepted the attribution, but used the phrase very little. Such a "complex" was a neurotic extreme, virtually a dead end. But "inferiority feeling" was a general omnipresent condition, as was the endless movement away from it to a "superior" position: it was this movement that interested him.

Adler had a great deal of difficulty trying to find a phrase that expressed this aspiration accurately and completely. When he was still on friendly terms with Freud he presented it as an "aggression drive," and as such it was well received and became, after sexual subsumation, his only contribution to psycho-analytical theory. In recent years it has been picked up by ethologists and become a highly respectable basis for theories of human and animal behaviour. But Adler himself rejected it as inadequate fifty

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years ago, as he had already rejected an earlier coinage, "the masculine protest." He felt that aggression was merely one of the many ways towards the superiority that he was trying so hard to define. He looked for a word that would embrace as many aspirations as there were individual styles—one, say, which could include the persons who found superiority in humility, or in the maintaining and exploiting of a weakness, as well as those who found it in wealth, ostentation, despotism, or some other blatant form of "will to power." He wanted a general term that would describe every man's need to rise above himself, but I don't think he ever found a satisfactory one. The Ansbachers[1] use the phrase "striving for perfection," but I think it is as much open to question as any other. Those who strove to be perfect were not people whom Adler approved of very much: he thought that an intense vanity was bound to be present in such a life-style and would make life excessively disappointing for the aspirant and painfully humiliating for everyone else.

I have always quarrelled with him a little about this, first, because a certain struggle for perfection is present in all the arts, second, because if he had striven to get halfway to perfection in his own writing, he would have left a much more valuable body of work. Freud was not content to revolutionise psychology; he helped to revolutionise German prose. But Adler was a born talker who refused to give time and attention to writing. His "works" were largely accumulations of talks—piles of them, jotted down by somebody and slung over to people like me to translate and hack into book form. Some of the results, including my own, were very peculiar indeed, so I am in a position to say that the Ansbachers have done a noble job of trying to sort out and re-assemble the numerous papers and books. To make Adler presentable is like trying to tidy up after carnival, and though I believe the job must be done—talking being a totally different art from writing—I sympathise with the Adlerian physician, F. G. Crookshank, who believes that to edit Adler is to lose Adler. "Few writers and speakers have suffered more at the hands of translators and editors," he says, and having been one of the latter, I know he is right. I would only like to remark that few translators and editors have suffered more than Adler's.

THIS REMINDS ME of one of the few psychological discoveries I ever made myself, without any help from Adler. Long ago, I read that Goethe had said of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*: "How greatly it is all planned!" As this is just what *Doctor Faustus* isn't, I was very puzzled, until I thought suddenly that what we praise in others is often what we hope to achieve ourselves, and that what Goethe admired in *Doctor Faustus* was the *Faust* that Goethe was planning so greatly himself. Perhaps the same tendency came into action when Freud and Adler praised one another—which they occasionally did. Adler, who rated common sense and guessing very high indeed, and was a prodigiously good guesser, chose as Freud's "chief merit" his "detective art of guessing through common sense." Freud, glancing up from his excellent prose, repaid the compliment by describing Adler as "a brilliant writer." This forcible interchange of personal virtues may be best explained by Carl Furtmüller's short statement: "Both men were domineering."

They had little else in common, and the difference between them is an engaging one. Each represented a particular Viennese attitude and cast of mind, and the two could not have been more different. Freud had all the academic severity and authority that has been ingrained in Viennese medicine since its Jesuit beginnings. Adler represented all the endearing, easy-going habits that are classed as Viennese *schlamperei*. Freud gives the impression of a man who always looked tidy; of Adler one can only say that he could manage, sometimes, to appear tidy. That Freud was an austere father-type is as clear as that Adler was a rebellious son: the difference in their ages (Freud was fourteen years older) emphasised this difference. It is sad to look over some of the old papers of that first circle of psychologists and see how many came together in common enthusiasm in the early 1900s, only to split off and go their separate ways before very long. But, as Furtmüller, Adler's old friend, says, it was as much a question of time as a divergence of theories. Either you sat under Freud, or you carried your chair to another room.

Freud could faint readily when his paternal authority was disputed. But Adler could behave like a very bad small boy when he felt imposed

[1] *The Individual Psychology of Alfred Adler*, edited by Heinz and Rowena Ansbacher (Harper, 1967). *Superiority and Social Interest*, by Alfred Adler. Edited by Heinz and Rowena Ansbacher (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1965).

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upon. He very much resented being expected to make a good impression on people, particularly important people, and always behaved worst when called on to appear at his best. Those who were fond of him were always trying to bring him together with influential people, but never with much success. John Dewey of Columbia admired his work and could have done even more than he did for him; but I still remember with pain the evening they were brought together, Adler sulking crossly on one side of the table, and Dewey on the other, his hair hanging lankly over his forehead as he looked down sadly at his black-edged fingernails. I can recall no conversation whatever.

I suspect that the same obstinacy deprived Adler of the degree of *privat dozent* in his younger days. The Viennese authorities demanded a neurological thesis for this: Freud, though he was already a psychiatrist, provided the "correct" paper and obtained the degree. Adler, though an experienced neurologist, provided a purely psychological thesis and went unblessed. It is a characteristic story.

WE MAY TAKE IT FOR GRANTED, I suppose, that every psychological theory is rooted to some degree in the inventor's childhood and never quite loses the infantile touch. I don't know what the first Behaviourists were like as small boys, or what dove descended on young Jung. But Adler was a small, rachitic boy who had a long way to go: his interest in medicine was excited by his nearly dying of pneumonia, and I imagine that the remarkable early work he did on organic inferiorities and their psychological compensations (surely the first real exploration into what we call now psychosomatic medicine?) grew out of his own experiences, as did his conception of human beings aspiring to rise from small beginnings. It was the deficiencies of human beings that absorbed his interest—how they met them face to face, how they outwitted them, how they made up for them, how they at last overcame them—or how at last they surrendered to them. It seemed clear to him at an early stage that the painter is often the man who has begun with inferior eyes, the composer one who has had trouble with his ears, the runner one who has begun with weak legs. It is the inferiority that concentrates the attention, and it is the attention that produces the ultimate superiority. But *Alles kann auch anders sein*, and Adler did not form a rigid rule from his conclusions. He did deploy them very widely and very successfully, and as a consequence of this could never see sexuality as the primary human impulse. A person's sexual behaviour, he believed, was simply one expression of his style of life, and always in harmony with other aspects of his character. He was sure that Freud had hoodwinked himself by taking too literally such phrases as "penis envy" and "castration fear," and embodying them into a primarily sexual theory. Such envy and fear were, indeed, to be found, but they were to be understood symbolically, as indications of the *sentiment d'incomplètude*, as imagined threats to personal superiority. He saw the "Oedipus" situation in the same light: the powerful father might well be the child's rival for the attentions of the mother, but it was wrong to phrase the rivalry in sexual terms. I think we see clearly here the irreconcilable position in which Freud and Adler found themselves, each man relatively willing to consider the ideas of the other, but only provided the ideas were translated into his own terms and weighed for their importance on his own scales.

We find something of the same sort in the distinction between Freudian "fantasy" and Adlerian "fiction." Freud, as we know, uncovered the importance of "fantasy" when working with Breuer on hysterical cases: he had reason to be sarcastic when Adler, many years later, began to stress the huge significance of "fiction" in the style of life. It is important to attribute the origin of the general conception to Freud before remarking that Adler's particular use of it was characteristically different. The difference between Freudian "fantasy" and Adlerian "fiction" is again the difference between two sorts of minds, both stubborn, opinionated, and with no desire to agree on either means or ends. Adler turned to another source for the sort of "fantasy" he wanted.

The source was H. Vaihinger, whose book *The Philosophy of As If* was published in 1911. The theme of this remarkable book—which drew upon much of Kant, Nietzsche and Schopenhauer and runs parallel in some ways with the "science of possible solutions" of Alfred Jarry and his merry "pataphysicians"—was the necessary creation of fictitious worlds and fictitious selves by means of which semblances of "truth" were obtained: "positivist idealism" was Vaihinger's term for this. Though truth in the purest sense could never be reached in this way

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—or in any way, for that matter—a practical resemblance to truth called "the most expedient of errors" was always available. Vaihinger made much of the fact that this expedient method, whose venerable lineage goes back to the sceptical master Carneades, was the link between science and art, since it was used freely in both, *e.g.*, if zero is useful, zero is assumed, "as if" it actually existed, just as perspective is expediently invented by the painter. Indeed, our very lives, to say nothing of our sanity, depend upon our behaving "as if" our fictions are true: it is only when they become too absurd or impractical to be deemed expedient that we become lost in the "fantasy world" of the hysteric.

VAIHINGER SUPPLIED what Adler needed to explain the shaping of the style of life: he also encouraged Adler's natural optimism by the enthusiasm he showed for human ingenuity in the making of useful fictions. For Adler, as a psychologist, the most important human fiction became the individual himself—his virtual self-creation out of whatever raw material came to hand. Since the final aim was to reach a superior position, the material would be used discreetly and meaningfully. What suited the style of life would be built into it, what displeased it would be adapted or rejected in the manner of a novelist or an architect.

It was this choosiness—or "tendentious apperception," if we want our phrases grand—that made Adler reject absolutely the idea of any dominating influences such as heredity, or environment, or physical qualifications. These were merely the stones that each builder picked over and shaped according to the needs of the "style" in which he was working. Where there was hope and self-confidence, any disadvantage could serve as a stimulus, and the reality of it could be played down in the pursuit of the "fiction" that would compensate for it. Where little hope or confidence existed—where the odds against the child seemed irresistible—the defect could still be built into the style, but as a lasting excuse for failure. Adler described this form of discouragement in one of his best passages:

> It is the fault of my parents, my fate; because I am the youngest, who was born too late; because I am a Cinderella; because I am perhaps not the child of these parents, of this father, of this mother; because I am too small, too weak, have too small a head, am too homely; because I have a speech defect, a hearing defect, am cross-eyed, near-sighted; because I have misshaped genitals, because I am not manly, because I am a girl; because I am by nature bad, stupid, awkward; because I have masturbated; because I am too sensuous, too covetous, and naturally perverted; because I submit easily, am too dependent and obedient; because I cry easily, am easily moved; because I am a criminal, a thief, an incendiary, and could murder someone; my ancestry, my education, my circumcision are to blame; because I have a long nose, too much hair, too little hair; because I am a cripple; because I have been pampered, and because I have been discriminated against.

This list is not complete, though I think it might be called comprehensive. Each of us can add his particular misfortune if Adler has omitted it, or, since *Alles kann auch anders sein*, re-phrase any weakness that is not applicable as written. The important thing—the very essential of the particular complaint—is that it must satisfy the person who makes use of it and show to his complete satisfaction that despite his best efforts, the malignancy of fortune has been too much. That fortune should go to so much trouble with one is, of course, not only a consolation, but can even cause one to enjoy a certain sense of superiority.

This theory of the building of an individual style of life has been described as "Adler's crowning achievement as a personality theorist." I think that statement is true. He carried the idea that every personality is a self-constructed "fiction" farther than anyone had carried it before, and I believe that he showed better than anyone what marvellous ingenuity went into the fabrications of selves.

I HAVE NEVER UNDERSTOOD why he had no influence at all on writers of fiction: what, after all, could be more tempting to the novelist than the idea of Every Man His Own Novel? I know that the longer I lived with it, the more delightful and intelligent I found it, and capable of almost infinite extension and elaboration. In *Cards of Identity* I tried to carry it to the lengths it seemed to demand—a novel of characters who are their own novels. How can I not think with tenderness and affection of the man who stood behind it, whose ghost directed it? Moreover, to me at least, the word "identity" is only a fictitious disguise. What it really means is Adler's style of life—that magnificent product of each man's overwhelming genius and self-devotion.

It is easy to look back afterwards and see clearly how one came to write something and where the ideas in it came from. What I find

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so curious and interesting is the extent to which one understands what one is doing at the time. When I wrote that particular book I knew only too well how much of Adler was going into it and could have expatiated on this matter endlessly. It all seemed like a work of full "consciousness"; it was many years before I understood the whole "unconscious" range of Adler that was present in it. Psychologists of another school might explain to me gently, but with a smile, that this failure to understand one's whole scheme was a necessary sort of "repression"—that one would not wish to know that one was merely repeating in paraphrase the ideas of one's own master or "father." I think that Adler himself would not have dismissed this explanation: he would have seen at once that my self-esteem and "superiority" were involved. But he would also have stressed the fact that failure to understand is precisely what the "unconscious" is. He would also have observed that any distinction here between "conscious" and "unconscious" proved unimportant and insignificant, in that both worked towards the same fictitious unity and were made to serve the same inventive faculty.

Finally, his fondness for approximate truths, for "as if" solutions, would have made him tolerant of the thesis—which is strongly expressed in the book—that psychology itself is the final stage in the making of "useful fictions" and must consist largely in a skilled re-writing and editing of personal novels that have been misconstructed by their creators. Hence the power at the disposal of the charlatan or Big Brother, who uses psychology to re-write the fictions of others in forms that are useful to himself.

He had a natural impishness, rather like Gurdjieff's, in liking to see the inventive faculty exercised. Once, he had to go to a very boring party in New Jersey and said to me: "I think you had better come too." "How can I? I have not been invited." "Never mind. You can be somebody else." He added: "I shall depend on you not to let me down." I am proud to say that I did not, though when he saw that I was getting away with my invented self (a rather important man) much too easily, he did everything he could think of to trip me up, plying me in front of everybody with numerous questions to which I had to give plausible answers, including a most personal account of "my" married life. I count that evening of pure self-invention as one of the real victories of my career, and I am happy to be able to add that Adler admitted I had done good service in the cause of "positivist idealism."

It is only when the fiction of the style of life is too misshapen or absurd that "fantasy" takes over, and "as if" becomes impractical. But how is one to decide the point at which this happens? Neurosis itself provides the answer, and the neurosis appears when fantasy overpowers normal fiction and the unfortunate creator finds that he has "painted himself into a corner," as they say. The fictitious self becomes untenable, because it is too remote from social reality. This, Adler believed, is always sure to happen when the personal fiction is built in such a selfish way that it excludes other people from its considerations. A style of life that is not "socially interested" cannot go very far without causing infinite discomfort both to its possessor and other people.

Adler's "social interest" caused great misgivings in the old days because it smacked of ethics rather than psychology. This was not helped when he described Freudianism as "the psychology of the pampered child," or dropped remarks that were not only unscientific but shocking. "Even clergymen can help people" he once said—out loud. Today, I don't think we mind so much an insistence on personal psychology being seen in a social context, or on the individual being virtually incomprehensible unless his fiction is studied in relation to the elements to which it is an answer. The making of an "image" and the maintenance of personal "identity" are matters of common parlance today, and in proportion as they have emerged, the despised "ego" has emerged too, as fabricator of its tendentious designs. "The proper question," writes Joseph Wilder, "is not whether one is Adlerian but how much of an Adlerian one is." I think this is well illustrated in the writings of the "aggression" school of ethology, which takes up the point of view that Adler introduced into psycho-analysis but abandoned as inadequate. By the time these theorists have presented "aggression" in all its aspects, such as make-believe, display, communal relations, protectiveness, tribal government and even affection, it has virtually ceased to be worthy of the name. As Sundberg and Tyler say: "It is as though other persons, when they reach a certain stage in their development, feel a need to break with Freud on essentially the same grounds that Adler originally did. . . ."

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ALL PSYCHOLOGICAL THEORISTS seem to change their ground as they grow older, to emphasise in later years aspects of their theories that they ignored or played down before. In the last half of his life, Adler became less and less interested in what people said and more and more absorbed by their physical movements. The fiction of the life-style—the "private world," as he called it—became more and more like the fiction of a shadow drama, to the point where he could tell students: "If we want to understand a person we have to close our ears. We have only to look. In this way we can see as in a pantomime...." The idea of the internal organs speaking what he called "organ dialect" was, of course, one of his very earliest conceptions, but his dismissal of words in favour of external gestures, posture, and gait made a physical whole where there had been only an internal half before. Even speech he translated into movement, regarding stammering as a form of physical hesitation. Physiognomy he described as "movement which has become form," and to lay a patient on a couch struck him as a dreadful mistake, since it deprived the psychiatrist of everything but the patient's untruthful words. Here again, it seems to me, he was obliged to value the "unconscious" a great deal more highly than he usually did, in that he infinitely preferred the veracity of the unconscious action to the fiction of the spoken word. Indeed, he recognised "a vast gulf between a man's conscious thoughts and his unconscious motivations," and I think his critics might fairly argue that this "gulf" implied more than he was prepared to consider. Once you admit that one aspect of the person is truthful and another aspect untruthful, the idea of an absolutely consistent unity of personality becomes open to question.

For the rest, we are left with a pantomime invented and played-out by self-made actors before a large audience of self-made men. It is all a work of art, complete with its comedies, its tragedies, its brilliant successes, its flops, its spells of tedium, its endless dramatics. I don't know if this is a true picture of human behaviour; I only know that it has always struck me "as if" it were and that I owe more than any dishonest words can express to its humorous creator. When absolute truth comes along and it will no longer be possible to say *Alles kann auch anders sein*, I shall have to change my allegiance: meanwhile, I shall continue to stand contentedly at the point where all fictions sing together in loud, expedient disharmony.

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Peter Jenkins

Electoral Post-mortem

PANTECHNICONS, the nearest we have to tumbrils, move into Downing Street. The shifting crowd of goofers is of the kind you find outside the Old Bailey at the end of a sensational case. There were cheers but also some vindictive booing when Harold Wilson left for the Palace to resign. (Stanley Baldwin's garden railings were requisitioned for the war production he was blamed for neglecting.) The evictions take place immediately, as swiftly as retribution. At 11 o'clock the night before I saw somebody take odds of ten to one on Labour. At 11.15 it was as good as over. Harold Wilson will have Salford West written on his heart. There were cheers at the Savoy Hotel. "I think it must be good news, sir," said a beaming waiter at the foot of the stairs. The Prime Minister was staring a television set and his future in the face at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, a setting hitherto for triumph only. Imagine that drive through the night, despair piled upon exhaustion. Edward Heath had kept on smiling at defeat and now in Bexley he must be laughing all over his face. At Number 10 they started packing through the night. The Prime Minister's party reached home, no longer home, at 7.30 a.m. Friday 19 June. One of the girls was asleep on the floor; she was put to bed weeping. The senior Ministers who were in London met for half-an-hour in the Cabinet Room before it was all over. The portrait of Walpole looked down reproachfully at Prime Minister Wilson. He was characteristic in defeat and delivered a last homily on leaks to the press: no memoirs, no Sunday newspaper revelations.

THREE WEEKS BEFORE, an age in politics, it was beginning. On Friday 29 May Harold Wilson caught the afternoon train to Cardiff. The Prime Minister, the man who the country was about to judge on his record, his policies and his words, was in that instant transmogrified before the very eyes of the chaperoning reporters (and in the presence of his borrowed press aide for the campaign, William Camp, the brilliant salesman of public commodities—first gas, then steel) became once more Harold Wilson, electioneer extraordinary, gold medallist of '64 and '66. He nestled down in his compartment over the first speech of the campaign like a duck taking again to water. The reporters swopped stories. Marcia Williams was on board. Gerald Kaufman was on board. Alfred Richman was on board. For Harold Wilson a train is a bandwagon and his started to roll.

The rally that night in Cardiff took place in a windy football stadium. For Labour it was to be an open-air election. There was none of the atmosphere of 1964, an enervating, throbbing campaign; nor of 1966, a ruthless, confident consolidation of the narrow '64 result. But who are reporters to build theories on the feel of public meetings? Our polls were of straw, Dr. Gallup's of science. In any case Wilson said he was going to win, Wilson knew he was going to win, Wilson looked like he was going to win, the Tories thought Wilson was going to win; and the pollsters agreed with them all. That night he turned in a winning *performance* and he was judged on performance, no doubt as he intended he should be, for the remainder of the campaign. "Let no one underestimate the influence of the Prime Minister of the day," said George Thomas, the Secretary of State for Wales, who perhaps had been reading some political science; "I believe the British people have admired the durability, the courage, the integrity of Harold Wilson." Jim Callaghan, the Home Secretary, was there too. "How the Tories must yearn for a leader with one-tenth of the sagacity, resource and courage," he said. It was to be Wilson *v.* Heath.

Edward Heath was in Bexley the first weekend. Bexley is car-polishing, lawn-watering country—a not-much-to-say-about-it suburb. On Saturday he chatted around the shopping centres, inquiring about prices rather like an inspector from the Ministry. Prices to the economist are Statistics, PRICES, RETAIL INDEX OF; prices to the politician are what people pay in shops. One might have learnt more in the shops

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of Bexley than in the schoolroom—polished parquet, "*No Smoking*"—where Mr. Heath that night addressed (that was the word the chairman used) a polite gathering. But we had been programmed for *performance*. How did Ted compare with Harold in the beauty contest? How would he look and sound on telly? Where is the new Ted Heath? Who was the old Ted Heath? Will the real Ted Heath stand up? Will this Ted Heath please sit down? Why can't a Ted be more like a Harold?

The school looked like an early-warning station. OB vans in the playground, great masts and antennae stretching into a clear evening sky. The schoolroom *was* a TV studio, the mobile Tory set—a backdrop of washy concentric blue circles, obsessive spinning optical illusions on blank white flats—erected on the platform, and wherever Heath was to be seen thereafter. Ted was blue too, dark suit, light shirt. Tax cuts, price stability, honest government—they were his themes and throughout the campaign. Never had it so good? "Under Labour you've never had it!" (offering himself up to *Private Eye*). He did it again at Newcastle later when he turned to the British housewife. "Where's yours?" shouted a heckler. "We bachelors have to learn to do many things for ourselves," said Mr. Heath, innocently explaining that he knew a bit about shopping. At Bexley, that first night I saw him, the press table winced, sympathetically but already despairingly, as his tongue tripped and he nearly promised to abolish the income tax. We first saw that look of panic, shy fastidiousness rather than lack of nerve. He was patient and articulate in explaining the ins and outs of Value Added Tax, he didn't trim on Law-&-Order or the Common Market or Immigration or Powell. But already we had cast him, and thought he had type-cast himself, as the loser. The polls said and had been saying for years that Ted Heath just hadn't clicked.

THERE WERE GROUNDS other than the form of the performers and the findings of the polls for believing that Wilson and Labour would win and Ted and the Tories lose. The conventional wisdom went like this:

1. The way the British system works makes it more likely than not that a sitting government will obtain at least a second full term. The Prime Minister's prerogative of dissolution means a huge advantage of timing, all the greater for Dr. Gallup and Lord Keynes. Two political scientists had written:

> The polls in Britain may now have assumed a political importance greater than in their country of origin—largely because British elections have no fixed dates. The Government is able, with the improved barometers of party strength, to exploit the country's mood to party advantage; a Prime Minister's power to choose when to go to the country has become an increasingly important asset to the incumbent party, thanks to Keynesian management of the economy, or at least to improved forecasting of economic trends.[1]

2. The swing required to unseat Labour (4.3 per cent on 1966 for the Conservatives to form a government with overall majority) would be unprecedented in the post-war period, excepting the quite unusual 1945 election.

3. Demographic and social changes were working, although slowly, in Labour's favour. Butler and Stokes had helped to give the impression, although this is a gross over-simplification of a highly complicated analysis, that Labour was developing in the direction of the Democratic Party in the United States in the sense of becoming the party with the largest natural constituency.

4. Labour had become, or was becoming, the party of government, or a governing party, in a more immediate sense. As I argued, embarrassingly now, on the day before the Election:

> ... tomorrow promises to be an historic day. In an atmosphere devoid of all excitement the country will decide upon, for the first time in its history, a long and continuous period of Labour government. The conventional view of the two-party system will have been exploded: Labour is no longer the party which rules for brief and frantic spells before lapsing into its traditional oppositional role, while the ever-ready Tories pick up the pieces. We have not had a period of radical government as in 1945–50, we have had a period of Wilsonian government; the Conservatives are in disarray, for the moment the party of the wilderness no less than Labour in the fifties. Think back ten years and it is an astonishing reversal of roles.[2]

5. Political memories are short. Money in the pocket and rising expectations on polling day are important factors; they were in 1955, 1959, and 1964 (when the Conservatives very nearly pulled it off against their record and all the odds). The "wages explosion" was Harold Wilson's election boom—the Tories kept saying so, accusingly.

6. Our elections were becoming more "Presidential." Television made them so; the propaganda advantages of the government of the day weighed heavy. In a choice between leaders Mr. Wilson had the advantage; on this the polls had been consistent and in agreement.

7. There were a number of minor factors in Labour's favour. The constituency boundaries

[1] David Butler & Donald Stokes, *Political Change in Britain* (1969), p. 13.

[2] In my column in *The Guardian*, 17 June 1970.

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had been gerrymandered to give Labour an estimated 15-seat advantage; the additional two hours for polling would help Labour to get its vote out, offsetting superior Conservative organisation; under-21 electors, voting for the first time, were expected to divide at least marginally in Labour's favour; immigrants, politicised for the first time, could tip the balance to Labour in a handful of marginals; the Tories' Unionist stronghold in Ulster was suffering an erosion. Also it was summer and the weather fair; there was some evidence to be had from previous elections that although the rain falls on Tories and Labour alike the Tories have the umbrellas.

8. Finally the polls, for all their limitations, could accurately enough indicate the likely result. No party in arrears when a campaign began had ever won on the day. The statistical error was great (as much as 6 per cent) and the polls were not predictions but measurements of "voting intentions only." They were inevitably out of date by the time they were published, and there was evidence that opinion had become unusually volatile. Nevertheless, if the polls all pointed in the same direction, and if they moved in that direction, they were—taking them altogether—as reliable a guide as there was, impressively correct on most past occasions. Moreover, there was a check this time; they broadly confirmed a Labour recovery measured by actual voting in two sets of local government elections. Field-work carried out during the first weekend of the campaign (May 28-June 1) put Labour variously 4.0, 5.0 and 5.1 per cent ahead. Only one poll gave the Conservatives a lead (2.0 per cent) and there were reasons to think it maverick. By the next weekend the same poll put Labour 2.0 per cent ahead. By then a wide variation had developed (2.0 per cent to an astonishing 12.4 per cent) but Labour was all the while ahead.

THE DAILY PRESS CONFERENCES began on 1 June. They were all within five minutes' walk of each other. The accommodation was inadequate in descending order of grotesqueness reflecting the respective wealth of the parties. The position of the Liberals neatly symbolised their position in the election. They met in a small room en route between the grotty hall which Labour had hired in the back streets of Westminster and the Tory headquarters in Smith Square. They met at half time between Labour (10 a.m.) and the Tories (11 a.m.). They were thus squeezed between the two parties, hopeful that people would drop in on the way. The Labour and Conservative press conferences were with rare exceptions taken by Mr. Wilson and Mr. Heath. Irwin Ross, the American journalist, thought they were the "best show in town." (We should have taken Mr. Ross as an omen, for he is the author of a study of President Truman's triumph over polls and pundits in 1948.) Ross was surprised that television and the British press made so little of the morning conferences. The reason is that television is debarred, by disagreement with the press, from televising the question and answer; the result is that on the screen it looks like politicians making statements, not responding to cross-examination. A second reason is that our newspapers don't go in for transcripts, like the *New York Times*—we no longer have a newspaper of record left. The morning conferences provide the evening papers with their midday headlines, the daily newsmen with angles and themes, and journalists of all varieties with an opportunity to meet, drink, and gossip. Fleet Street is wedded to the notion that anything that happens early one day is not "news" the next day, the story having been preempted by television and radio. Thus the press conferences (as in the two previous campaigns) tended to be regarded as rival performances—a treatment which suited Harold Wilson well.

Mr. Wilson was often at his brilliant best in gliding away from questions, amusing and flattering his audience, setting the pace and the direction of the day's electioneering by raising questions which he knew would be carried to his opponent, and in general confirming his reputation as the best news editor in Fleet Street. Mr. Heath showed that he could stand up to pressure, resist diversions and trivialisations, that he was a serious, determined fellow. But the effect of following after Wilson, of having committed himself to policies and pledges (where Wilson had none) and of his habit sometimes of refusing to answer questions at all, or complaining about their subject matter, contributed to the general feeling which persisted throughout the campaign that here was the man against the ropes, putting up a plucky but unavailing resistance to superior skill and strength. Indeed, a good many reporters began to feel sad for him and to go easy on him; baiting Ted became embarrassing and unseemly. Then came Mr. Enoch Powell to plague him further and in the eyes of many, given the atmosphere and presuppositions which had built up, to finish him off.

ENOCH POWELL was fighting another election altogether. He was fighting it physically in the West Midlands, old stronghold of the working-class Tory tradition and now one of the chief concentrations of recent immigrant population; but his words, his warnings, his increasingly paranoid, apocalyptic and unbalanced pronouncements were addressed *via* the television cameras (which he also attacked, Agnew style) to the nation as a whole. Like the

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polls, like the pundits and like everybody else, Powell—almost certainly—expected his party to lose. Having, in his own phrase, "left his card" at the election of Conservative Party leader in 1965 he was now, in the eyes of his former "Shadow Cabinet" colleagues, preparing for a post-election assault on the soul of his party and a bid for its leadership. On Thursday 11 June (with the national newspapers on strike but the TV cameras in expectant attendance) Powell uttered his McCarthyisms, hinting that Enemies of the Country were at work in the department responsible for—compiling the immigration statistics!

One of Powell's offences in this election was that he was causing excitement. I heard him at a meeting in the previous week (on Wednesday 3 June) at Smethwick where he spoke in fulsome support of a candidate, Brian Rathbone, who proclaimed himself nothing but proud to follow in the footsteps of Peter Griffiths, the "leper" of Smethwick 1964. Powell at that meeting dealt with inflation, developing his well-worn theme that the people had been "brain-washed" into accepting the blame for the deterioration of the currency whereas the blame, he endeavoured to demonstrate by Powellite logic, belonged solely and wholly with the Governments who printed money. One saw more clearly, perhaps, what he was about, hearing him on this theme than on more emotive ones, such as immigration. He was preaching—and preaching was the word for it in the revivalist atmosphere of his appearances—on the conspiracy against the people, attacking not only socialism, but by implication his own party, and its treacherous leadership, for supping with the devil at the high table, or rather the centre table, of the post-war consensus. Powell in this election was the voice, or sought to be, of the dispossessed and the alienated, the plague-on-both-your-houses activists and the *lumpen* non-participators. In part this was a mischievous function, certainly in so far as he was aiming to arouse unjustified phobias and to the degree that he fanned prejudice, though he denied this intent. But in part his role may have been a necessary one, for nobody else was voicing powerfully the nation's misgivings about "Britain in Europe"—a subject which came through at all the meetings I attended where questions were permitted. If we have in this country a "silent majority," I thought, perhaps it is better that it should break silence at election times than bottle up its grievances and hates for extra-parliamentary expression between times. Powell's rhetoric may have caught the feelings of many undecideds who wanted to vote Tory or against Labour. The effect could not be measured; it felt important.

At his press conference the morning after the Powell speech Heath came in for the worst drubbing of the campaign. He once again rejected Powell's doctrines and statements; he once again disavowed Powell as a Cabinet colleague; but he obstinately refused to repudiate Powell as a candidate or as a Conservative. He did not dare to divide his party in the country. The next night (Saturday 13 June) Powell went further. He warned that the peril facing the nation was more serious today than in two World Wars, the "enemy within" was a greater threat than the Kaiser or than Hitler. Ugly violence was reported from this meeting, a violence latent in the meeting I had seen where a gang of pro-Powell skinheads made its first appearance. On Monday morning Heath looked an unhappy man. He was flanked at the press conference by Quintin Hogg and William Whitelaw, "shadow" Home Secretary and Tory Chief Whip, two men of fierce and impeccable opposition to Enoch Powell and everything he had come to stand for. Mr. Heath read out a carefully prepared statement which repeated his position and made it clear that he would take no further questions on the subject and add not a further word. His press conference petered out in silence in less than fifteen minutes. That was the end of the matter. It seemed to mark, symbolically, the end of the election campaign, the beginning of a new and fascinating chapter of the history of the Conservative Party—in opposition. An end-of-term atmosphere set in; it was all over now but the counting. Yet at that moment, if the opinion polls were ever at all near the mark, the tide was flowing strongly in the Tory direction.

The excitements surrounding Enoch Powell apart—interrupted only by a four-day stoppage of the national papers—the campaign had been repetitive, predictable, and uninspiring. Labour's case was its case against the Tories. The Tories' case rested upon the state of the economy—first an indictment against inflation, then an allegation of imminent economic crisis, finally a warning of a further devaluation. The stages of escalation measured the decline of the Conservatives' hopes that they could turn the tide of opinion, smash through the complacency and cockiness of Wilson's campaign. But nobody, except perhaps the voters, seemed to notice the sharpening of the battle. Wilson's walk-about style was wearing thin by the end but it was still making pictures for the television screens, and that was what was thought to count. Heath was still seen mostly mouthing his warnings and his promises in front of that same blue and white mobile

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stage-set; not only did he seem to be saying the same thing every night, he seemed to be saying it in the same place. When Heath did walk about it looked, at least to the critics, as if he was imitating Wilson. The newspapers printed stories, some of them untrue, about the tricks he had missed in the way of setting up photo angles or making human interest copy. They reported how Wilson never missed a trick. The Prime Minister from the outset had set the terms of the campaign (or thought he had) and the media judged it by those terms throughout. According to the polls his campaign was succeeding, Heath's making no impact. What other way was there of assessing its effect on an undemonstrative, sun-drenched people?

While the presses were stopped, the TV cameras glowed as usual. I was too much with the campaigners to see the television campaign as a whole. But earlier (on Monday 8 June) I had spent a night before the box. That was the night the Wilson technique broke down. An electric storm affected the signalling on the line from London to Nottingham. His train was so hopelessly late that he jumped off in the middle of nowhere and was escorted by police cars to his destination. In Nottingham he found himself speaking from what looked to viewers like a lavatory window. The amplification system was defective and the hecklers vociferous; for once his method backfired on him, for on this occasion he was for once trying to say something. He was trying to nail allegations (supported by the former Governor of the Bank of England, Lord Cromer) that the economy was heading for crisis. It was hard to grasp the content of his statement over the television. Meanwhile, Ted Heath was for once walking about a bit—in Exeter I think it was—and was also seen hammering away at the economic theme in a speech. The Tories had an effective party political broadcast that night, with Chris Chataway and Geoffrey Johnson Smith doing their "News at Ten" act (too slick, many thought; effective in my opinion) and with Iain Macleod re-entering the battle, malevolently crouching to spring. Over the stretch of a whole evening's viewing, "points for the Tories" I noted. But the next day I flew north with Heath and saw him in the flesh again, on the platform and in a Newcastle Constitutional Club (swallowing half a pint in a pint man's world). And I heard his people poor-mouthing the campaign, and not because they were worried about complacency but because they genuinely, fatally—like the rest of us—could not believe that they would win. It was in this state of knowledge, or frame of mind, that in Glasgow the next night (Wednesday 10 June) I watched Robert Kee's interview with Edward Heath and on the next night, back in London, his interview—or confrontation—with Harold Wilson.

THE KEE INTERVIEWS may well have been important. Kee was attempting the impossible; he was trying to prevent television, outside scheduled party political time, from being used by the politicians to say exactly what they wished, how they wished and without regard to the questions. The interviews were set up in an armchair ambience, congenial for the letting down of hair. Some of Kee's interests, which he pursued—for example, Viet Nam with Wilson—had not figured in the campaign and were apparently of no interest to either electors or politicians. Indeed, foreign policy—to the ever-amazement of foreign correspondents at our parochialness—had hardly had its look in at all. In Heath's case Kee's object was to see if he was a real live human being; in Wilson's case it was to find out if he could explain the future instead of endlessly vindicating the past, to see if he believed in anything beyond his own re-election. The Heath interview was uncommonly lively and probably did the Conservative leader some good. The Wilson interview was a near disaster, brilliant television in terms of blood and thunder on the screen, useless from the point of view of communicating information, and for Wilson—I suspect—damaging not in that he failed to cope with Kee's exasperation with him, or lacked dignity, but because it was demeaning for him, as Prime Minister and in the final week of the campaign, to be so subjected. Acquittal never quite removes the stain of having stood in the dock. Some of us who saw it, and who had seen the televising of the World Cup football games, invented the fantasy of the instantaneous "action replay" applied to politics. The question would be repeated in slow motion, a commentator's voice would overlay the reply and say "And now you see the Prime Minister gliding away from the question to the left, feinting to the right, and now he's broken through the defence, and he shoots. . . ." Wilson scored on television as a performer during the campaign, but television for all that may have damaged him as a politician and Prime Minister.

IN THE FINAL MOMENT there were clues if we had but seized them. On the last night the nerve began to crack in the Wilson camp as the news came through of the final opinion polls. They related to the weekend before polling day (four days still to go) and suggested, though confusedly, a swing back to the Tories. The last of them all, published in the *Evening Standard* on polling day itself, gave the Conservatives a marginal lead. The Prime Minister heard of it

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in Liverpool the night before. "He's beginning to face the fact that he may not pull it off," said an aide. And as at the beginning there was the atmosphere to build a hunch upon. In 1964 and in 1966 the eve-of-poll rallies at the St. George's Hall had been exciting affairs. Afterwards cheering, singing crowds had marched the Wilsons along Lime Street to the Adelphi and they had appeared by popular request on the balcony. There was nothing like that this time. The life had gone out of the campaign on the Monday, and perhaps there had never been real life in it. "That was a bit lively," the Prime Minister said to me as he returned quietly to his hotel. I nodded politely.

On the Tuesday the balance of payments figures had been published. The surplus, headpiece of Labour's election edifice, was slipping. "Too late," thought Wilson, "it's too late for anything like that now." He was confident enough as he took the last train of his campaign. On the way to Manchester he chatted up the press and he relaxed with them again that night in his Manchester hotel. But it was the reporters who were pressing him (without success) on his plans for Cabinet-making and the Prime Minister who was saying "You chaps keep talking about the peace settlement when I'm still fighting the war."

What was his war? It was to prove a point he kept making during the campaign, sometimes in public, often more extensively in private. It was a cherished aim throughout his Prime Ministership, no exaggeration to say the chief objective of his five-and-three-quarter years. It was to show that Labour had become the governing party, the middle party, the party not primarily of protest (although he conceded protest a subsidiary role) but of power. And he believed that the enemy had played into his hands and ceded him the hallowed middle ground. Selsdon Park was the key event. He seized upon it as an opportunity to hang the Tories' past around their necks, to brand them as the party of food taxes, the ruthless and uncompassionate party. He invented, and treasured, the conceit of "Selsdon Man." The Selsdon Park meeting of the Tory high command took place at the end of January, at a suburban-country hotel, a fit setting for the stereotype which Wilson was to pin upon the event. And it was about that time that the Prime Minister began to think seriously of an early election, to realise that his government's record was not a sufficient platform for winning it, and to project himself as the man who could beat Heath in a personality contest and—most essential at that early stage—to look like a winner from the outset. The strategy was not as conscious or as neat as this but, I suspect, it was something like this; and until the very last moment it was remarkably successful. He did look like winning; most people thought he would win; and probably he nearly did win.

How, THEN, did he manage to lose? Could the respondents to the opinion polls have led him deliberately and cruelly up the garden path to his doom? It is a poetic explanation but hardly a plausible one. Three tentative findings from a preliminary, and chastening, *post-mortem*:

First, the rhetoric of Selsdon may have struck a chord in the country, amplified by Enoch Powell to the net advantage of the Tories. This is impossible to prove or disprove on a constituency-by-constituency analysis; it finds some support in impressionistic evidence gathered by candidates on the doorsteps.

Second, the condition of the economy was wrongly judged by Labour and judged aright by the Tories. The evidence of people's pockets confirmed the force of the Conservative propaganda on prices; the housewife knew better than the Treasury forecasters. And we now know that production was still stagnant at the time of the election and, more important, that wage inflation had not worked through into consumer spending. The "wages explosion" had been defeated by the "prices explosion." Labour had failed to engineer its election-time boomlet.[3]

Third, the disillusion, disappointments and humiliations of early years had not been expunged. A Labour revival was in progress —there is no doubt of that—but it was neither complete nor consolidated when Harold Wilson went to the country. It will be said that the Conservative campaign won the election. Certainly an unusual number of people changed their minds in the last stages, not merely absenting themselves from the polls (though some did) but in larger numbers defecting from Labour to the Tories. Women and "affluent workers" were chief among the converts.[4] The Tory propaganda worked efficiently on the doubts of the doubters. But it is unlikely that the campaign was the prime cause of Labour's defeat. The "party of government"—and so it was by comparison with the 1950s—had not governed well enough. The past was too well remembered, the present rewards insufficient, and the future too much like a broken promise. *"Labour cares,"* said the slogan; Labour's people didn't care enough.

[3] On the day after polling a Negro garage proprietor in Clapham (where a black Labour candidate was defeated) said "It may surprise you but I voted Conservative. I don't like Enoch Powell but I'm less worried about him than the Selective Employment Tax...."

[4] See the retrospective poll carried out by the Opinion Research Centre and published in the *Sunday Times*, 28 June 1970.

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Race & Colour in Islam

By Bernard Lewis

I CAN THINK of no more appropriate way of beginning a discussion of this subject than by quoting a famous passage from Professor Toynbee's *Study of History*, documented, like so much in that massive work, with a moving personal experience.

> For instance, the Primitive Arabs who were the ruling element in the Umayyad Caliphate called themselves "the swarthy people," with a connotation of racial superiority, and their Persian and Turkish subjects "the ruddy people," with a connotation of racial inferiority: that is to say, they drew the same distinction that we draw between blonds and brunets but reversed the values which we assign to the two shades of white. Gentlemen may prefer blondes; but brunettes are the first choice of Allah's "Chosen People." Moreover, the Arabs and all other White Muslims, whether brunets or blonds, have always been free from colour-prejudice *vis-à-vis* the non-White races; and, at the present day, Muslims still make that dichotomy of the human family which Western Christians used to make in the Middle Ages. They divide Mankind into Believers and Unbelievers who are all potentially Believers; and this division cuts across every difference of Physical Race. This liberality is more remarkable in White Muslims today than it was in the White Western Christians in our Middle Ages; for our medieval forefathers had little or no contact with peoples of a different colour, whereas the White Muslims were in contact with the Negroes of Africa and with the dark-skinned peoples of India from the beginning and have increased that contact steadily, until nowadays Whites and Blacks are intermingled, under the aegis of Islam, through the length and breadth of the Indian and the African Continent. Under this searching test, the White Muslims have demonstrated their freedom from race-feeling by the most convincing of all proofs: they have given their daughters to Black Muslims in marriage.*

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The reader will find the detailed annotation at the end of the article (pp. 35–36).

* A. J. Toynbee, *A Study of History* (1939), vol. I, p. 226. For the historical study of Muslim racial attitudes, the reader may look elsewhere. The problem of relations between Arab and non-Arab Muslims in early Islamic society was first examined, with a wealth of documentation, in the first volume of Ignaz Goldziher's classical *Muhammedanische Studien* (Halle, 1888), published in English translation as *Muslim Studies* (1967); that of colour in K. Vollers, "Über Rassenfarben in der arabischen Literatur," in *Centenario della nascita di Michele Amari* (Palermo, 1910), vol. I, pp. 84–95. Briefer and more general accounts are given in R. Levy, *The Social Structure of Islam* (1957; a revised edition of the author's *Sociology of Islam*, 1931–33), and in G. E. von Grunebaum, *Medieval Islam* (2nd ed., 1953), pp. 199ff (the German version, *Der Islam im Mittelalter*, 1963, pp. 256ff, has fuller documentation). The place of the Negro in Arab-Islamic society was extensively studied in an excellent German doctoral thesis: G. Rotter, *Die Stellung des Negers in der islamisch-arabischen Gesellschaft bis zum XVI Jahrhundert* (Bonn, 1967), which deserves a wider circulation. I have profited greatly from this work. Finally, mention may be made of an article in Arabic, by 'Awn al-Sharīf Qāsim, on the Blacks in Arabic life and literature, published in the first issue of the *Bulletin of Sudanese Studies* (Khartoum, 1968), pp. 76–92.

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The Arabs, that is to say, as swarthy whites, felt superior to the fairer-skinned peoples to the north of them but were entirely free from any feeling of colour prejudice directed against their darker southern neighbours. Prejudice against those of fairer skin, clearly, is felt to be no more than an amusing paradox. What counts is prejudice against those of darker skin, and since this is lacking, the Arabs and Islam may be pronounced free from infection.

Similar views may be found expressed in the writings of another observer of Islam—the late Malcolm X.

> The colour-blindness of the Muslim world's religious society and the colour-blindness of the Muslim world's human society: these two influences had each day been making a greater impact, and an increasing persuasion against my previous way of thinking....
>
> There were tens of thousands of pilgrims, from all over the world. They were of all colours, from blue-eyed blonds to black-skinned Africans. But we were all participating in the same ritual, displaying a spirit of unity and brotherhood that my experiences in America had led me to believe never could exist between the white and the non-white.

The Middle East is an ancient land of myths in which the mythopoeic faculty—the ability to create myths, to believe in them, and to make others believe—has by no means died out. It would be wise to subject any widely held assumption regarding this area to critical scrutiny.

Such a scrutiny might begin with another, very revealing passage from the same work—the *Autobiography* of Malcolm X.

> There was a colour pattern in the huge crowds. Once I happened to notice this, I closely observed it thereafter. Being from America made me intensely sensitive to matters of colour. I saw that people who looked alike drew together and most of the time stayed together. This was entirely voluntary; there being no other reason for it. But Africans were with Africans. Pakistanis were with Pakistanis. And so on. I tucked it into my mind that when I returned home I would tell Americans this observation; that where true brotherhood existed among all colours, where no one felt segregated, where there was no "superiority" complex, no "inferiority" complex—then voluntarily, naturally, people of the same kind felt drawn together by that which they had in common....[1]

Malcolm X was an acute and sensitive observer, whose life was tragically cut short before his powers had reached their full maturity. With the inevitably heightened perceptions of an American Negro, he was able to see in the pilgrimage at Mecca a certain colour pattern—though the beliefs which he had acquired and still cherished at that time prevented him from realising the full implications of what he saw.

Even the reader whose acquaintance with Arabic literature goes no further than *The Thousand and One Nights* may feel some doubts about the validity of this myth. His doubts might begin at the very beginning—with the framework story. King Shahzamān, it will be recalled, left home to visit his brother King Shahriyār, but turned back to collect something which he had forgotten. Arriving unexpectedly at his palace at midnight, "he beheld his wife sleeping in his bed, and attended by a male negro slave, who had fallen asleep by her side." The king, enraged by this sight, killed both offenders with his sword as they lay in bed, and then resumed his journey to visit his brother. There the situation was even worse. While King Shahriyār went hunting, not only his wife, but twenty female members of his household, came out and were (to follow the Victorian translator's discreet usage)* "attended" by twenty male black slaves.

> The King's wife, who was distinguished by extraordinary beauty and elegance, accompanied them to a fountain, where they all disrobed themselves, and sat down together. The King's wife then called out, O Mes'ood! and immediately a black slave came to her, and embraced her, she doing the like. So also did the other slaves and the women; and all of them continued revelling together until the close of the day.[2]

King Shahzamān and King Shahriyār were clearly southern gentlemen, with sexual fantasies, or rather nightmares, of an Alabama-like quality. This southern impression in the Arabian Nights is confirmed if we look more closely into that work. Negroes appear frequently in the stories that make up the Arabian Nights. Where they do, it is almost invariably in a menial role—as porters, household servants, slaves, cooks, bath-attendants and the like, rarely if ever rising above this level in society. Perhaps even more revealing in its way is the story of the good Negro slave who lived a life of virtue and piety, for which he was rewarded by turning white at the moment of his death.[3]

We thus have two quite contradictory pictures before us—the first contained in the *Study of History*, the second reflected in that other great imaginative construction, *The Thousand and*

* I have preferred Lane's sometimes rather coy translation to that of Sir Richard Burton, who not only preserves but also greatly augments the indecencies of the original. His is the more serious misrepresentation.

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One Nights. The one depicts a racially egalitarian society free from prejudice or discrimination; the other reveals a familiar pattern of sexual fantasy, social and occupational discrimination, and an unthinking identification of lighter with better and darker with worse.

What, then, are the realities? There is a distinction which it is important to make in any discussion of Islam. The word Islam is used with at least three different meanings, and much misunderstanding can arise from the failure to distinguish between them. In the first place, Islam means the religion taught by the prophet Muhammad and embodied in the Muslim revelation known as the Qur'ān. In the second place, Islam is the subsequent development of this religion through tradition and through the work of the great Muslim jurists and theologians. In this sense it includes the mighty structure of the *Sharī'a*, the holy law of Islam, and the great corpus of Islamic dogmatic theology. In the third meaning, Islam is the equivalent not of Christianity but rather of Christendom. In this sense Islam means not what Muslims believed or were expected to believe but what they actually did—in other words Islamic civilisation as known to us in history. In discussing Muslim attitudes on race and colour, I shall try to deal to some extent at least with all three, but to make clear the distinction between them.

Early Attitudes

THE ULTIMATE ISLAMIC TEXT is the Qur'ān itself, and it is fitting that we begin our enquiry there. There are, perhaps surprisingly, only two passages in the Qur'ān which have a direct bearing on our problem. The first of these occurs in Chapter XXX, verse 22, and reads as follows:

> Among God's signs are the creation of the heavens and of the earth and the diversity of your languages and of your colours. In this indeed are signs for those who know.

This occurs as part of a larger section enumerating the signs and wonders of God. The diversity of languages and colours is adduced as another example of God's power and versatility—no more.

The second quotation, Chapter XLIX, verse 13, is rather more definite.

> O people! We have created you from a male and a female and we have made you into confederacies and tribes* so that you may come to know one another. The noblest among you in the eyes of God is the most pious, for God is omniscient and well-informed.

It will be clear that the Qur'ān expresses no racial or colour prejudice. What is perhaps most significant is that the Qur'ān does not even reveal any awareness of such prejudice. The two quotations show a consciousness of difference; the second of them insists that piety is more important than birth. The point that is being made, however, is clearly social rather than racial—against tribal and aristocratic rather than against racial pride.

In the Qur'ān, the question of race is obviously not a burning issue. It became a burning issue in later times, as can be seen from the elaboration on these texts by subsequent commentators and by the collectors of tradition.

The evidence of the Qur'ān on the lack of racial prejudice in pre-Islamic and the earliest Islamic times is borne out by such fully authenticated fragments of contemporary literature as survive. As in the Qur'ān so also in the ancient Arabian poetry, we find an awareness of difference—a sentiment of an Arab as against Persian, Greek, or other identities. We do not however find any clear indication that this was felt in racial terms, or went beyond the normal feeling of distinction which all human groups have about themselves in relation to others.

ON THE SPECIFIC QUESTION of colour, ancient Arabian literature is very instructive. The early poets used a number of different words to describe human colours, a much wider range than is customary at the present time. They do not correspond exactly to those that we use now, and express a different sense of colour—one more concerned with brightness, intensity, and shade than with hue. Human beings are frequently described by words which we might translate as black, white, red, green, yellow and two shades of brown, one lighter and one darker. These terms are usually used in a personal rather than ethnic sense, and would correspond to such words as swarthy, sallow, blond or ruddy in our own modern usage rather than to words like black and white. Sometimes they are used ethnically, but even then in a relative rather than an absolute sense. The Arabs, for example, sometimes describe themselves as *black* in contrast to the Persians who are *red*, but at other times as *red* (or even *white*) in contrast to the Africans who are *black*. The characteristic colour of the Bedouin is variously stated as *green* or *brown*.

* This would appear to be the original meaning of the Arabic *shu'ūb wa-qabā'il*. According to some later commentators the terms *shu'ūb* and *qabā'il* denote, respectively, non-Arab and Arab groupings.

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There is some evidence of hostility in Islamic poetry between the reds and blacks in the sense of the Persians and Arabs—probably an Arab reaction to the disdain which the civilised Persians showed for the semi-barbarous peoples on the desert frontier.[4] As between Arabs and Africans the situation is more difficult to assess. There are verses (indeed many verses) attributed to pre-Islamic and early Islamic poets which would suggest very strongly a feeling of hatred and contempt directed against persons of African birth or origin. Most if not all of these, however, almost certainly belong to later periods and reflect later problems, attitudes, and pre-occupations. Such projection backwards into early Islamic or pre-Islamic times is a very common feature, and a recurring difficulty in Islamic scholarship.

During the period immediately following the death of the Prophet, the great Islamic conquests took the new faith to vast areas of Asia and also of Africa. A new situation was created, and many changes can be observed in the literature of the time.

THE FIRST OF THESE is the narrowing, specialisation, and fixing of colour terms applied to human beings. In time almost all disappear apart from *black*, *red*, and *white*, and these become ethnic and absolute instead of personal and relative. Black, overwhelmingly, means the natives of Africa south of the Sahara and their offspring. White—or occasionally (light) red—means the Arabs, Persians, Greeks, Turks, Slavs, and other peoples to the north and to the east of the black lands. Sometimes, in contrast to the white Arabs and Persians, the Northern peoples are designated by terms connoting dead white, pale blue, and various shades of red. In some contexts the term black is extended to include the Indians; but this is not normal usage.

Together with this specialisation and fixing of colour terms comes a very clear connotation of inferiority attached to darker and more specifically black skins. A story is told concerning the Arab conquest of Egypt which, if authentic, may well be the last surviving example of the older attitude. The story tells how a certain Arab leader called 'Ubāda ibn al-Sāmit took a party of Muslims to meet the Muqawqis, the great Coptic functionary who at one point led the defenders of Egypt. 'Ubāda (the chronicler tells us) was "black" and when the Arabs came to the Muqawqis and entered his presence 'Ubāda led them. The Muqawqis was frightened by his blackness and said to them: "Get this black man away from me and bring another to talk to me."

The Arabs insisted that 'Ubāda was the wisest, best, and noblest among them, and was their appointed leader, whom they obeyed and to whose judgment they deferred. The Muqawqis asked: "How can you be content that a black man should be the foremost among you? It is more fitting that he should be below you."

"Indeed no," they replied, "for though he is black, as you see, he is still the foremost among us in position, in precedence, in intelligence and in wisdom, for blackness is not despised among us."[5]

There are two interesting points about this story. The first is that the black man appears as a figure of terror rather than of contempt, though that element is not entirely lacking. The second, and far more important, is that 'Ubāda is not an African nor even of African descent but (as the chroniclers are careful to point out) a pure and noble Arab on both sides. Here black is still a personal and relative term describing an individual's complexion and not an ethnic absolute denoting the distinguishing marks of a race. "*Blackness is not despised among us*" means no more than that persons of dark complexion are not considered inferior to those of light complexion. The episode of the noble but swarthy 'Ubāda occurred at the very beginning of Arab expansion. Under the patriarchal caliphs and still more under the Umayyad caliphs, we find ample evidence of a radical change of attitudes.

"*The Crows of the Arabs*"

THE EVIDENCE FOR THIS comes in the main from two groups of sources. The first of these is literary, especially poetry and anecdote. Several Arabic poets, of the pre-Islamic and early Islamic periods, are described as "black," and are known collectively, to the literary tradition, as *aghribat al-'Arab*—"the crows of the Arabs."[6] Some of them—mostly pre-Islamic—were Arabs of swarthy complexion; others were of mixed Arab and African parentage. For the latter, and still more for the pure Africans, blackness was an affliction. In many verses and narratives, they are quoted as suffering from insult and discrimination, as showing resentment at this, and yet to some extent as accepting the inferior status resulting from their African ancestry.

One such was the poet Suhaym (*d.* 660), born a slave and of African origin. In one poem he laments:

If my colour were pink, women would love me
But the Lord has marred me with blackness.

In another he defends himself (in striking anticipation of William Blake):

Though I am a slave my soul is nobly free

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Though I am black of colour my character is white.

In the same mood:

My blackness does not harm my habit, for I am like musk; who tastes it does not forget.
I am covered with a black garment, but under it there is a lustrous garment with white tails.[7]

These lines are also attributed to Nusayb (*d.* 726), probably the most gifted of these black poets. He was very conscious of his birth and colour, for which he endured many insults. On one occasion the great Arab poet Kuthayyir said mockingly:

I saw Nusayb astray among men
his colour was that of cattle.
You can tell him by his shining blackness
even if he be oppressed, he has the dark face of an oppressor.

Challenged by his friends to reply, Nusayb refused with dignity. For one thing, he said, God had given him the gift of poetry to use for good; he would not misuse it for satire. For another, "all he has done is call me black —and he speaks truth." Then Nusayb said, of his own colour—

Blackness does not diminish me, as long as I have this tongue and this stout heart.
Some are raised up by means of their lineage; the verses of my poems are my lineage!
How much better a keen-minded, clear-spoken black than a mute white!

But all the same:

If I am jet-black, musk too is very dark—and there is no medicine for the blackness of my skin.[8]

Probably the last of the early black poets in Arabic was Abū Dulāma (*d. ca.* 776), a slave who became the court poet—and jester—of the first Abbasid Caliphs. In his verses, the acceptance of inferiority is unmistakable. To amuse his master, Abū Dulāma makes fun of his own appearance, of his aged mother, and of his family—

We are alike in colour; our faces are black and ugly, our names shameful.[9]

The Arab anthologists tell us something about the lives of these men. Several anecdotes show Nusayb's awareness of his colour problems. In an autobiographical fragment, he remarks that before he went on his first journey to Egypt, he consulted his sister, a wise woman. She reminded him that he combined the disadvantages of being black and ridiculous in men's eyes. He then recited some of his verses, and she was persuaded that their merits gave him some prospect of success. In another passage, Nusayb is quoted as appealing to an Umayyad prince for help for his daughters: "I am afflicted with daughters; my colour has rubbed off on to them, and they are left on my hands."[10]

A rather different story tells how Nusayb lunched one day with the Umayyad caliph 'Abd al-Malik and, after obtaining the Caliph's promise of safety, said to him:

> My colour is pitch-black, my hair is woolly, my appearance repulsive. I did not attain the favour which you have vouchsafed me by the honour of my father or my mother or my tribe. I attained it only by my mind and my tongue. I adjure you by God, O Commander of the Faithful, do not cut me off from that by which I have attained my position with you.

The point of the story is that the poet chooses an opportunity and uses his wit to secure immunity from execution. But the passage vividly illustrates the association already accepted at this time of blackness, ugliness, and inferior station.

Another story, only slightly later, tells of the black poet Ibn al-Musajjih. Seeking for a lodging in Damascus, he managed to get himself accepted by one of a group of young men, the others being reluctant. He accompanied them to a singing girl's house, and when lunch was served he withdrew saying "I am a black man. Some of you may find me offensive. I shall therefore sit and eat apart." They were embarrassed, but arranged for him to take his food (and later his wine) separately. Then slave-girl singers appeared, and Ibn al-Musajjih praised their performance. Singers and owner alike were affronted by the impudence of "this black man" in daring to praise the girls, and he was warned by the other companions to mend his manners. Later his identity was revealed and then all vied in seeking the company of the famous poet.[11] These episodes show both the nature and the limits of social discrimination against the dark-skinned.

Another aspect of prejudice is illustrated by an early chronicler, Jahshiyārī, who, in a history of ministers and secretaries, tells an anecdote about a certain 'Abd al-Hamīd, the secretary of the last Umayyad Caliph. The caliph had received the gift of a black slave from a provincial governor. He was not greatly pleased with this gift, and instructed his secretary to write a letter of thanks and disparagement. 'Abd al-Hamīd, we are told, wrote as follows:

> Had you been able to find a smaller number than one and a worse colour than black you would have sent that as a gift.[12]

Jahshiyāri's purpose in telling this story is not

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to insult blacks but to illustrate the readiness of wit of 'Abd al-Hamīd—but the story vividly reflects a common attitude.

The Boast of the Blacks

THE WHOLE QUESTION was discussed in a special essay by Jāhiz of Basra (*ca.* 776–869), one of the greatest prose-writers in classical Arabic literature and said by some of his biographers to be of partly Negro descent.[13] Entitled "The Boast of the Blacks against the Whites," the essay purports to be a defence of the dark-skinned peoples against their detractors, refuting the accusations commonly brought against them, and setting forth their qualities and achievements, with a wealth of poetic illustration. They are strong, brave, cheerful, and generous—and not, as people say, "because of weakness of mind, lack of discernment, and ignorance of consequences." Another false charge is stupidity. To those who ask, "How is it that we have never seen a Negro* who had the intelligence even of a woman or of a child?" the answer, says Jāhiz, is that the only Negroes they knew were slaves of low origin and from outlying and backward areas. If they judged by their experience of Indian slaves, would they have any notion of Indian science, philosophy, and art? Obviously not—and the same is true of the Negro-lands. Jāhiz also defends the equality of Negroes as marriage partners, and notes the paradox that discrimination against them first arose after the advent of Islam: "It is part of your ignorance," he makes the blacks say, "that in the time of heathendom, [*i.e.*, in pre-Islamic Arabia] you regarded us as good enough to marry your women, yet when the justice of Islam came, you considered this wrong." Another point is that the blacks are more numerous than the whites—if, with Jāhiz, one includes the inhabitants of India, South East Asia, and China (!). A curious quotation follows: "There are more blacks than whites, more rocks than mud, more sand than soil, more salt water than sweet water." In conclusion, Jāhiz argues against the common equation of blackness with ugliness, and argues that black is beautiful—in nature, in the animal kingdom, and in man. In any case, blackness is not a punishment as is commonly alleged, but a result of natural conditions:

> This exists in all things. Thus we see that locusts and worms on plants are green, and we see that the louse is black on a young man's head, white if his hair whitens, red if it is dyed.

Jāhiz was a great humorist and satirist, and the reader of his defence of the blacks soon begins to feel that its intention is not wholly serious. This feeling is strengthened if one compares the essay with his remarks about blacks in his other writings.

Despite his putative African ancestry, he did not think highly of Africans.

> We know that the Negroes (*Zanj*) are the least intelligent and the least discerning of mankind, and the least capable of understanding the consequences of actions. . . .[14]
>
> "The like of the crow among mankind are the Negroes, for they are the worst of men and the most vicious of creatures in character and temperament.
>
> "They [the Shu'ūbiyya] maintain that eloquence is prized by all people at all times—even the Negroes, despite their dimness, their boundless stupidity, their obtuseness, their crude perceptions and their evil dispositions, make long speeches. . . ."[15]

The last passage gives the clue to Jāhiz's purpose. The Shu'ūbiyya were a faction of non-Arab Muslims, mostly Persians, who protested against Arab privilege and superiority in the Islamic Empire, and objected to the central position accorded to Arabic culture. A characteristic form of Shu'ūbī polemic was to laud the achievements and capacities of their own peoples, and decry those of the Arabs. Jāhiz was a fervent defender of the Arabs and the Arabic cultural tradition against all comers, and especially against the Persians, who alone among the conquered peoples offered a serious challenge to Arab supremacy. His defence of the blacks, though in parts no doubt intended seriously, must be understood as a parody of Shu'ūbiyya tracts, intended to throw ridicule on Persian pretensions by advancing similar arguments on behalf of the lowly and despised blacks.

The Voice of Piety

ANOTHER KIND OF INFORMATION on racial attitudes comes from religious literature—and specifically that which by apt quotation seeks to condemn racial prejudice and discrimination. During the centuries which followed the death of the Prophet, pious Muslims collected vast numbers of what are known as *Hadiths*—that is to say, traditions concerning Muhammad's actions and utterances. A very large proportion

* The word rendered "Negro," in this and the immediately following quotations, is *Zanj*—strictly the natives of East Africa south of Ethiopia, and thence more generally Bantu-speaking Africans.

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of these are certainly spurious—but this, while it may nullify their value as evidence of the Prophet's own views, still leaves them as important evidence on the development of attitudes during the period in which they were manufactured. A number of these traditions deal with questions of race and colour. There are some which specifically condemn one or another race. Thus the Prophet is quoted as saying of the Ethiopian: "When he is hungry he steals, when he is sated he fornicates."[16] This is undoubtedly spurious, but is also well-known in early and modern times as an Arabic proverb about the Zanj.[17]

Such traditions are few, and are not regarded as authoritative. A larger body of traditions survives, the general purport of which is to deplore racial prejudice and to insist on the primacy of piety. One of the commonest is the phrase ascribed to the Prophet "*I was sent to the red and the black*"—an expression taken to embrace the whole of mankind.[18] With the passage in the Qur'ān already quoted as point of departure, the manufacturers of tradition—for these too are almost certainly spurious—have as their purpose to insist that true merit is to be found in piety and good deeds, and that these take precedence of gentle, noble, or even of purely Arab birth.

These traditions, and those opposed to them, clearly reflect the great struggles in the early Islamic Empire between the pure Arab *Conquistador* aristocracy claiming both ethnic and social superiority, and the converted among the conquered, who could claim neither ethnic nor family advantage and perhaps for that reason insisted on the primacy of religious merit.

HERE I MAY DRAW ATTENTION to a rhetorical device very common in Arabic usage—an argument by the absurd. It is, however, very different from that device which we call the *reductio ad absurdum*. The purpose of the *reductio ad absurdum* is to demonstrate the falsity of an argument by stating it in its most extreme and therefore absurd form. The Arabic rhetorical device to which I refer has the opposite purpose—not to disprove, but to emphasise and reaffirm; it is thus not a *reductio ad absurdum*, but rather a *trajectio ad absurdum*, if I may coin a rhetorical term. A principle is asserted and an extreme, even an absurd example of it is given—but the purpose is to show that the principle still applies even in this extreme and absurd formulation.

One cannot but be struck by the number of times the black man is used to point this type of argument. Thus, in asserting the duty of obedience, of submission to authority however unlikely the form in which it appears, Muslim jurists cite a dictum attributed to the Prophet:

> Obey whoever is put in authority over you, even if he be a crop-nosed Ethiopian slave.[19]

This combination of qualities is clearly intended to indicate the ultimate improbability at once in physical, social, and racial terms. On the subject of marriage:

> Do not marry women for their beauty, which may destroy them, or for their money, which may corrupt them, but for religion. A slit-nosed black slave-woman, if pious, is preferable.[20]

Piety must overcome inclination, though it cannot redirect it.

The same theme occurs in stories about Abu Dharr, an early Muslim hero who is often cited as a model of piety and humility. As examples of his humility it is mentioned that he married a black woman, "for he wanted a wife who would lower him and not exalt him," and that he was willing to pray behind an Ethiopian.[21] The point is most forcibly made by the famous Ibn Hazm (994–1064),* who observes that

> God has decreed that the most devout is the noblest[22] even if he be a Negress's bastard, and that the sinner and unbeliever is at the lowest level even if he be the son of prophets.[23]

The sentiment is impeccably pious and egalitarian—yet somehow does not entirely carry conviction. Significantly, Ibn Hazm makes this remark in the introduction to a treatise on Arab genealogy, in which he tries to demonstrate the importance and dignity of this science. In another somewhat equivocal tradition, an Ethiopian says to the Prophet, "You Arabs excel us in all, in build, colour, and in the possession of the Prophet. If I believe, will I be with you in Paradise?" and the Prophet answers "Yes, and in Paradise the whiteness of the Ethiopian will be seen over a stretch of a thousand years."[24]

* The same author, in a treatise on morals, admonishes his reader with a no doubt imaginary example: "Even if you were king of all the Muslims, you should know that the king of the Sudan, a wretched black man with bare genitals, and ignorant, has a wider kingdom than yours...." (*Kitāb al-Akhlāq wa'l-Siyar*, ed. with French tr. by Nada Tomiche, Beirut, 1961, Arabic text, p. 67, tr. p. 86.) Ibn Hazm didn't care for Jews either. His anti-Jewish tract was analysed by E. Garcia Gomez in *Al-Andalus* (1936), vol. iv, pp. 1–28, and, with other similar material, by M. Perlmann in *Proceedings of the American Academy for Jewish Research* (xviii, 1949), pp. 269ff. The Arabic text was published in Cairo in 1960, in a critical edition by Dr. Ihsān 'Abbās. Ibn Hazm's case against the Jews is basically religious, but with perceptible racial overtones.

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The moral of this and of countless other anecdotes and sayings of the same kind is that piety outweighs blackness and impiety outweighs whiteness. This is not the same as saying that whiteness and blackness do not matter. Indeed the contrary is affirmed in such tales as that of the pious Negro who turns white, and the parallel stories of white evil-doers who turn black. A vivid example occurs in the *Risālat al-ghufrān*, a vision of heaven and hell by the Syrian poet Abu'l-'Alā' (973–1057). In paradise the narrator meets an exceedingly beautiful *houri*, who tells him that in life she was Tawfīq the Negress, who used to fetch books for copyists in the Academy of Baghdad.

"But you were black," he exclaims, "and now you have become whiter than camphor!"*

To which she replied by quoting a verse:

If there were a mustard-seed of God's light among all the blacks, the blacks would become white.[25]

The same association of light with good is shown in the Muslim hagiographic literature, which depicts the Prophet himself as of light or reddish colour. Similar descriptions are given of his wife 'Ā'isha, his son-in-law 'Alī and his descendants, and even of his predecessors, the Prophets Abraham, Moses, and Jesus.[26]

Conquest and Slavery

THIS GREAT CHANGE of attitude, within a few generations, can be attributed in the main to three major developments.

1. The first of these is the fact of conquest—the creation by the advancing Arabs of a vast Empire in which the normal distinctions inevitably appeared between the conquerors and the conquered. At first, Arab and Muslim were virtually the same thing and the distinction could be presented as a religious one. But as conversion to Islam proceeded very rapidly among the different conquered peoples, there came into existence a new class—the non-Arab converts to Islam, whose position rather resembled that of the native Christians in the more recent European empires. According to the doctrines of Islam—repeatedly reaffirmed by the pious exponents of the Faith—the non-Arab converts were the equals of the Arabs and could even outrank them by superior piety. But the Arabs, like all other conquerors before and since, were reluctant to concede equality to the conquered, and for as long as they could they maintained their privileged position. Non-Arab Muslims were regarded as inferior and subject to a whole series of fiscal, social, political, military and other disabilities.

The struggle for equal rights of the non-Arab converts was one of the main themes of the first two centuries of Islam. Another theme of comparable importance was the struggle of the half-breeds for equality with the full-breeds. Even among the Arabs in the early empire a clear distinction was maintained between those who were of free Arab parentage on both sides and those who, though their fathers were free Arabs, had omitted to provide themselves with free Arab mothers. They were the children of concubines and therefore necessarily of persons of other races. Superior to the non-Arab Muslims, they were definitely inferior to those who were of free Arab stock on both sides. As their numbers became greater their demand for equality became more insistent and was eventually realised.

Among these two groups, the non-Arab converts and the half-breed Arabs, colour as such does not seem to have been a significant issue. The literature preserves the memory of a bitter struggle in which the three parties are Arabs, half-Arabs, and non-Arabs. The identity of the non-Arab component seems to have been of secondary importance, at least to the Arabs, though it may have been among the non-Arabs themselves. The significance of an African origin as distinct from other possible non-Arab origins lay in its visibility. The son of an Arab father and a Persian or Syrian mother would not look very different from the son of two Arab parents. The difference was in effect social and depended on social knowledge. The son of an African mother, however, was usually recognisable at sight and therefore more exposed to abuse and discrimination. *"Son of the black woman"* was a not infrequent insult addressed to such persons. The half-mythical poet 'Antara† was the son of an Arab father, of the tribe of 'Abs, and a black mother. A verse ascribed to him runs:

I am a man, of whom one half ranks with the best of 'Abs.
The other half I defend with my sword.[27]

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* In one of his letters (edited and translated by D. S. Margoliouth, Oxford, 1898, text p. 61, translation p. 67) Abu'l-'Alā' remarks that "names do not prove any real superiority in their subjects; many a hideous ill-smelling black is called Camphor or Amber; many an ugly creature has the name "New Moon" or "Full Moon."

† 'Antara is said to have lived in the sixth century, but most of the poems ascribed to him belong to a later period, and reflect a later situation. Some appear to be the work of Suhaym, Nusayb, and other Negro or half-Negro poets of the early Islamic period. It is easy to see why they should have made the great pre-Islamic half-breed their hero, and ascribed to him problems which did not exist in his time. See R. Blachère, article "'Antara" in the new edition of *Encyclopaedia of Islam*.

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Incidentally the Caliph 'Umar himself is said to have been the grandson of an Ethiopian woman—a relic of the earlier attitude. An early Arab author, Muhammad ibn Habīb, tells us that one day, during the lifetime of the Prophet, a man insulted 'Umar and called him *"Son of a black woman"* whereupon God revealed the Qur'ānic verse "O believers. People should not mock other people who may be better than they are." (Chapter xlix, verse 11).[28] The story is almost certainly a pious invention, but none the less interesting for that. It occurs in a rather brief chapter on great men who were the sons of Ethiopian women.

2. A factor of importance was the wider range of experience which conquest brought to the Arabs. Before Islam, their acquaintance with Africa was substantially limited to Ethiopia, a country with a relatively high level of moral and material civilisation. During the life-time of the Prophet the good reputation of the Ethiopians was further increased by the kindly welcome afforded to Muslim refugees from Mecca. After the conquests however there were changes. Advancing on the one hand into Africa and on the other into south-west Asia, the Arabs encountered fairer-skinned peoples who were more advanced and darker-skinned peoples who were more primitive. No doubt as a result of this they began to equate the two facts.

3. Coupled with this expansion was the third major development of the early Islamic centuries—slavery and the slave trade.[29] The Arab Muslims were not the first to enslave black Africans. Even in Pharaonic times Egyptians had already begun to capture and use black African slaves, and some are indeed depicted on Egyptian monuments. There were black slaves in the Hellenistic and Roman worlds—but they seem to have been few and relatively unimportant. The massive development of the slave trade in black Africa and the large-scale importation of black Africans for use in the Mediterranean and Middle Eastern countries seem to date from the Arab period. Inevitably, it influenced Arab (and therefore Muslim) attitudes to the peoples of darker skin whom most Arabs and Muslims encountered only in this way.

To the Muslims—as to the people of every other civilisation known to history,—the civilised world meant themselves. They alone possessed enlightenment and the true faith; the outside world was inhabited by barbarians and infidels. However, in this outside world which lay beyond the vast borders of the Islamic oecumene, the Muslims recognised certain distinctions. To the East there were India and China, countries which were pagan but which were nevertheless respected as possessing some civilised attributes. To the West lay Christendom, first Byzantine then European, recognised as a rival faith, a rival culture, and a rival world order. Apart from these there were the northern and the southern barbarians: the white barbarians of the North, Turks, Slavs, etc., and the dark-skinned barbarians of the South, in Black Africa.

Both were seen primarily as sources of slaves —to be imported into the Islamic world, moulded in Islamic ways, and, since they possessed no religion of their own worth the mention, natural recruits for Islam. For these peoples, enslavement was thus a benefaction, and was indeed often accepted as such.*

Neither group was held in very high regard.

The Discovery of Africa

AVICENNA, the great physician and philosopher (980–1037), drew a picture, in the last chapter of his book of healing, of the ideal Muslim state as he conceived it. Even in Utopia somebody had to do the rough and dirty work, and for this God in His wisdom had provided. He had placed, in regions of great heat or great cold, peoples who were by their very nature slaves, and incapable of higher things—"for there must be masters and slaves." Such were the Turks and their neighbours in the North, and the Blacks in Africa.[30]

Muslim geographers and historians have something to say about both groups—rather less about the dark peoples of the South.[31] In the earliest Arabic references, black Africans are called either *Habash* or *Sūdān*, the former designating the Ethiopians and their immediate neighbours in the Horn of Africa, the latter (an Arabic word meaning blacks) denoting Negroes in general. It sometimes includes Ethiopians, but never Egyptians, Berbers, or other peoples north of the Sahara. Later, after the Arab expansion into Africa, other and more specific terms are added, the commonest being *Nūba*, *Bujja* (or *Beja*), and *Zanj*. *Nūba*, from Nubia, usually designates the Nilotic and sometimes also the Hamitic peoples south of Egypt—*i.e.*, roughly in the present area of the republic of the Sudan; the *Bujja* were nomadic tribes be-

* This attitude is exemplified in the story of a black pagan king who is tricked and kidnapped by Muslim guests whom he has befriended, and sold into slavery in Arabia. Meeting them again years later, he shows contempt but no resentment, since they had been the means of bringing him to Islam (*Kitāb 'Ajā'ib al-Hind*, ed. P. A. van der Lith, Leiden, 1883–86, pp. 50–60; French translation in *Mémorial Jean Sauvaget*, (Damascus, 1954), i, pp. 221–7).

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tween the Nile and the Red Sea; *Zanj*, a word of uncertain origin, is used specifically of the Bantu-speaking peoples in East Africa south of the Ethiopians, and sometimes, more loosely, of black Africans in general. The term *Bilād al-Sūdān*—"land of the blacks"—is applied to the whole area of black Africa south of the Sahara, from the Nile to the Atlantic, and including the Western African Negro states of Ghana, Songay, etc. Some authors distinguish carefully between the different groups of black Africans; others tend to lump them together under the general heading of Sudan, *i.e.*, blacks. The *Zanj* are the least respected—the Ethiopians the most. The *Nuba* and *Bujja* occupy an intermediate position. The term Ifrīqiya—an Arabic borrowing from the Latin Africa—is used in classical Arabic only of the Maghrib, usually just the eastern Maghrib.

"Overdone and Burnt . . ."

FROM THE 9TH CENTURY ONWARDS, Arab and other Muslim writers provide information about the movement of slaves from the black lands towards the North and the East—across the Red Sea and Indian Ocean to Arabia and Iraq, down the Nile to Egypt, and across the Sahara to the slave-markets of North and North West Africa.

"They export black slaves," says Ya'qūbī (9th cent.) speaking of Zawīla, "belonging to the tribes of Mīra, Zaghāwa, Maruwa, and other black races who are near to them and whom they capture. I hear that the black kings sell blacks without pretext and without war. . . ."

"To the Zanj," says Mutahhar ibn Tāhir al-Maqdisī (10th cent.), "food and clothing are imported; from them come gold, slaves and coconuts."

"They bring wood, copper and beads," says Idrīsī (1100–1165), of the Moroccan merchants in Takrūr, "and they take away gold-ore and castrated slaves."[32]

There are many other similar references, and in the eleventh century the Christian physician Ibn Butlān wrote a sort of slave-traders' vademecum which is a useful source for the history of pre-colonial Africa.[33]

Muslim authors sometimes discuss the ethnic origins and native lands of their black slaves. They have some slight information about Nubia, with which arrangements for the regular supply of slaves to Egypt were set up at an early date. About the Zanj they know rather less. Ibn Khurradādhbih (820–912/3), the earliest original Muslim geographer, mentions the Zanj country as one of those from which goods—unspecified, but presumably slaves—reached Aden. He records only two facts about the land of the Zanj; that it is on the Eastern ocean, and that anyone who goes there will inevitably get the itch.[34] Ibn al-Faqīh (*ca.* 902–3) has some further geographical information, and also some ethnology, of earlier provenance. According to a reliable authority (he says), the inhabitants of Iraq occupy the ideal intermediate position; their children are therefore born with good minds, bodies, characters and abilities, and of the best light brown colour. This is because they are done to a turn in the womb. They thus differ both from the Slavs and other pale peoples of the North, whose infants are underdone in the womb, and are therefore born "with something between blond, buff, blanched and leprous colouring," and from the Zanj, Ethiopians and other blacks, whose infants are overdone and burnt,* and come out "black, murky, malodorous, stinking, curly-haired, with uneven limbs, deficient minds, and depraved passions."[35] On the blacks in general, Mas'ūdī quotes Galen, who, he says,

> mentions ten specific attributes of the black man, which are all found in him and in no other: frizzy hair, thin eyebrows, broad nostrils, thick lips, pointed teeth, smelly skin, black eyes, furrowed hands and feet, a long penis and great merriment. Galen says that merriment dominates the black man because of his defective brain, whence also the weakness of his intelligence.[36]

This description is repeated, with variations, by later writers. Most geographers speak of the nudity, paganism, cannibalism and primitive life of the black peoples. Of the neighbours of the Bujja, Maqdisī has heard that

> there is no marriage among them; the child does not know his father, and they eat people—but God knows best. As for the Zanj, they are people of black colour, flat noses, kinky hair, and little understanding or intelligence.[37]

A Persian treatise on world geography, written in 982 A.D., devotes barely five out of two hundred pages to the black lands.

> As regards southern countries, all their inhabitants are black on account of the heat of their climate. Most of them go naked. In all their lands and provinces gold is found. They are people distant from the standards of humanity.

Of the Zanj: "Their nature is that of wild animals. They are extremely black." Of Zabaj: "This country and its inhabitants are all like the Zanj, but they are somewhat nearer to humanity." On the Sudān:

* The same idea was expressed at an earlier date by Jāhiz: "If the country is cold, they are not cooked in the womb; if the country is hot they are burnt in the womb." (*Hayawān*, vol. iii, p. 314)

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> Most of them go about naked. Egyptian merchants carry there salt, glass and lead, and sell them for the same weight in gold. A group of them wanders in this region of theirs, camping at the places where they find more gold ore. In the southern parts there is no more populous country than this. The merchants steal their children and bring them with them. Then they castrate them, import them into Egypt, and sell them. Among themselves there are people who steal each other's children and sell them to the merchants when the latter arrive.[38]

At the opposite end of the Islamic world, Sā'id al-Andalusī (1029–1070), a *qadi* of Toledo, is brief and cutting. In a book on the nations who had cultivated science and learning, he enumerates these as the Indians, Persians, Chaldeans, Greeks, Romans, Egyptians, Arabs, and Jews. Some others, such as the Chinese and the Turks, he allows to have achieved distinction in other respects; the rest of mankind he dismisses contemptuously as the Northern and the Southern barbarians, "who are more like beasts than like men." He has a few well-chosen words to say about each.

> For those who live furthest to the north, between the last of the seven climates and the limits of the inhabited world, the excessive distance of the sun in relation to the Zenith line makes the air cold and the atmosphere thick. Their temperaments are therefore frigid, their humours raw, their bellies gross, their colour pale, their hair long and lank. Thus they lack keenness of understanding and clarity of intelligence, and are overcome by ignorance and dullness, lack of discernment, and stupidity. Such are the Slavs, the Bulgars, and their neighbours. For those peoples on the other hand who live near and beyond the equinoctial line to the limit of the inhabited world in the south, the long presence of the sun at the zenith makes the air hot and the atmosphere thin. Because of this their temperaments become hot and their humours fiery, their colour black and their hair woolly. Thus they lack self-control and steadiness of mind and are overcome by fickleness, foolishness and ignorance. Such are the blacks, who live at the extremity of the land of Ethiopia, the Nubians, the Zanj and the like....

Even the most ignorant peoples, Sā'id goes on to explain, if they are sedentary, have some kind of monarchical government and some kind of religious law. The only peoples "who diverge from this human order and depart from this rational association are some dwellers in the steppes and inhabitants of the deserts and wilderness, such as the rabble of Bujja, the savages of Ghana, the scum of Zanj, and their like."[39]

Sā'id does not use such language when speaking of the fairer-skinned barbarians of Europe. Indeed, with the passage of time Muslim authors express a more respectful attitude towards the white peoples of the north, and a less respectful attitude towards those of black Africa. The 13th-century Persian writer Nasīr al-Dīn Tūsī remarks that Negroes differ from animals only in that "their two hands are lifted above the ground," and continues: "Many have observed that the ape is more teachable and more intelligent than the Negro."[40] A century later, a similar point was made by the great Ibn Khaldūn. Distinguishing between white slaves and black slaves he remarks:

> The only people who accept slavery are the Negroes, owing to their low degree of humanity and their proximity to the animal stage. Other persons who accept the status of slave do so as a means of attaining high rank or wealth, as is the case with the mamluk Turks in the east and with those Franks and Galicians who enter the service of the state in Spain.[41]

Black and White Slaves

THE TOTAL IDENTIFICATION of blackness with slavery which occurred in North and South America never happened in the Muslim world. There were always white slaves as well as black ones. Nevertheless, the identification of blackness with certain forms of slavery went very far—and in later centuries white slaves grew increasingly rare.

Already in medieval times it became customary to use different words for black and white slaves. White slaves were normally called *mamlūk*, an Arabic word meaning "owned," while black slaves were called *'abd*. In time, the word *'abd* ceased to be used of any slaves but black ones and eventually, in many Arabic dialects, simply came to mean a black man irrespective of whether he was a slave or not. This transition from a social to an ethnic meaning is thus the reverse of the semantic development of our own word "*slave*," which began as the designation of an ethnic group and became a social term.

It is not only in terminology that black and white slaves were distinguished. For one thing, white slaves, especially females, were more expensive; for another, black slaves were far more severely restricted in their social and occupational mobility. Ibn Butlān, in his handbook, suggests a proper ethnic division of labour for both male and female slaves. For guarding persons and property, he recommends Indians and Nubians; as labourers, servants, and eunuchs, Zanj; as soldiers, Turks and Slavs.[42] In the central Islamic lands, black slaves were most commonly used for domestic and menial purposes, usually as eunuchs, sometimes also in economic enterprises, as for example in the gold mines of 'Allāqī in Upper

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Egypt where (according to Ya'qūbī) "the inhabitants, merchants and others, have black slaves who work the mines,"[43] in the salt-mines, and in the copper-mines of the Sahara, where both male and female slaves were employed. The most famous were the black slave gangs who toiled in the salt-flats of Basra. Their task was to remove and stack the nitrous top-soil, so as to clear the under-soil for cultivation, probably of sugar, and at the same time to extract the saltpetre. Consisting principally of slaves imported from East Africa, and numbering some tens of thousands, they lived and worked in conditions of extreme misery. They were fed, we are told, on "a few handfuls" of flour, semolina, and dates. They rose in several successive rebellions, the most important of which lasted fifteen years, from 868 to 883, and for a while offered a serious threat to the Baghdad Caliphate. The leader of these black rebels was a white man.[44]

Even religious groups with what some would nowadays call radical and progressive ideals seem to have accepted the slavery of the black man as natural. Thus in the eleventh century we are told that the Carmathians established a kind of republic in Bahrain, abolished many of the prescriptions regarding persons and property which conventional Islam imposed—and had a force of thirty thousand black slaves to do the rough work.[45]

A COMMON EXPLANATION of this status, among Muslim authors, is that the ancestor of the dark-skinned peoples was Ham the son of Noah who (according to Muslim legend) was damned black for his sin. The curse of blackness, and with it that of slavery, passed to all the black peoples who are his descendants.

This story, though widespread, was by no means universally accepted. Ibn Khaldūn and many other writers reject it as absurd and attribute the blackness of the Negro to climatic and geographical causes. The idea however that blackness and slavery are associated is clearly expressed in this story. Another sign of this association is the occasional argument adduced by jurists—usually black jurists—against the enslavement of black Muslims. Muslim law unequivocally forbids the enslavement of free Muslims, of whatever race, and was usually obeyed in this. That the point had to be argued in favour of Muslims of Negro race shows that argument was sometimes needed.[46]

WHITE SLAVES were rarely used for rough labour, and filled higher positions in domestic and administrative employment. In early though not late times there were white eunuchs, but they were castrated by a different and much less brutal process. The military slave, so prominent a figure in Islamic history, is overwhelmingly white. In the East he is usually of Turkish origin, in the West of Slavic or other European origin.

Black military slaves are not unknown and indeed at certain periods were of importance—as for example in medieval Egypt, until they were disbanded by Saladin. They reappear under the Mamluk sultans in a menial role, as servants of the knights. There was a clear distinction between these servants, who were black slaves, and the knights' orderlies and grooms, who were white and free.

Later, black slaves were admitted to units using firearms—a socially despised weapon in the Mamluk knightly society. When a Sultan tried to show some favour to his black arquebusiers, he provoked violent antagonism from the Mamluk knights, which he was not able to resist. In 1498 "a great disturbance occurred in Cairo." The Sultan (according to the chronicler) had outraged the Mamluks by conferring two boons on a black slave called Farajallah, chief of the firearms personnel in the citadel—first, giving him a white Circassian slave-girl from the palace as wife, and second, granting him a short-sleeved tunic—a characteristic garment of the Mamluks.

> On beholding this spectacle [says the chronicler] the Royal Mamluks expressed their disapproval to the Sultan, and they put on their . . . armour . . . and armed themselves with their full equipment. A battle broke out between them and the black slaves who numbered about five hundred. The black slaves ran away and gathered again in the towers of the citadel and fired at the Royal Mamluks. The Royal Mamluks marched on them, killing Farajallah and about fifty of the black slaves; the rest fled; two Royal Mamluks were killed. Then the amirs and the Sultan's maternal uncle, the Great Dawādār, met the Sultan and told him: "We disapprove of these acts of yours [and if you persist in them, it would be better for you to] ride by night in the narrow by-streets and go away together with those black slaves to far-off places!" The Sultan answered: "I shall desist from this, and these black slaves will be sold to the Turkmans. . . ."[47]

In the west of Islam black slave troops are more frequent, and sometimes even include cavalry—something virtually unknown in the east. They became important from the 17th century, after the Moroccan military expansion into the Western Sudan. The Moroccan Sultan Mawlay Ismā'īl (1672–1727) is said to have had a reserve of 150,000 black slaves, from whom he selected and trained his fighting troops. After his death in 1727, a period of anarchic internal struggles followed, which some con-

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temporaries describe as a conflict between blacks and whites. The philosopher David Hume, writing at about the same time, saw such a conflict as absurd and comic, and used it to throw ridicule on all sectarian and factional strife:

> The civil wars which arose some few years ago in Morocco between the *Blacks and Whites*, merely on account of their complexion, are founded on a pleasant difference. We laugh at them; but, I believe, were things rightly examined, we afford much more occasion of ridicule to the Moors. For, what are all the wars of religion, which have prevailed in this polite and knowing part of the world? They are certainly more absurd than the Moorish civil wars. The difference of complexion is a sensible and a real difference; but the controversy about an article of faith, which is utterly absurd and unintelligible, is not a difference in sentiment, but in a few phrases and expressions, which one party accepts of without understanding them, and the other refuses in the same manner.... Besides, I do not find that the *Whites* in Morocco ever imposed on the Blacks any necessity of altering their complexion... nor have the Blacks been more unreasonable in this particular....[48]

Black military slaves reappear in 19th-century Egypt; their recruitment was indeed one of the main purposes of the Egyptian advance up the Nile under Muhammad ʿAlī Pasha (*reg.* 1805–1849) and his successors. Collected by annual *razzias* from Darfur and Kordofan, they constituted an important part of the Khedivial armies, and incidentally furnished the bulk of the Egyptian expeditionary force which the Khedive Ismāʿīl sent to Mexico in 1863, in support of the French.[49]

Between white and black military slaves—even where the latter were numerous and powerful—there was always one crucial distinction. Whereas white slaves could become generals, or provincial governors, sovereigns, and founders of dynasties, this hardly ever happened with black slaves in the central Islamic lands. Their opportunities for advancement during slavery were very limited. Only one of them ever became the ruler of a Muslim country outside the black zone—the famous Nubian eunuch Abu'l-Misk Kāfūr, "Musky Camphor," who in the tenth century became regent of Egypt (and a very capable one). Historians clearly regarded this as remarkable, and the great Arab poet al-Mutanabbī found in Kāfūr's blackness a worthy object of satirical abuse. In one of his most famous poems, he bitterly attacks the master of Egypt:

> *Whenever a wicked slave assassinates his master or betrays him, has he to get his training in Egypt?*
> *There, the eunuch has become a chieftain of the runaway slaves, the free man is enslaved, and the slave is obeyed.*
>
> — — —
>
> *The slave is no brother to the godly free man, even though he be born in the clothes of the free.*
> *Do not buy a slave without buying a stick with him, for slaves are filthy and of scant good.*
> *I never thought I should live to see the day when a dog would do me evil and be praised into the bargain,*
> *nor did I imagine that true men would have ceased to exist, and that the like of the father of bounty would still be here*
> *and that that negro with his pierced camel's lip would be obeyed by those cowardly hirelings.*
>
> — — —
>
> *Who ever taught the eunuch negro nobility? His "white" people, or his royal ancestors?*
> *or his ear bleeding in the hand of the slave-broker? or his worth, seeing that for two farthings he would be rejected?*
> *Wretched Kāfūr is the most deserving of the base to be excused in regard to every baseness —and sometimes excusing is a reproach—*
> *and that is because white stallions are incapable of gentility, so how about black eunuchs?*

In another poem he remarks:

> *More stupid than a slave or his mate is he who makes the slave his master*
>
> — — —
>
> *One who holds you by his word is unlike one who holds you in his gaol.*
> *The morality of the [black] slave is bounded by his stinking pudenda and his teeth.*
> *He does not keep his engagements of today, nor remember what he said yesterday.*
>
> — — —
>
> *Hope for no good from a man over whose head the slaver's hand has passed,*
> *And, if you are in doubt about his person or condition, look to his race.*
> *One who is vile in his coat, was usually vile in his caul.*
> *He who makes his way beyond his merits, still cannot get away from his root.*[50]

The same limitation of opportunity applies to the emancipated slave. The emancipated white slave was free from any kind of restriction; the emancipated black slave was rarely able to rise above the lowest levels. In Umayyad times, we still hear of black poets and singers achieving some sort of social standing even though they complain of discrimination. In later times the black poet as a figure in Arabic literature disappears and none of any consequence are reported from the mid-eighth century onwards. A few religious figures—saints and scholars—are said to have had black ancestry, but these again are exceptional. What is more important is that the black is almost entirely missing from the positions of wealth, power,

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and privilege. Muslim authors attribute this want of achievement by black slaves and freedmen to lack of capacity. The modern observer will recognise the effects of lack of opportunity.

The importation of black slaves into the central Islamic lands began at the time of the conquest and has continued without interruption to the present century. During the Ottoman period there seems to have been a decline in this process. It was revived however during the early nineteenth century when, as a result of the Russian conquest of the Caucasus, the main source of supply of white slaves for the Islamic world was stopped. Deprived of their Georgians and Circassians, the Muslim states turned elsewhere, and a large-scale revival of slaving in black Africa took place. This was furthered by the Egyptian advance up the Nile at the time of Muhammad 'Alī. Other supply routes led through Morocco and Tunisia and across the Red Sea to Arabia. Black slaves for domestic use were very common during the nineteenth century in Egypt, in Turkey and in the other Ottoman lands, and some survivors can still be met in these countries.[51] On the evidence of European travellers, they suffered terribly at the hands and under the lash of slavers and slave-dealers, from capture until final sale, but were well treated by their urban masters.

The abolition of legal slavery was accomplished in most Muslim countries during the 19th century, with some difference for whites and blacks. In the British, French, Dutch and Russian Empires—in that order—general abolition was imposed by the imperial authorities. The first Muslim ruler to emancipate black slaves was the Bey of Tunis, who in January 1846 decreed that a deed of enfranchisement should be given to every slave who desired it. The abolition of black slavery was completed after the French occupation. In Turkey, the most important surviving Muslim state, the Sultan had decreed, as far back as 1830, the emancipation *en bloc* of white slaves of the Christian religion. Decrees against the slave trade were issued in October 1854 (for whites) and February 1857 (for blacks). The Hijāz, containing the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, was however exempted from this clause, and it is quite clear that the flow of slaves from Africa into Arabia continued for a long time. Apart from commercial channels, the supply was augmented through the practice by which a wealthy pilgrim brought a retinue of slaves from his own country and sold them one by one—as a kind of travellers' cheques—to pay the expenses of his pilgrimage.

An obvious question, since so many Negroes entered the central lands over so long a period, is why they have left so little trace. There is nothing in the Arab, Persian, and Turkish lands that resembles the great Negro and mulatto populations of North and South America. One main reason for this is that a large proportion, perhaps indeed the majority, of the black males entering Islamic lands were castrated before entering. Eunuchs were employed by families even of moderate means, and also in the service of mosques. Concubinage at higher and intermarriage at lower social levels seem to have taken place, but must have been on a rather limited scale and, probably for social more than biological reasons, produced few offspring who survived. Even now members of the comparatively small number of recognisably negroid families in the Middle East tend to intermarry among their own kind, though this is not a firm rule, nor would intermarriage with others be regarded in quite the same way as in Western countries.

Equality and Marriage

THE WHOLE QUESTION OF miscegenation requires closer examination. The pious Islamic viewpoint is quite clear—there is no innate superiority of race and therefore no bar to racial intermarriage. In practice however the pious principle is frequently disregarded or even overruled. Marriage is regulated by the holy law of Islam, and is indeed the only issue on which questions of race and colour can become the concern of the law. This occurs under the legal doctrine of *Kafā'a*, which might be roughly translated as equality of birth and social status in marriage.[52] The rule of *Kafā'a* requires that a man be the social equal of the woman he marries. It does not forbid unequal marriages, and is thus in no sense a Muslim equivalent of the "Nuremberg laws" of Nazi Germany or the *apartheid* laws of South Africa. Its purpose is to protect the honour of respectable families from the inevitable foolishness and waywardness of women; its effect is to allow families, if they wish, to stop unsuitable marriages. The principle of *Kafā'a* may be invoked by the father or other legal guardian of a woman in order to prevent her from contracting a marriage without his permission, or to annul it if contracted without permission or with permission fraudulently obtained, provided there is no child or pregnancy. The rule operates to restrain a woman from marrying a man who is below her, and thus disgracing her family. For a man to marry a women below him does not matter—the woman is in the inferior situation anyway, and no immediate social injury can therefore result.

Kafā'a is determined by a number of matters

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—by piety, moral character, wealth, occupation, and three which have a direct bearing on our present problem: freedom, Islam, and descent. Freedom refers to the question of whether the prospective bridegroom is free, freed, or slave, and involves not only his personal status but that of his immediate forbears. A freedman is not as good as the son of a freedman, and he in turn not as good as the grandson of a freedman. This principle is pursued up to three generations, after which all Muslims are deemed equally free. The same is true of Islam. Non-Muslims are of course excluded. But that is not all. The convert is not as good as the son of a convert; the son of a convert is not as good as the grandson of a convert. Here too the rule is limited to three generations, after which all are equal in their Islam.

Descent is another matter. Partly it is a social question—the distinction between "good" (*i.e.*, well-connected or well-descended) families and others; partly however also it is concerned with ethnic origins, and the jurists insist very clearly on the distinction between Arab and non-Arab. A non-Arab man is not the equal of an Arab woman in any circumstances. Even the manumitted slave of a non-Arab owner is not the equal of the manumitted slave-girl of an Arab owner. Generally speaking the jurists do not bother to distinguish between the various kinds of non-Arabs, though some make the general observation that the non-Arabs are ranked among themselves just as are the Arabs.

Occasionally, however, writers on the subject make reference to the question of colour. Sometimes they express the pious view and assert that a man of true piety, "even a black," is acceptable. In this connection they quote the story of Bilāl, the Ethiopian Muezzin of the Prophet, who wished to marry an Arab girl. Her family refused, and the Prophet (according to tradition) then sent a personal message to the family asking them to give their daughter to Bilāl. The story is probably not authentic since it deals with a prejudice which does not seem to have existed in the Prophet's lifetime. It is one of many such tales invented for the purpose of proving the egalitarian point. There are other dicta the purport of which is the exact opposite. According to one tradition the Prophet said, "Be careful in choosing mates for your offspring, and beware of marrying the Zanjī, for he is a distorted creature." Another tradition quotes the Prophet as forbidding intermarriage with blacks with the words "Do not bring black into your pedigree." The same idea is expressed in a verse quoted by Mas'ūdī:

> *Do not intermarry with the sons of Ham, for they are the distorted among God's creatures, apart from Ibn Akwa'.*[53]

THERE IS AMPLE EVIDENCE that such marriages —of black men with white women—were frowned upon. The black poet Nusayb had a son who sought to marry an Arab woman; he had this son beaten for aspiring to such a marriage, which he himself regarded as improper, and he advised the girl's guardian to find her a true Arab husband.[54] In earlier times it seems to have been virtually impossible for a Negro to marry an Arab woman. Later it became theoretically possible but was in fact usually excluded by the rule of *Kafā'a*, the general principle of which was, in the form adopted by the jurists, "marry like with like."

For a white male to mate with a black woman was in general considered acceptable—with Nubians and other Nilotics much more than with the true Negroes. Such mating usually took the form of concubinage rather than marriage. Some authors disapprove even of this, because of the harm it brought to a family's honour. Thus, the Syrian author Abu'l-'Alā' remarked in a letter:

> We often see a man of mark who has in his house women of high degree setting above them a girl in a striped gown purchased for a few coins and so we may see a man whose grandfather on the father's side is a fair-haired descendant of 'Alī while his maternal grandfather is a black idolator.[55]

Many stories are told of people with an African mother or grandmother and with a dark complexion, who were subject to insult and humiliation on this account. A vivid example occurs in a satire ascribed—probably falsely—to Hassān ibn Thābit:

> *Your father is your father and you are his son*
> *Miserable little son and miserable father!*
> *Your mother is a black Nubian woman*
> *With fingers like dung-beetles.*[56]

Even today, in North Africa, a man with negroid features, even of the highest social status, is described contemptuously as *ould khadem*—the son of a slave-woman.

A Variety of Stereotypes

A QUESTION OF SOME INTEREST is that of stereotypes. As in other societies where such prejudices exist we find a whole series of traditional accusations directed against Negroes. The most frequent are that the Negro is stupid, that he is vicious, untruthful and dishonest, that he is dirty in his personal habits and emits an evil smell. The Negro's physical appearance is described as ugly, distorted, or monstrous. The point is made in an anecdote about the poet known as al-Sayyid al-Himyarī—the Himyarite Sayyid (723–789).

The Sayyid was my neighbour, and he was

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very dark. He used to carouse with the young men of the camp, one of whom was as dark as he was, with a thick nose and lips, and a negroid (*muzannaj*) appearance. The Sayyid had the foulest smelling arm-pits of anybody. They were jesting together one day, and the Sayyid said to him: "You are a Zanjī in your nose and your lips!", whereat the youth replied to the Sayyid: "And you are a Zanjī in your colour and arm-pits!"[57]

Ibn Butlān notes of the Zanj women that

> their bad qualities are many, and the blacker they are the uglier their faces and the more pointed their teeth. They are of little use, and may cause harm, and are dominated by their evil disposition and destructiveness.... Dancing and rhythm are instinctive and ingrained in them. Since their utterance is uncouth, they are compensated with song and dance.... They have the cleanest teeth of all people because they have much saliva, and they have much saliva because they have bad digestions. They can endure hard work... but there is no pleasure to be got from them, because of the smell of their armpits and the coarseness of their bodies.[58]

Despite this and many other similar descriptions, physical rejection, of the type professed by some Western racialists, seems to have been rare. Mas'ūdī notes a few examples, as oddities:

> Tawus the Yemenite, the disciple of 'Abdallah ibn 'Abbās, would never eat meat butchered by a Zanjī because, he said, the Zanjī was a distorted creature. I have heard that the Caliph al-Rādī would accept nothing from the hand of a black man, because he was a distorted slave. I do not know whether he was adopting the principles of Tawus in this, or following any particular opinion or doctrine.[59]

Another accusation, which also sometimes appears as praise, is that the Negro is frivolous and light-hearted—that is, in other terms, gay and of happy disposition. Other favourable stereotypes show the Negro as brave, generous, musical, and with a strong feeling of rhythm. Thus, Ibn Butlān remarks that "if a Negro were to fall from heaven to earth he would beat time as he goes down."[60]

One of the most common favourable stereotypes of the Negro is that of simple piety. There are many anecdotes of a well-known religious type in which the Negro appears as the simple pious man contrasted with the clever but wicked.[61] And here again one cannot help feeling that this is an example of the *trajectio ad absurdum*. The point that the narrator seeks to make is the superiority of simple piety over clever wickedness, and the Negro is chosen as the ultimate example of simplicity.

A CLOSE PARALLEL with the more familiar type of prejudice current in our society may be found in the sexual stereotypes attributed to the Negro. A common theme is his immense potency and unbridled sexuality. A fairly restrained example of this, in the framework story of *The Thousand and One Nights*, has already been quoted. The stereotypes of sexuality refer not only to the male Negro. There is also a good deal of Arabic poetry which shows the same kind of prurient interest in the Negress as one finds in European anti-Semitic writings about the Jewess. The interrelated European themes of "*la belle juive*" and "*l'affreuse juive*" have close parallels in the simultaneous interest shown by Arab poets in the repulsive ugliness and incandescent sexuality which they ascribe to the black woman.[62]

That there are resemblances between these stereotypes and those common in our own society will be obvious. The reason is not far to seek. In both cases they relate to a poor, humble, down-trodden, enslaved people, brought out of a primitive society and kept in conditions of hardship and privation. In such a situation it is natural that basic physical needs should be the first preoccupation of the slave, and that his attempts to gratify them should have struck his lighter-skinned owners and more fortunate neighbours. Here I may add another attribute commonly ascribed to Negroes by Arabic writers—bad digestion. Presumably this was observed through its normal manifestations, no doubt the result of the poor and irregular diet assigned to the Negro slave.

There is, however, one aspect of this which deserves deeper exploration: the emotional content attached to the concepts of Blackness and Whiteness—the idea that black is somehow connected with sin, evil, deviltry and damnation, while white has the opposite associations. Thus in the Qur'ān itself (Chapter III, verse 102), we find

> ... the day when some faces will become white and some faces will become black. As for those whose faces have become black—will you disbelieve after having believed? Then taste the punishment for the unbelief which you have been showing. But as for those whose faces have become white—in the mercy of Allah will they be, therein to abide.

It is obvious that no reference to black and white races is intended in this passage,* which makes use of the common Arabic idiom—shared with many other languages, even in-

* But, it may be noted, a 14th-century Egyptian author (Qalqashandī, *Subh al-a'shā*, ii, Cairo 1331/1913, 8–9), cites it, in the course of a discussion of colours, to prove his point that white is good and black is bad. He goes on to remark that many people, nevertheless, have begun to find beauty in the blacks and "incline towards them."

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cluding those of black Africa—associating whiteness with joy and goodness, blackness with suffering and evil. Similar associations underlie a good deal of Muslim legend, folklore, literature, proverb, and even language.

A FEW FINAL POINTS. Describing the evidence of prejudice and discrimination in the Islamic countries, I have tried to correct the false picture drawn by the myth-makers, the picture of the total absence of such evils. But in correcting an error one should take care not to fall into the opposing error. At no time did the Islamic world ever practise the kind of racial exclusivism which we find in the Republic of South Africa at the present time or which has existed until very recently in parts of the United States. My purpose is not to try and set up a moral competition or to argue the relative wickedness of castration or *apartheid* as methods of control; it is rather to refute the claims both of exclusive virtue and exclusive vice, and to point to certain common failings of our common humanity.

* It is significant that one of the most influential proponents of the myth was Edward W. Blyden, a black West Indian who was educated in Liberia under missionary auspices, but was convinced by his African experiences that Islam was better suited than Christianity to black African needs. His writings, with their stress on Christian guilt and on a much romanticised Muslim tolerance, were widely read. See E. W. Blyden, *Christianity, Islam and the Negro Race* (1888); T. W. Arnold, *The Preaching of Islam* (1896; rev. ed. 1913). Writers of this school usually make the illogical assumption that the reprobation of prejudice in a society proves its absence. In fact, of course, it reveals its presence.

ONE LAST QUESTION and an important one. If, as I have tried to demonstrate, the traditional picture of a society free from racial discrimination is a false one, how then did this picture appear? Some preliminary enquiries into this subject suggest an answer. The myth of Muslim freedom from racial prejudice seems to have arisen in the circle of Christian missionaries in Africa in the 19th century, who sought some explanation of the failure of their missions as contrasted with the success of Islam, despite every advantage of power, wealth, and (as they saw it) truth. The explanation which some missionaries found was in the difference between the second-class status accorded to black Christians by white rulers and the immediate equality received by black converts to Islam.* There may indeed be a great deal of truth in this, but it overlooks two important points—first, that the Muslim preachers were themselves black and represented the far limit of Islamic expansion into Africa, and, second, that even so there were shades of difference, perhaps invisible to the outsider, but vitally important to the people themselves.

That the myth has survived and been taken up enthusiastically in our time is due, I think, to another factor, to what might be called nostalgia for the white man's burden. The white man's burden in the traditional sense—the burden of imperial domination—has long since been cast off and seized by others. But there are those who still insist on maintaining it—this time as a burden not of power but of guilt, an insistence on responsibility for the world and its ills that is as arrogant and as unjustified as the claims of our imperial predecessors.

NEGRO CAPTIVES (*from an ancient Egyptian relief*)

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Notes

IN VIEW OF *the importance of the subject-matter and the inaccessibility of the sources to most readers, we thought it useful to publish detailed annotation. (Many books published in Muslim countries carry two dates, according to the Muslim and Christian calendars.)—Ed. Note.*

[1] *The Autobiography of Malcolm X* (New York, 1966), pp. 338–9, 340, 344.

[2] *The Thousand and One Nights*, translated by E. W. Lane, revised edition (London, 1859), i, pp. 4–5.

[3] 467th and 468th nights, Burton, *The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night* (London, 1894), iv, pp. 212–4. The story is omitted by Lane. The theme of whiteness as a reward is a common one.

[4] Goldziher, *Muh. St.*, i, pp. 103–4 and 268–9 (English trans. pp. 99–100 and 243–4); cf. G. E. von Grunebaum, "The nature of Arab unity before Islam," in *Arabica*, x (1963), p. 10. On the interesting question of the classical Arabic terms for colours, see W. Fischer, *Farb- und Formbezeichnungen in der Sprache der altarabischen Dichtung* (Wiesbaden, 1965).

[5] Ibn 'Abd al-Hakam, *Futūh Misr*, ed. C. C. Torrey (New Haven, 1922), p. 66; cf. Rotter, p. 92.

[6] These and other poets are discussed with specimens of their verse, in the literary anthology of Abu'l-Faraj al-Isfahānī (897–967), the *Kitāb al-Aghānī* (ed. Bulaq in 20 vols., 1285/1868–9); there is a new but incomplete Cairo edition (1927–). The most recent Western account is that of R. Blachère, *Histoire de la littérature arabe* (1952–66).

[7] *Dīwān*, ed. Maymanī (Cairo, 1369/1950), pp. 26, 55, 69; cf. F. Rosenthal, *The Muslim Concept of Freedom* (Leiden, 1960), p. 91.

[8] *Aghānī*, i, pp. 140–1; new edn., i, pp. 352–4. For a detailed study, see U. Rizzitano, "Abū Mihgan Nusayb b. Rabāh", in *Rivista degli Studi Orientali*, xx (1943), pp. 421–71; idem, "Alcuni frammenti poetici di . . . Nusayb . . . ," ibid., xxii (1945), pp. 23–35.

[9] Mohammed Ben Cheneb, *Abû Dolâma, poète bouffon de la cour des premiers califes abbassides* (Algiers, 1922), pp. 35, 136.

[10] *Aghānī*, i, p. 130; new edition, i, p. 325; Ibn Qutayba, *'Uyūn al-akhbār*, iii (Cairo, n.d.), p. 126; Rizzitano, pp. 431, 456.

[11] *Aghānī*, i, p. 136; new ed., i, p. 341; iii, p. 87; new ed., iii, pp. 282–3; Rizzitano, p. 439; Levy, pp. 62–3; Rotter, pp. 89–90.

[12] Jahshiyārī, *Kitāb al-wuzarā' wa'l-kuttāb* (Cairo, 1938), p. 81; German translation by J. Latz, *Das Buch der Wezire und Staatssekretäre* (Walldorf-Hessen, 1958), p. 129.

[13] On Jāhiz see C. Pellat, *Le milieu basrien et la formation de Gahiz* (Paris, 1953); idem, *Arabische Geisteswelt* (Zürich-Stuttgart, 1967); idem, the article "Djāhiz" in the new edition of the *Encyclopaedia of Islam*. Jāhiz's "Boast" was first published by G. van Vloten in *Tria Opuscula* (Leiden, 1903), pp. 58–85; re-edited in *Rasā'il al-Jāhiz*, i (Cairo, 1385/1965), pp. 173–226; German translation by O. Rescher in *Orientalische Miszellen*, ii (Istanbul, 1926), pp. 146–86.

[14] Jāhiz, *Kitāb al-Bukhalā'* (Damascus, 1357/1938), p. 253; French translation by C. Pellat, *Le Livre des avares* (Paris, 1951), p. 232.

[15] Jāhiz, *Kitāb al-Hayawān*, ii (Cairo, 1937), p. 314; idem, *Al-Bayān wa'l-tabyīn*, iii (Cairo, 1380/1960), pp. 12–13; cf. Rotter, pp. 98ff.

[16] *Aghānī*, i, p. 32; new ed., i, p. 65; cf. Goldziher, *Muh. St.*, i, p. 270 (English trans., p. 245).

[17] "Ka'l-Zanjī in jā'a saraqa wa'in shabi'a zanā." Maydānī, *Amthāl al-'Arab*, ed. G. Freytag, *Arabum proverbia* (Bonn, 1839), ii, p. 404.

[18] Cf. Goldziher, *Muh. St.*, i, p. 269 (English trans., p. 244); Vollers, "Über Rassenfarben . . . ," p. 87.

[19] A. J. Wensinck (ed.), *Concordance et indices de la tradition musulmane* (Leiden, 1936–), i, p. 327, where further references are given. See, for example, Muttaqī, *Kanz al-Ummāl*, iii (Haydarabad, 1313), p. 197, where this and similar traditions are cited. Cf. S. D. Goitein, *Studies in Islamic History and Institutions* (Leiden, 1966), pp. 203–4; G. E. von Grunebaum, *Medieval Islam*, p. 209.

[20] Ibn Māja, *Sunan*, i (Cairo, 1372/1952), p. 597 (*Nikāh*, 6); cf. Qur'ān, ii, verse 221; Rotter, p. 132.

[21] Ibn Sa'd, *Kitāb al-Tabaqāt al-Kabīr*, ed. E. Sachau *et al.* (1904–40), iv/i, p. 134; *cit.*, A. S. Tritton, *Muslim Theology* (London, 1947) p. 13.

[22] A reference to Qur'ān, xlix, verse 13. See above.

[23] Ibn Hazm, *Jamharat ansāb al-'Arab*, ed. E. Lévi-Provençal (Cairo, 1948), p. 1.

[24] Goldziher, *Muh. St.*, i, p. 74 (English trans., p. 75).

[25] Abu'l-'Alā' al-Ma'arrī, *Risālat al-ghufrān* (Cairo, 1321/1903), p. 73; cf. Rotter, p. 180.

[26] Ibn Hishām, *Sīrat Rasūl Allah*, ed. F. Wüstenfeld (Göttingen, 1858–59), p. 266; English translation by A. Guillaume, *The Life of Muhammad* (London, 1955), pp. 183–4; Ibn Sa'd, i/2, pp. 120 ff. English translation by S. Moinul Haq and H. K. Ghazanfar, i (Karachi, 1967), pp. 484 ff.; Vollers, "Über Rassenfarben . . . ," pp. 90–1.

[27] W. Ahlwardt, ed., *The Divans of the Six Ancient Arabic Poets Annābiga, 'Antara . . .* (London, 1870), p. 32, line 9.

[28] Ibn Habīb, *Kitab al-Muhabbar*, ed. Ilse Lichtenstädter (Haydarabad, 1361/1942), p. 306.

[29] Slavery in the Islamic world still awaits a comprehensive study. In the meantime, the best short account is that of R. Brunschvig, article "'Abd" in the *Encyclopaedia of Islam*, new edition. See also A. Mez, *Die Renaissance des Islams* (Heidelberg, 1922) pp. 152 ff. (English trans., *The Renaissance of Islam* (London, 1937), pp. 156 ff.) and, on the trade down the Nile, Y. F. Hasan, *The Arabs and the Sudan* (Edinburgh, 1967), pp. 42 ff.

[30] E. I. J. Rosenthal, *Political Thought in Medieval Islam* (Cambridge, 1958), pp. 154–5.

[31] The best-known Arabic sources on medieval black Africa have been conveniently collected by two Russian scholars, L. E. Kubbel and V. V. Matveev, and re-edited with Russian translations and notes, *Arabskiye istočniki VII–X vekov po etnografii i istorii Afriki yužneye Sakharî* (Moscow-Leningrad, 1960); Matveev and Kubbel, *Arabskiye*

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istočniki X–XII vekov, 1965. On East Africa, see M. Devic, *Le pays des Zendjs ... d'après les écrivains arabes* (Paris, 1883), and F. Storbeck, "Die Berichte der arabischen Geographen des Mittelalters über Ostafrika," in *Mitteilungen des Seminars für Orientalische Sprachen zu Berlin*, xvii/2 (1914), pp. 97–169.

[32] Ya'qūbī, *Kitāb al-Buldān*, ed. M. J. de Goeje, *Bibliotheca geographorum arabicorum*, vii, 2nd ed. (Leiden, 1892), p. 345; French translation by G. Wiet, *Les pays* (Cairo, 1937), p. 205; Kubbel and Matveev, i, p. 43. Maqdisī, *Kitāb al-Bad' wa'l-ta'rīkh*, edited with French translation by Clement Huart, iv (Paris, 1907), text pp. 69–70, translation p. 65; Matveev and Kubbel, ii, p. 14. Idrīsī, *Al-Maghrib wa-ard al-Sudān*, ed. and trans. by R. Dozy and M. J. de Goeje (Leiden, 1864), p. 4; Matveev and Kubbel, ii, p. 236.

[33] Ibn Butlān, *Risāla fi shirā al-raqīq wa-taqlīb al-'abīd*, ed. 'Abd al-Salām Hārūn, in *Nawādir al-makhtūtāt*, iv/6 (Cairo, 1373/1954), pp. 333–89; excerpts translated in Mez, *loc. cit.*

[34] Ibn Khurradādhbih, *Al-Masālik wa'l-mamālik*, ed. M. J. de Goeje, *Bibliotheca geographorum arabicorum*, vi (Leiden, 1889), pp. 60–1 and 170; Kubbel and Matveev, i, pp. 32–3.

[35] Ibn al-Faqīh al-Hamadānī, *Mukhtasar Kitāb al-Buldān*, ed. de Goeje, *Bibl. Geog. arab.*, v (Leiden, 1885), p. 162; Matveev and Kubbel, i, p. 66.

[36] Mas'ūdī, *Murūj al-dhahab*, edited and translated into French by Barbier de Meynard and Pavet de Courteille, i (Paris, 1861), pp. 163–4; new translation by Charles Pellat, i (Paris, 1962), p. 68.

[37] Maqdisī, *loc cit.*

[38] *Hudūd al-'Alām*, ed. M. Sotoodeh (Tehran, 1340/1962), pp. 195–200; English translation by V. Minorsky (London, 1937), pp. 163–6.

[39] Sā'id al-Andalusī, *Tabaqāt al-umam*, ed. L. Cheikho (Beirut, 1912), p. 9; (Cairo, n.d., pp. 11–12); French translation by R. Blachère (Paris, 1935), pp. 37–8; Matveev and Kubbel, ii, pp. 193–4. Similar statements about the northern and southern people are to be found in earlier authors, notably Mas'ūdī.

[40] Tūsī, *Tasawwurāt*, ed. W. Ivanow (Leiden, 1950), pp. 52–3; cf. Ivanow's translation, pp. 57–8.

[41] In the translation of C. Issawi, *An Arab Philosophy of History* (1950), p. 98. The original of this passage may be found in the Quatremére edition (Paris, 1858), i, p. 269; Beirut edition, 1901, p. 148. Professor F. Rosenthal of Yale, the distinguished Arabist to whom we owe the standard English translation of Ibn Khaldūn's *Muqaddima*, renders the opening phrase: "Therefore, the Negro nations are, as a rule, submissive to slavery. ..." The omission of the word "only," clearly indicated in the origin, is curious. (Rosenthal, *The Muqaddimah*, i (New York, 1958), p. 301.) For parallel passages, see Rosenthal, i, pp. 118 ff., 168 ff.

[42] Ibn Butlān, *Risāla*, p. 352. There are more detailed indications regarding female slaves.

[43] Ya'qūbī, text, p. 334, translation, p. 190; Kubbel and Matveev, i, p. 41.

[44] The slave-revolt of the Zanj in Iraq was first studied by T. Nöldeke in his *Orientalische Skizzen* (Berlin, 1892), pp. 153–84; English translation, *Sketches from Eastern History* (London-Edinburgh, 1892), pp. 146–75. Later studies include an Arabic monograph (Faysal al-Sāmir, *Thawrat al-Zanj*, Baghdad, 1954) and an unpublished French doctoral thesis (A. Popovic, *Ali b. Muhammad et la revolte des esclaves à Basra*, Paris, 1965).

[45] Nāsir-i Khusraw, *Safar-nāma*, edited with French translation by C. Schéfer (Paris, 1881), text p. 82, translation, p. 227.

[46] Rotter, pp. 44 f., 49 ff.

[47] Ansārī, translated from the unpublished manuscript by D. Ayalon, *Gunpowder and Firearms in the Mamlūk Kingdom* (London, 1956), pp. 70–1, where the Arabic text is also cited.

[48] Hume, *Essays*, "Of parties in general." My thanks are due to Professor E. Kedourie for drawing my attention to this passage.

[49] On this curious episode, see Raverat and Dellard, "Historique du bataillon nègre égyptien au Mexique (1863–1867)" in *Revue d'Egypte*, i (1894–95), pp. 42–53, 104–23, 176–85, 230–45, 272–86.

[50] The first poem is cited in the translation of A. J. Arberry, *Poems of al-Mutanabbī* (Cambridge, 1967), pp. 112–4. The second is translated from the original in the *Dīwān*, ed. 'Abd al-Wahhāb 'Azzām (Cairo, 1363/1944), p. 460.

[51] See G. Baer, *Studies in the Social History of Modern Egypt* (Chicago, 1969), pp. 161–89 and, in general, *Encyclopaedia of Islam*, new ed., articles 'Abd and Harīm.

[52] F. J. Ziadeh, "Equality (*Kafā'ah*) in the Muslim law of marriage," in *American Journal of Comparative Law*, vi (1957), pp. 503–17; cf. Rotter, pp. 131 ff., and the standard treatises on Muslim law.

[53] Muttaqī, *Kanz*, viii, p. 248; Ibn 'Abd al-Ra'ūf, *Risāla*, in *Thalāth rasā'il andalusiyya*, ed. E. Lévi-Provençal (Cairo, 1955), p. 80; French translation by R. Arie in *Hespéris-Tamuda* (Morocco), i (1960), p. 27. Mas'ūdī, *Murūj al-dhahab*, vi, p. 154. Ibn Akwa' was a contemporary of the Prophet.

[54] *Aghānī*, i, p. 136, new ed., i, pp. 340–1; Goldziher, *Muh. St.*, i, p. 128 (English translation, p. 121); Rizzitano, pp. 428–9.

[55] Abu'l-'Alā', *Letters*, text p. 55 (translation p. 61).

[56] Hassān ibn Thābit, *Dīwān* (ed. Cairo, 1347/1929), p. 61. See, further, Goldziher, *Muh. St.*, i, pp. 121 ff. (English translation, pp. 115 ff.); Rotter, pp. 75 ff., 132 ff.

[57] *Aghānī*, vii, p. 20; new ed., vii, p. 269.

[58] Ibn Butlān, *Risāla*, pp. 374–5, where there are similar or even worse comments on other African groups. Among whites, Ibn Butlān most dislikes the Armenians.

[59] Mas'ūdī, *Murūj al-dhahab*, i, pp. 166–7.

[60] Ibn Butlān,, *Risāla*, p. 374.

[61] For examples, see Muhammad ibn Sasrā, *A Chronicle of Damascus 1389–1397*, edited and translated by W. M. Brinner (Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1963), text, pp. 211 ff.; translation, pp. 278 ff., Rotter, pp. 179–81.

[62] Rotter, pp. 165, 173–4. For some modern parallels on Jewesses, see E. Kedourie, *The Chatham House Version* (London, 1970), pp. 334–5.

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Nicholas Snowden Willey

Remembering, However Dimly, Times

Remembering, however dimly, times
When all this was a small and friendly place,
Well-known, as paths and clearings are, that lead
Beyond their own accustomed purposes,
Because a little circuit, always there,
The same dull distance, the accustomed stroll,
The lugubrious mud that clogs the heart,
And later, in Spring, the rushing water
That makes the heart rush out into the world,
These paths of rust and memories and mud
Are versions of eternity, the way
These straggling fences always seem to lean
Like leaning fences, so that one would say
That these dilapidated fences lean
In the same way that eternity leans,
Not to say it preened as philosophy,
That eternity is a leaning fence,
An artificial fence propped in the mind,
But to say as one who rounds a corner
Suddenly to gaze on eternity,
That what he sees, fields on fire, and the trees
In their green communion with the sky,
That what he sees as the whole world staggers,
Is the old field at the back of his house,
The threadbare grass, the familiar slope,
That gentle incline that has told your feet
So many times that they are almost home,
The giddy hill of childhood, packed with lights
That shine inside the hill on Summer nights
When the drone of insects becomes the drone
Of the weavers in the hill of childhood,
And you stand at your window, being there
Although the house is drifting in its sleep
And you have been put in your prickly bed,
But barefoot at the window, being there
To look out through the phosphorescent dark
To where the darkness has a quality
Of hidden liveliness, as if the lights
Inside a hill had only just gone out,
Leaving its outline in an afterglow,
Humming in the dark, the gathering air,
And later you sleep, and the house cuts loose
From its moorings, and you wake with the
sound
As the lapping house gently bumps the day
And comes to rest, and you walk out and look
And the world is wet and fresh, and the slope
Toward the blue arena of the sky,
Shimmering and vibrant in the distance,
Yet so close, behind the rim of the field,
And that reluctant hill your steps have taught
To remember the tracks of to and fro,
And the mountainous obligations there
That a small hill takes on when it becomes
The property of childhood, of the cat
Who sleeps eternally before the fire,
Unmoved by children, mice and escapades,
Attentive to the dream of warmth and milk,
The pink inquiry of the furry tongue
Of the mountain's sleeping proprietor,
And what you know you will not know again,
Although perhaps when you are very old
And the days are sad and mysterious
And the fret and hurry have given way
To a great quietness, the quietness
That is almost a question, then there comes
At unexpected moments in the day
From deep in the flaps of an old man's breast,
A sound that is the sobbing of a child
Who sobbed himself to sleep one Summer night
When disapproval made his laughing limbs
Retract their gestures from the air, as if
The unapplauded gestures were mistakes
And the brimming bravado out of place,
And the heart thumps and uncontrollable
Chokes itself at last into clenched-up sleep,
And what you know you will not know again,
The sandpaper tongue of the drowsy cat
As it accidentally washes you,
Frowns and collects itself back into sleep,
And doors swing open on cluttered kitchens,
Steam and the smell of the washing of clothes,
A good smell that can always find its way
Upstairs to someone who is brooding there,
To remind him of brave simplicity,
And the swollen hands that were embarrassed,
Unsure of where to put their loving thumbs,
Now deep in the soothing warmth of their work,
In a beautiful expertise of care,
And silently the night surrounds the house,
The rooks are making for their rookish trees,
A bundle of fur scurries to its hole,
And against the darkness the fences lean
And in their leaning is understanding
That all eternity is just a way
Of leaning in the dark and in the light,
So that an old man stoops to tie his shoe,
Whose life of tying and coming undone
Has been as well a quizzical restraint,
A preoccupation that things half-known
Are always on the verge of coming clear,
And an attention to a sound half-heard,

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As of a waterfall behind the days,
To be discovered, some other morning,
Some other evening to be chanced upon,
And then he ties his unteachable shoe,
And suddenly looks up and sees the sky
Burning in its azure tranquillity,
In its blue finality towering,
And roaring in the silence of the day,
And behind the old eyes, and bothered brow,
The tightness of tears, and the knowledge there
Of a misunderstanding so immense,
The knowledge that his days have been mistakes,
That the gradual incline he had thought
Led slowly surely to eternity,
Was itself eternity, the trees were
That lost their heads in the blue, or sometimes
Stood all day doing nothing but dying
And feeling the weight of the world above,
And the old eyes grow tight, too much uncried,
Too much unspoken for him now to feel
More than perplexity and vague regret,
Or face the knowledge that his eyes have felt,
That the Summer sky was the final blue,
That the grass itself was the final green,
The evening the mysterious evening,
Each morning a beginning of mornings,
And that eternity was going on
In the next field, behind a screen of trees,
And you wrap your coat tighter around you,
And listen to the dying out of day,
The sounds dying down into leafy rest,
As the sounds in you would settle like leaves
After a boisterous day in childhood,
For childhood is the swirling of the leaves,
The leaves as themselves, the leaves as dancers,
Not emblems of regret, or shields of hope,
But the aimless green idiots of time,
Full of beauty, the passion of falling
From the serious branches in the sky,
That stand all Winter, deep in silent thought,
And then try again, which childhood doesn't,
For childhood, life being but as a thought,
It is the vision before reflection,
The brief reconnaissance; the beginning
Of reflection is the end of childhood,
Although you still remember certain days,
Abroad alone in the misty morning,
Very early, the fields wet and sticky,
A thousand years before the school-day starts,
And a bush drifts past you out of the mist,
The heart is beating like a furry fly
Trapped in a hand and trying to get out,
The mist swirls in from the edge of the world,
The same bush drifts past on the other side,
You hear the cries of non-existent birds,
And stand there, non-existent, in the mist,
And then, a thousand years later, go home
And they're all having breakfast busily,
And ask you where, and you say, Oh nowhere,
And they scrubbed you to make you luminous,
And then parcelled you out into the world,
And now an old man in a sunlit field
Becomes a small boy in a sunlit field
Watching the slow drifting flight of a bird,
Scratches his head, is an old man again,
Dim with memories, puzzled by some birds,
And his anxious mother whose anxious eyes
Were the spirit-level of his success
And were suspicous of unsteady days
That threatened his safety with happiness,
All the birds are swarming into the sun,
And she is looking, now that she is dead,
Now that the ball of wool is motionless,
She is looking, and her eyes are saying
Be happy for my sake, for loving you
I needed your joy as I needed peace,
And needing it so much, I knew no joy
Beyond my rightful demand that the days
Should keep for you your share of easiness,
And clothes arranged ready for the morning,
And when things made you nervous and
perplexed,
My stomach tightened, clenched into a knot,
For I had seen with careful eyes of love
The distances rolled up inside your shins,
And I had seen bright distances of joy,
And I didn't know then that joy must be
Led from the very centre of dismay,
Nor did I know that companionship
Must comprehend its final loneliness
Before it can learn generosity,
And I died as I lived, so anxiously,
Watching the light flicker on the ceiling
And worrying about things left undone,
The rooms that weren't cleared, and food
unprepared,
And I tried to think, and then the light broke
And lit up the dust inside my breast,
Abandoned feelings in dusty corners,
And I cringed and shrunk, and tried to turn,
And something gathered me into its arms,
Smoothed the hair that kept my thoughts warm
at night
When I was a young girl and first in love,
The light was like flannels washing my brow,
And I saw, as from a great height, a head
Floating small on the swell of a pillow,
And I wanted just to touch my small head
And love it, but it was too late for that
And I had begun to dream, and the birds
Are swarming into the sun, and a man
Is standing in a field and watching them,
And what he knows he will not know again,
That we are blessed for no special reason,
But blessed for simply being here at all,
Blessed that we struggled from the sticky womb,
Blessed for growing limbs and eyelids and hair,
Blessed for standing at the edge of clearings,
For what is happiness if it is not
A going out into the windy world,
Or standing at a window in the night
Watching the lights go out inside a hill.

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NOTES & TOPICS

A Literary Letter

Salade Niçoise

By John Wain

It is three o'clock on a May afternoon. The city of Nice lies gently braising under a sweltering, miasmal sun. It is not so hot as at Oxford, where I was a few hours previously, but it is much more oppressive and sweat-enforcing. My clothes feel too heavy.

I am sitting in one of the *Salles de Conférence* of the *Palais des Expositions*. It is like most such rooms, with a platform facing a hall full of light wooden chairs. On the platform is a crescent-shaped table, with chairs for the speakers, and in front of each chair is a microphone. Another feature which this *Salle* shares with all others is that an impeccably dressed young man is fiddling with cables and connections. He is setting up not only the public address system but also a giant tape-recorder and an apparatus for simultaneous translation, complete with glass box and head-phones, which in the event is never to be used.

The *Salle de Conférence* is very light. It has two great half-circles of window, one looking out on to the city, the other on to the main body of the building, where the exhibitions are housed. If I stood up I could get a bird's-eye view of the exhibition that is on at the moment. I do not stand up. I have already seen it and it has made me feel depressed. For this is the *Festival International du Livre*, in the second year of its existence, and my walk round the exhibition has wounded my national pride.

I arrived at Nice in the middle of the morning, and at once telephoned the sécretariat of the Festival, to say that I was here and would be available at the hotel. Having been told beforehand that important business would be transacted today and that everyone should make a special effort to be present, I felt that was the least I could do. A vague female voice took polite cognisance of my existence and hung up. Nothing further happened. I stayed by the telephone. Lunch-time came and went. Looking at the printed programme of the Festival, I saw that there was to be a "round table" at three o'clock, at which the public could meet the writers who had been invited to participate in the Festival. The subject to be aired was Literature and the Press. Thinking that this might prove a chance to make my presence known, I decided to turn up. I have turned up.

The public are beginning to assemble. They drift in, well-dressed and rather leisurely people, the kind who might be expected to go to a discussion on literature and the press at three o'clock in the afternoon. They seem to come from all generations and both sexes. A murmur of gentle, post-prandial conversation fills the airy hall. Obviously no one believes, or has ever believed, the advertised starting-time of three o'clock. None of the participants has appeared; the platform is empty except for the impeccable young man with his cables.

I sit in the front row, not caring to take a place on the platform until I am officially present. I feel vaguely uncomfortable. The lack of *liaison* between myself and the headquarters of the Festival, the vagueness in that charming female voice, have made me feel like a non-person. Also, I am still depressed by my walk round the exhibition. The stands mounted by French publishers are brilliant, resplendent. There are good showings by Swiss, by German, by Belgian, by American publishers. At the far end, forlornly, is the *Stand Collectif Britannique*. It is like a not-very-good bookstall at an English country railway station. Knowing, as I do, the range and energy of British publishing, I can only pinch myself in front of this stand, to see if I am awake. It has about as many books as could be got into a decent-sized steamer trunk. Most of them, at first sight, seem to be of military interest. The first book that catches one's eye, because it is in the middle and has the largest lettering on the jacket, is entitled *British Bombers*. Not, one would have thought, the best title to proffer to a French public, many of whom have memories of the regrettable necessity which forced the R.A.F. to bomb their cities. There is also *Jane's Fighting Ships*. And a few dusty-looking paperbacks of current, or not quite current, best-sellers.

Nearby, the British Council has done its best to save the situation by mounting an exhibition of its own. Much better. The Council, at least, gives the impression of having heard of the Festival, whereas the publishers give the impression of having left for the weekend immediately on receiving their invitation to exhibit, and having had a parcel of books hurriedly made up by a junior office-girl, or perhaps the caretaker. Already conscious of being the only English writer present—and was that, perhaps, a mistake on my part? did I really get invited *at all*?—I feel depressed and insecure as I sit, hot and

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steaming, among the relaxed, well-heeled audience in their cool up-to-date clothes.

THREE O'CLOCK has long since gone. A quarter past three is receding. Half-past three is approaching. Suddenly there is a stir of activity. Several people enter and go directly on to the platform. The audience begins to pay attention. Timidly, I mount the platform and introduce myself to the person who happens to be nearest. He turns out to be Ernst Erich Noth, the German writer now living in Paris, whose *Mémoires d'un Allemand* I have just been reading. The genial Herr Noth transmits the introduction to Paul Mousset, who, as President of the International Committee, is just about to settle down into the chair. There is a slight flurry of consternation. Apparently they have been told, authoritatively, that I am not here; even, that I am not coming at all. (Who told them this? It is all beyond me.) They have just come from an important lunch that I was supposed to attend, at which decisions were taken, especially with regard to the awarding of a large prize, *Le Grand Aigle d'Or International*. I can only repeat that I have been sitting by the telephone in the hotel, awaiting instructions. Well, I am here now. A rapid flurry of apologies and explanations on either side, a rustling of papers, and we are sitting down, each in front of his little microphone, ready to enlighten the afternoon public on LITERATURE AND THE PRESS.

At first, I do not say anything, preferring to let the discussion unroll. It unrolls. Most of the speakers are French, with the French amplitude of vocabulary and taste for extended comparisons. The non-French participants are noticeably more laconic. Ernst Erich Noth reads out a typewritten statement, drawing on his long experience of journalism as a *second métier*. Luigi Barzini, imperturbable and saturnine behind a large briar pipe, makes a couple of decisive interventions. When politely accused by the elegant Mme Alba de Cespedes of treating the subject of journalism with *un certain cynisme*, he replies firmly that he is the son of the most important Italian journalist of that time, and that he is also the President of the Union of Italian journalists: would he be likely to feel "cynical" about the press? Armand Lanoux, of the Académie Goncourt, describes for us the wonderful world of instant creativity that is about to be opened to mankind by the video-cassette. This, which in a few months will become commercially viable, will enable any amateur to make a fifty-minute television film, anywhere and at any time. Without needing any skill with pen, brush or chisel, John Citizen (Jean Citoyen?) will be able to transmit to others his emotions and his way of perceiving the world. M. Lanoux predicts a delicate balance between the world of literacy and "*le monde annoncé par Marshall McLuhan*." Hah! Only twenty minutes into the discussion and already McLuhan's name has come up! It goes down again, however; the other speakers do not take up the proffered thread. The Anglo-Saxons, in particular (for so, obviously, we are thought of —in the presence of French people the Atlantic always shrinks to the dimensions of a hoof-mark filled with water), lead the discussion back to the problems and opportunities of the practitioner. William L. Shirer, whose books on recent French and German history are being widely read in France as well as everywhere else, reminisces about Hemingway, whom he knew well in those far-off Paris days. Trained as a newspaper man, Hemingway brought the virtues of good reporting into imaginative literature. I feel grateful to Mr. Shirer; not only for being a sensible and likeable man, but because his French accent makes mine seem good.

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER now speaks. I have been eyeing him covertly, feasting my eyes on his venerable egg-bald head, his ascetic profile, and those strikingly light blue eyes, unspectacled, that seem to take in everything in a series of rapid, bird-like glances. He is one of the few modern writers I unreservedly admire as a classic. He speaks in English, and when he has finished, Barzini translates.

"I have been both an author and a journalist for forty years," Singer tells us in a clear, steady voice that would probably reach the back rows without a microphone. "And whenever I wrote an article I always knew that however clever and effective it might be, it would be thrown away as waste paper the following morning." He pauses, and looks at us, gently but reprovingly. "In recent years we have a new phenomenon: the book that is also designed to be thrown away. If not the next day, then the next month or the next year. As literature involves itself more and more with social questions, this tendency will increase."

He sits down. It is a fitting statement to come from a man whose artistic life is devoted to illustrating once again the great principle that art reaches the universal *via* the particular. Singer's novels and stories deal with a world that has passed away as totally as the world of Tolstoy. Yet, by the accuracy of his eye and the truth of his feeling, he makes us experience the life that was lived in that world and realise that it is the same as our life. In a world where most writers feel that their imaginative work must concern itself with the events that make the front pages in the newspapers, and where literary reputations are made or unmade by journalists who, with the best will in the world, cannot help judging a book by its news-value

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because they have no other way of judging it, a man like Singer is a rock amid the surf.

OUR FIRST PUBLIC SESSION is nearly over. To wind it up, Paul Mousset calls on the chief figure-head of the Festival, President of its *Comité d'Honneur*, M. André Chamson of the Académie Française. M. Chamson makes one of those elegant, satisfying speeches which French Academicians seem able to produce effortlessly. (I imagine that all little boys who are one day destined to be Academicians make this kind of speech in the cradle.) He finishes with one of those large feathery metaphors which circle round in the sky like some great eagle coming to rest in its eyrie, slowly descending with a beating of pinions and settling down over the subject, hiding it from view in a final, majestic, aesthetically pleasing way. The writer and the journalist, he declares, are like two apparently dissimilar colours produced by hanging a prism in a shaft of sunlight. The prism breaks up the light, and projects on to the wall an entire spectrum. The colours at either end of the spectrum may seem very different—but it is all the same light! After this, there seems nothing to do but file out, as quietly as possible.

AFTER THE IRRITATION of my initial contact, non-contact, with the secretariat, I begin to find the atmosphere of the Festival very agreeable. I have no doubt that this is due in large measure to the personality of Paul Mousset, who seems to have done most of the work of hammering the Festival into whatever final shape it has. He is a man who impresses one immediately with sincerity and warmth: a big man, full of physical energy but probably now, at sixty, slowing down a little. Many years of journalism have shown him all sides of life and stripped him of any illusions, especially since most of his working life has been in the Far East, where human nature tends to reveal itself very directly. But this weight of experience has done nothing to make him cynical or to diminish his interest in human beings. I even get the impression that there is still, somewhere inside him, a streak of the idealistic. Such men are immensely valuable.

He also knows how to order a meal. I am now quite sure that to accept the invitation to the Festival was *not* a mistake.

BESIDE THE HOTEL there is a small public garden. One morning, I go to this garden with Isaac Bashevis Singer. We sit on metal chairs under the trees and have a long, unhurried, uninterrupted conversation.

As we talk, I realise that I should have missed

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something very precious if I had not come to Nice. In the mild air, our thoughts unfold. His manner is courteous, a trifle old-fashioned as if he had formed his code of politeness in an older and more stately world and never seen any reason to change it; gentle; always alert and watchful. He asks me questions about my work and about the quotidian details of my professional life: whether I work at home, whether it is easy or hard to make a living, do I rely much on ancillary work such as journalism. It is obvious that my background is opaque to him, as much as the Polish Pale of his formative days is unguessable to me. But, just as obviously, we understand immediately each other's point of view. The conversation covers enormous ground because nothing need be said more than once. At the end of two hours, we are talked out, and go back to the hotel.

In happier times, I suppose, this kind of meeting was not rare; it may even have been the regular, expected solace of an artist's life. When cities were more pleasant places to live in, when one could breathe the air without choking and walk the pavements without climbing over parked cars—in those days, it might have been nothing unusual for two writers of different generations to sit at ease in the shade and compare their experiences. But since our cities fell prostrate before the motor-car, and the cheap-rent districts were swallowed up by property developers, and the pace of life increased to the point where nobody had time to talk about anything except money, all that is over. Creative people have either fled from the cities, or stayed on as bureaucrats.

To sit calmly talking for these two hours, Isaac Singer and I have to come to this Festival, or to another one like it. We have to travel, in any event, a total of about seven thousand miles between us.

I SHALL BE TOLD, of course, that in the era of the supersonic jet there is no need to be mesmerised by these figures; that to move about the world is nowadays the natural activity of men, and no more than it used to be to visit someone living in the same city. Where once I might walk down a street to meet an elder writer whom I respect, now we go to Nice, and our fares are paid.

Perhaps. But travel will have to become a lot easier yet, before the new methods of contact become as natural as the old. He did not tell me this himself, because it is not the kind of thing he wastes time talking about, but I happen to know that when Isaac Singer arrived in Nice from New York, he was told by the hotel that his room was not ready and that he would have to wait downstairs. So, patiently, he sat in the lobby, unwashed, unfed, unrested, for two hours. This was not at some ungodly hour like 3 a.m., but in the daytime. Such experiences, which in modern long-distance travel are the rule rather than the exception, do not induce that harmony of mind necessary for a useful exchange between imaginative people.

WE ARE TO ANNOUNCE our choice of an author to receive the prize, *L'Aigle d'Or International*. (It carries a substantial cash award.) The decision has been arrived at: the prize is to go to the Portuguese writer Ferreira de Castro. I agree with this choice. I have been reading some of his books, treating solidly and with compassion the life of the aborigine in the interior of Brazil and his meeting with that of the white man. One of them, translated by Blaise Cendrars in 1938 as *La Forêt Vierge*, has long been a famous book in France. Another, *Mourir Peut-Etre*, has just appeared.

Senhor de Castro is seventy-two. His political and social views do not coincide with those of the Salazar government. The resulting coldness between himself and his country's officialdom means that he would have no chance of receiving, say, the Nobel Prize, though he is of quite sufficient stature to be considered for it, because this prize is nowadays awarded only to candidates who have the blessing of their own government. (Which means, among other things, that Boris Pasternak, under present-day conditions, would not be in the running.) I am all the more glad to be associated with this gesture of recognition.

Later, it turns out that Senhor de Castro, who is at present in Paris but planning to come to Nice to receive his award, has been pestered by telephone calls in the middle of the night. The callers, several of them, have warned him not to take part in any ceremony at which Portuguese government officials will be present. The point is, apparently, that if Senhor de Castro were to put on his best suit and go up on to the platform to receive his prize and have his hand shaken by Paul Mousset, and if the Portuguese Minister for Culture or whatever-it-is were to be present on the same platform, this would outrage the democratic sympathies of the people making the telephone calls.

That an independent-minded writer, who has chosen to endure years of unpopularity with an authoritarian government, with all its consequences in personal trouble and cost, should be subjected to this kind of impertinence, is entirely characteristic of our time.

THAT WEEKEND, in Paris, I look through the newspapers to see what coverage, if any, they have given the Festival. Literature and the Press. They don't seem, on the whole, to

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have thought it of much importance. *Le Figaro Littéraire*, for example, gives it one of those irritating pieces, more and more the rule in trendy modern journalism, which go on too long and at the same time manage to leave out everything of serious interest. It is on the level of social chit-chat; some tomfool party on a boat gets fully reported, while the name of Ferreira de Castro does not appear; Dr. Christiaan Barnard, who didn't even turn up, is duly talked about, but Isaac Bashevis Singer, who turned up and spoke words of wisdom, is not.

The situation, in fact, amounts to a mildly interesting paradox. These festivals, book fairs, and international get-togethers generally are intended largely as publicity exercises; but as the publicity they attract gets more and more zany, and concentrates more and more on the kind of material that could be gathered at a conference of hairdressers, the whole official, public side of such events goes sliding into insignificance, and their true value comes to reside in incidentals; the unplanned contact with a new person, the conversation that starts up late at night in a corner of the hotel lounge, the chance remark that brings a new perspective.

And meanwhile, since a book-show on this large scale does at least add up to a concerted testimony that we are not yet in *le monde annoncé par Marshall McLuhan*, one hopes that British publishers will in future years be able to stretch their imaginations a little way beyond *British Bombers* and *Jane's Fighting Ships*.

International Commentary

The World Monetary Crisis

Gold, Dollars & the "Crawling Peg" — By HARRY G. JOHNSON

AMONG THE ACADEMIC EXPERTS who specialise in the study of the international monetary system, it has been known for over a decade that that system was approaching a liquidity crisis. that it could not long survive in its existing form. The officials concerned with the actual operation of the system came tardily to accept the judgment, and to work out plans for the necessary reform of the system. But their progress was too slow to keep pace with the economic dynamics of international monetary crisis. Almost immediately after agreement had been reached on a plan for the reform of the system—in August-September 1967—the expected crisis broke. Triggered by Britain's devaluation of sterling in November 1967, successive waves of speculation on a devaluation of the dollar in terms of gold led to massive outflows of gold from official reserves into private hands. The result was that in March 1968 the world's monetary authorities decided to sever the link between the official and the private gold markets. That decision put an end to the international monetary system of the post-World War II period—the gold exchange standard based on the dollar as reserve currency—while leaving open the question of the direction in which the system would evolve. That question involves the roles to be played in future by gold, dollars, and the newly invented international reserve asset called "Special Drawing Rights." Subsequently, a chain of developments—associated basically with the undervaluation of the German mark, but sparked by the "events" of May 1968 in France and leading through the "Bonn crisis" of November 1968 (in which the Germans refused to appreciate and the French to devalue)

WHO UNDERSTANDS *the problems of the gold standard and the crises of international liquidity? In a recent lecture, Sir Peter Medawar, the distinguished scientist and Nobel Prize-winner, remarked: "No one can 'understand' a radio-set or automobile in the sense of having an effective grasp of more than a fraction of the hundred technologies that enter into their manufacture...." Is the effective grasp of international finance, with its attendant complications in economics and arithmetic, any more widespread? We have asked Professor Harry Johnson, one of the world's most respected authorities, to explain the "liquidity crisis" to the intellectual community which may (under Lord Snow's admonitions) have caught up with the various laws of thermodynamics but still appears to be short of an effective grasp of the mathematics of money.*

Harry Johnson is a professor at the University of Chicago and at the London School of Economics. Last year he was in Australia where he was Visiting Professor at Monash University and lectured on the subject of this article. His previous articles—on "A Catarrh of Economists" and "Keynesian Legends"—appeared in ENCOUNTER *for May 1968 and January 1970.*

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to the speculation on an appreciation of the mark in May and to the actual devaluation of the franc in August and revaluation of the mark in September-October, 1969—have called expert attention to another major problem of the post-war international monetary system: the absence of sufficient flexibility of exchange rates.

My purpose in this article is to explain what has gone wrong with the international monetary system, in terms of general theoretical principles, and to discuss the alternative solutions that have been proposed for its problems. As a preliminary, I shall comment briefly on the nature of the present international monetary system, and the requirements that it must meet if its functioning is to promote rather than frustrate the achievement of desirable objectives in the world economy.

THE PRESENT international monetary system is a system of fixed rates of exchange among national currencies. Such a system, ideally at least, provides for the world economy the same advantages as the establishment of a single national currency provides for the individual national economy—very broadly, the facilitation of transactions across local or regional boundaries. For this reason, the fixed exchange rate is generally regarded as conducive to the maintenance of a liberal international economic order and the promotion of world economic welfare and economic growth. But it can only serve these objectives if the maintenance of fixed exchange rates is possible, consistent with the maintenance of liberal national economic policies on international trade and payments. If, instead, fixed rates can be maintained only by widespread interventions in international transactions, the appearance of world economic integration is bought at the expense of the reality. Thus, to serve its intended functions a fixed rate system must meet further requirements which will permit the preservation of liberal international economic policies. Specifically, a fixed rate system must (*1*) provide adequate international liquidity, (*2*) include an effective mechanism of international adjustment, and (*3*) command confidence in the stability of the international values of the major currencies.

A nation which adheres to the fixed exchange rate system obliges itself to stabilise the value of its currency in the foreign exchange market by offsetting private excess supplies of (or demand for) its currency in the market by purchases or sales of its currency. For this to be possible, there must exist some kind of international money that it can use to purchase excess supplies of its own currency from foreigners, and that it will accept in exchange for sales of its currency to foreigners. Each nation will wish to carry a normal stock of this international money in its international monetary reserves, against the risk of fluctuations in its balance of payments. Moreover, this desired stock of international reserves will grow over time as the national economy and its international transactions grow. The international monetary system must provide a global level of internationally acceptable and usable money, and/or credit convertible into money—"international liquidity"—to satisfy the demands of the nations in the system at any time, and a rate of growth of international liquidity over time sufficient to meet the growth of demand resulting from world economic expansion. If it fails to do so, there will be deflationary pressures on world prices and money incomes, as nations compete for the scarce global stock of reserves and the increments to it. In the contemporary world, nations will seek to avoid deflationary pressures by resorting to interventions in international trade and payments to avert losses of international reserves.

No finite amount of international reserves in a country's possession, however, will enable a country indefinitely to spend internationally more than it takes in, *i.e.*, to run a continuing balance-of-payments deficit. Nor will any finite stock of reserves held by other countries permit one country to run an indefinitely sustained balance-of-payments surplus. Consequently, if countries are not to be driven into attempting to remedy balance-of-payments disequilibria by interventions in international trade and payments, there must exist some mechanism for adjusting such disequilibria, that is, for restoring payments balance for the initially deficit and surplus countries. This involves both the adjustment of a country's aggregate demand for real resources to its productive capacity, and the adjustment of its domestic price level relative to the world price level so that its purchases from abroad are balanced by its sales abroad.

Within certain limits, liquidity and adjustment are clearly substitutable requirements of a well-functioning international monetary system. More liquidity is a substitute for more effective and speedy adjustment; and more rapid growth of liquidity is a substitute for more rapid improvement of the efficiency of the adjustment mechanism.[1]

THE THIRD REQUIREMENT—confidence in the stability of the international values of the major currencies—clearly is something that cannot be fully controlled by international monetary

[1] This consideration has to be qualified, however, by recognition that it relates to liquidity in real terms, and that more liquidity in nominal terms may be dissipated by world price inflation.

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arrangements, since confidence may be strongly affected by national political developments. However, this requirement would be largely fulfilled, or at least failures of confidence could be readily contained, if the system provided an adequate combination of liquidity provision and adjustment mechanism. Conversely, inadequacies of the system with respect to liquidity and adjustment are certain to provoke crises of confidence in individual currencies.

These are the three requirements of a well-functioning international monetary system of the fixed-exchange rate type. As I have already mentioned, the post-War system has been progressively failing to meet them. It has increasingly manifested problems under all three heads. The technical literature has pretty well agreed on a classification of the problems of the system as "the liquidity problem," "the adjustment problem," and "the confidence problem."

THAT THE SYSTEM has come to manifest these problems increasingly in the past decade is a paradox of modern economic history, and an ironic reflection on man's ambitions for economic and social engineering through planned institutional reform. For these very problems were responsible for the collapse of the inter-war gold exchange standard, reconstructed after World War I in imitation of the 19th-century gold standard. It was the deliberate intention of the designers of the International Monetary Fund, the centre-piece of the post-World War II international monetary system, to establish a system that would be proof against the fatal flaws of the inter-war system.

The international monetary collapse of the inter-war system in the 1930s involved a liquidity problem: a growing shortage of gold (the basic reserve of the system) and the use of the pound sterling (a chronically weak currency) as a substitute for gold. There was an unsolved adjustment problem, resulting from the overvaluation of the pound sterling and the undervaluation of the French franc at the parities adopted for these currencies, and the inability of Britain in particular to adjust by the classical method of deflation. And there was a confidence problem manifested in the massive international flows of "hot money" that attacked one major currency after another.

Under the International Monetary Fund system, the liquidity problem was to be solved by supplementing national gold reserves by a pool of national currencies on which nations could draw for additional financing of deficits in exchange for their own currencies. (In addition, provision was made for a general increase in the monetary price of gold, if this was agreed to be desirable.) The adjustment problem was to be eased by permitting nations in "fundamental

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disequilibrium" to alter the international values of their currencies by international agreement. (A "scarce currency clause"—never in fact invoked—also permitted trade discrimination against chronic surplus countries.) Finally, the confidence problem was to be dealt with by allowing nations to impose controls on international short-term capital movements. (This provision has however been ineffective, because the significant disturbing short-term capital movements in recent years have taken the form of swings in normal commercial credits, not flights of idle balances.)

DESPITE THESE well-thought-out provisions to avoid a recurrence of the problems of the inter-war period, the same problems have re-emerged, although in an environment of general prosperity rather than deep depression. The only major difference, which parallels the conjunctural change, has been that whereas in the 1930s the United States was regarded as a threat to the system as a result of its chronic surplus position, in the 1960s the United States has come to be regarded, at least in Europe, as a threat because of its chronic deficit position.

Why have the old problems re-emerged?

THE MAIN REASON is to be found in the inadequacy of the provision through the International Monetary Fund to supplement gold with international credit facilities, and especially to provide for growth of international liquidity at a rate adequate to meet the needs of the expanding world economy. International Monetary Fund drawing rights, as a form of international credit available only on conditions, are inferior in quality as international reserves to gold and to owned reserves in general. The initial quantity of them was fixed on a very cautious scale; and the real value of both gold reserves and initial drawing rights was more than halved by the post-war inflation of world prices. Subsequent increases in International Monetary Fund quotas of drawing rights have failed to keep pace with the rapid post-war growth of international trade and payments.

Instead of being met by increases in international credit reserves provided through the International Monetary Fund, the needs of an expanding world economy for growing international reserves were met by a growth of holding of particular national currencies (the "reserve currencies") as substitutes for and supplements to gold reserves. Initially, British methods of war finance provided a stock of reserve currency in the form of the sterling balances. This was a one-shot contribution to international liquidity—since the problems of the British economy inhibited accumulation of further sterling balances (and, in fact, after the 1967 devaluation these balances started to be run down at a rate serious enough to require special international arrangements to consolidate the position). Far more important was the rapid growth in holdings of U.S. dollars by foreign central banks. During the 1950s this was a natural concomitant of the emergence of the United States as the dominant Western power in international economic and political relations. The emergence of the dollar as an international reserve currency, increasingly important in relation to gold, meant the re-establishment of the gold exchange standard that had developed in the 1920s and foundered in the 1930s. It was, consequently, not surprising that the same problems reappeared.

There was, however, one fundamental difference that accounts for the failure of the gloomier predictions of another international monetary collapse to come true. It has also created options for the contemporary world that did not exist in the inter-war period. The shift from the pound to the dollar as the reserve currency meant a shift from a declining to a dominating power, both industrially and in terms of importance in international economic and political affairs.

CONSIDER FIRST the problem of confidence. Any system of fixed exchange rates is vulnerable to crises of confidence in a particular currency, if there exists any possibility that the exchange rate of that currency may be changed.[2] It is important here to distinguish between crises of private confidence, and crises of Central Bank confidence. Private speculation can produce a massive outflow of funds from a country. But the resulting reserve loss and need for crisis action can be avoided if foreign Central Banks are willing to "re-cycle" the funds they receive into credits to the country in difficulty. This they were not willing to do in the 1930s. But in the course of the past decade Central Bank cooperation has developed to the point where the confidence problem (in so far as particular national currencies other than the reserve currency country are concerned) can probably be regarded as being under fairly secure control. Special problems arise under a gold exchange standard, however, with respect to confidence in the reserve currency country.

In the first place, if private individuals can obtain gold directly or indirectly from the inter-

[2] In this connection, the International Monetary Fund provision for changes in exchange rates in cases of "fundamental disequilibrium" has greatly aggravated the confidence problem that it was intended to help to control

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national monetary authorities at the fixed official price, any loss of confidence on their part in the ability of the reserve currency country to maintain its exchange rate will lead to speculation on a rise in the price of gold. This speculation will tend to drain gold from international monetary reserves, and this in turn may further disturb both private and official confidence in the reserve currency. Under the "gold pool" arrangements (adopted after the gold flurry of autumn 1960), private speculators could buy official gold indirectly through the private gold markets; and it was the drain of official gold into private speculators' hands that precipitated the gold crisis of March 1968 and the termination of the "gold pool." Secondly, while the Central Banks of the non-reserve-currency countries may be willing enough (especially under pressure from the reserve currency countries) to cooperate in "bailing out" one of their number hit by a speculative private capital outflow, cooperation in the case of a run on the reserve currency itself is likely to be strained (a) by jealousy of the world influence apparently conferred on a country by the reserve currency role, and (b) by resentment of the apparent ability of the reserve currency country to continue to run deficits with impunity. These strains are exacerbated by the recognition—which distinguishes the contemporary situation from the 1930s—that the rest cannot in the last resort afford a collapse of the reserve currency. All they can do is to make life difficult for the reserve currency country.

The special problems of confidence with respect to the reserve currency derive their thrust from the fact that, by virtue of its own inherent dynamics, the gold exchange standard must inevitably approach a liquidity crisis. For this there are two reasons, analytically independent but in practice intertwined—the dynamics of gold supply and demand, and the dynamics of the reserve currency role.

As REGARDS GOLD, the gold exchange standard is a means of economising on gold and permitting total international reserves (and the international transactions they support) to grow faster than the total gold stock. The increasing use of dollars as reserves in the recent post-war period has permitted an unprecedented period of world economic growth and trade liberalisation, buoyed up by a mild inflationary trend of world prices. But general world growth implies growing private demands for gold for industrial, artistic, and "traditional hoarding" purposes—while inflation makes gold both cheaper to use and less profitable to produce. Hence the non-monetary demand will creep up on the new production, and the process in its later stages will be accelerated by speculation that the monetary authorities will react by raising the price of gold. The trend and the speculation will cause a reversal in the position of the monetary authorities in relation to gold. From being net buyers they will become net sellers, a position actually reached in 1965. They then face a dilemma—either to sell while their stocks last, which means deliberately abandoning gold as the ultimate reserve of the system (and necessitating the development of a credit substitute), or to restore the *status quo ante* by raising the price of gold sufficiently to generate a continuing net inflow of gold into official monetary reserves. When the crunch came in March 1968, the United States induced the other major countries to adopt a compromise solution—neither to sell nor to buy gold in the private market—that left the future resolution of the role of gold open and in doubt.

As REGARDS THE ROLE of the reserve currency, it is an arithmetical truism that if international reserves are to grow faster than gold reserves, holdings of the reserve currency must grow faster than total reserves and *pro tanto* than gold reserves. Further, unless the non-reserve-currency countries are prepared actually to *reduce* their gold holdings over time, the gold reserves of the reserve-currency country must fall relative to its liabilities (with the liabilities ultimately and progressively exceeding the gold reserves backing them). This deterioration of the international liquidity position of the reserve-currency countries will increasingly raise questions of confidence in its ability to maintain its exchange rate, and induce increasing reluctance on the part of the non-reserve-currency countries to accumulate further holdings of the reserve currency. Again the system arrives at a dilemma. Actually it is a trilemma, of which two alternatives are versions of one horn of the gold dilemma; resort to international credit money instead of a rise in the price of gold. The alternatives in this case are (*1*) to raise the price of gold sufficiently for new monetary gold to supply the need for expanding international liquidity; (*2*) to accept the reserve currency as the international monetary standard in place of gold, deliberately easing gold out of the system; and (*3*) to devise a new international credit money to substitute for, supplement, and gradually replace both gold and the reserve currency.

The choice, in short, is between Gold, Dollars, and a new International Credit Money as the basis of the system.

AMERICAN POLICY has been adamantly opposed to any suggestion that the price of gold should be raised. The Europeans have been

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increasingly restive under the obligations to accept and hold U.S. dollars, especially since the Viet Nam war induced inflation in the United States (beginning in 1965). The third alternative, creation of a new genuinely international reserve asset, was agreed on as "necessary" as long ago as 1963. But negotiations were long protracted by disagreement between the Americans and the Europeans over whether the new asset should be created immediately, or only after the United States deficit had been eliminated. On the theory I have just outlined, the continuation of the U.S. deficit was the necessary counterpart of the growth of demand for international reserves in the face of inadequate additions to monetary gold stocks. It could not be eliminated without the creation of an alternative asset to dollars as a substitute for gold. Consequently the Europeans' insistence on ending the deficit before creating the new asset was self-contradictory. Be that as it may, agreement on creation of a new asset was not reached until 1967—by which point it was too late for the new asset to be introduced in an orderly fashion without a crisis-induced change in the system.

The "Special Drawing Rights" plan is extremely complicated in detail, reflecting the tortuous process of negotiation that led up to it. But in principle it is fairly simple. Essentially, the nations will create and distribute among themselves *I.O.U.*'s which they are pledged to accept from each other in settlement of balance-of-payments deficits, subject to a "reconstitution" or repayment provision. In principle the plan is an enormous step forward in rationality. It is based on the recognition that at the international monetary level what matters is the acceptability of the asset as international money, and that international money does not require sound commercial assets behind it as do the deposits of an ordinary commercial bank. But as a solution to the international liquidity problem, the "*S.D.R.*" plan raises some difficult problems.

First, when the scheme was initially agreed many experts feared that "*S.D.R.*" would not be created in sufficient quantity to be of real help. That fear has been largely allayed by the fact that the subsequently agreed initial scale of creation of "*S.D.R.*" will be rather generous.

Second, the "*S.D.R.*" have been designed with the intention of their being *as good as gold* but *not* as attractive as dollars. This raises the so-called "problem of co-existence," that is, of the continued survival of all three reserve assets as desirable forms of international reserves.

Third, "*S.D.R.*" carry a gold guarantee, which keeps open the possibility of a rise in the price of gold and raises the question of whether "*S.D.R.*" will not become frozen into countries' reserve holdings because countries other than the United States will prefer to finance deficits with dollars (or possibly even gold).

Because of these prospective problems, most academic experts regard the "*S.D.R.*" plan as inadequate to the solution of the international liquidity problem. As the next step, they recommend various other plans—the common feature of which is to consolidate the three international reserve assets into a single International Credit Money, the quantity of which would be internationally controlled. The logical end of this line of reasoning would be the equivalent of the establishment of a World Central Bank, a central bank of central banks, which would provide for the growth of the international money supply in the same way as a national central bank provides for the growth of the national money supply.

THE PROBLEM with this solution is that it goes very far beyond the degree of international collaboration that national monetary authorities have so far been able to achieve in the operation of the international monetary system. The issues that would have to be resolved—especially the balancing of the objectives of high employment and price stability against each other—are precisely those on which nations have been most divided in the recent past. There is the further problem that the International Monetary Fund has been tarred with the brush of undue subservience to United States objectives, and that a nominally international monetary authority with greater powers would be subject to similar suspicion.

This implies that the other two alternatives—a rise in the monetary price of gold, and the adoption of the U.S. dollar standard—cannot as yet be ruled beyond the bounds of possibility.

As regards a rise in the price of gold, the strongest arguments for it concern (on the one hand) the advantages of the "anonymity" of gold and the freedom of action that an adequate gold reserve gives to its possessor, and (on the other hand) the strains that have arisen in international economic relations under the pressure to cooperate to preserve the system in recent years. In particular, the use of a *national* currency as an *international* reserve gives the reserve currency country considerable powers of blackmail over the holders of that currency, while an international credit money raises the problem for the small countries of domination of the system by the large countries and by the struggle for power among them. Further, it should be remarked that the economic arguments against raising the price of gold turn out on inspection to be rather weak. The associated "gift" to Russia would be a trivial side-effect, while it is debatable whether the parallel "gift"

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to South Africa would benefit more the white or the black South Africans; the alleged inflationary effects could be contained by appropriate sterilisation policies; and the opposition of the U.S. Congress to an increase in the dollar price of gold could probably be out-manoeuvred by an adroit President.

The other alternative is explicit adoption of the U.S. dollar as the international monetary standard. While this would be anathema, at least intellectually or ideologically, in many parts of the world, the severance of the official from the private gold markets in March 1968 has in fact put the Western world on a *de facto* U.S. dollar standard. Every month that passes—and especially every international monetary crisis that passes in which the private gold market does not play a significant part—helps to consolidate the *de facto* position. Moreover (as C. P. Kindleberger in particular has been arguing recently), the dollar has the advantage over both gold and *"S.D.R."* of being a real and privately convenient and familiar international money. Further, the "profit" allegedly gained by the United States from the international use of the dollar is largely illusory. It tends to be eroded by interest-rate competition among U.S. banks for foreign deposits, and also by the competition of Euro-dollars (dollar-denominated deposits in non-U.S.-resident banks) with dollars provided by the U.S. banking system. Finally, the March 1968 gold crisis has put the U.S.A. in the position of being able to assert the primacy of the dollar if it so desires, and to force the rest of the world to make the uncomfortable decision between pegging to the dollar and adopting a flexible exchange rate *vis-à-vis* the dollar. All the United States has to do is to declare the dollar inconvertible into gold at $35.00 an ounce for official foreign holders of dollars, since it is already inconvertible at that price for private holders of dollars.

To sum up the argument so far, there are still three directions in which the international monetary system could possibly evolve: international credit money, the dollar standard, and a rise in the price of gold. Of the three, a rise in the price of gold seems at present the least likely, because since March 1968 the private market in gold has ceased to exercise a significant influence on the international monetary system, and *"S.D.R."* will soon provide a slightly superior asset to gold for those countries that continue to hanker after gold. Whether *"S.D.R.,"* and more elaborate forms of international credit money yet to be invented, will replace the dollar, or merely serve as a subsidiary asset for the nervous few, is the more interesting question about the near future of the international monetary system.

4

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My analysis up to this point has been concerned with the liquidity problem of the fixed exchange rate system, and the alternative ways of solving it. There has, however, always been an academically influential school of thought in favour of the contrary system of flexible exchange rates. For the most part, this school has been dismissed as hopelessly impractical by financial and commercial men of affairs. It has, however, recently been gaining a hearing. This has come about as a consequence of the concern about the second major problem of the international monetary system—the adjustment problem.

Under a régime of rigidly fixed exchange rates (such as the theoretical gold standard), countries have no choice but to keep their levels of aggregate demand in line with their productive capacities and their price levels competitive with the world price level. As is well known, this implies deflation in deficit countries, and inflation in surplus countries. Countries are usually, however, averse to both marked deflation and marked inflation. As a result of both experience and theoretical developments since the 1930s they have learned how to control these problems and how to stave off the balance-of-payments consequences of avoiding the discipline of the fixed rate system, at least for significant periods of time. Consequently, the traditional mechanism of adjustment through "deficit country deflation" and "surplus country inflation" has become seriously impaired. It has become "a mechanism of reluctant adjustment."

The International Monetary Fund system was intended to provide an escape from such conflicts between internal and external stability. It was to give primacy to internal stability, by allowing agreed exchange rate changes in cases of "fundamental disequilibrium." But, for reasons which have their roots in the circumstances of the 1949 devaluations, countries have become extremely reluctant to resort to this solution—largely for political reasons. The exchange value of the currency has become a political symbol. Devaluation is a stigma of national disgrace and defeat, and revaluation is a symbol of surrender to pressure from other countries. In the case of the dollar (and, for a period, for sterling), the assumed obligations to foreign holders of the reserve currency—and the possibility of widespread foreign retaliation against devaluation—provided extra arguments against devaluation. The key position of the dollar in the system has meant that the dollar cannot be devalued. Other currencies must do the adjusting in relation to the dollar, a necessity which is more acceptable to the Americans than to others. The disturbance caused by political reluctance to change exchange rates has become obvious in recent years with the long delay in the devaluation of sterling, the delay in the French devaluation made inevitable by the events of May 1968, and the persistent refusal of the Germans to appreciate the D-mark despite its evident undervaluation (dramatised by the abortive Bonn crisis of November 1968), until events forced their hand in the autumn of 1969. In consequence, the experts have become interested in the possibility of modifying the political element in exchange rate change by introducing more automaticity of exchange rate adjustment in the fixed rate system.

Before discussing these proposals, I think it appropriate to comment on the methods to which countries have resorted in the attempt to achieve balance-of-payments adjustment, as a result of their reluctance to use either the classical deflation-inflation mechanism or the International Monetary Fund exchange-rate change mechanism. These methods include the subsidisation of exports through tax reliefs and the restriction of imports through various subtle means; measures to restrict private foreign investment by residents and encourage inward investment by foreigners; the tying of foreign aid and discrimination in favour of domestic suppliers in government procurement; and special inter-governmental financial transactions designed to provide statistical camouflage for basic deficits and surpluses. Some of these measures are more accurately describable as "financing" measures rather than "adjustment" measures—since they do little or nothing to change the real situation of the economy. Others can only be regarded as adjustment policies in the context of a naïve partial-equilibrium approach (or even merely arithmetical approach) to the problem of balance-of-payments adjustment.

Consider, for example, export subsidies. On the face of the matter they should help to improve the balance of payments. But if nothing is done to restrain aggregate demand, resources drawn into export production are likely to be replaced directly or indirectly by additional imports, and the overall effect on the balance of payments becomes negligible, the subsidies being vitiated by a general rise in domestic factor prices. Other apparently effective methods are likely, in the same way, simply to shift the manifestation of the underlying deficit from one item to another in the balance-of-payments accounts.

The fundamental objection to these methods of so-called balance-of-payments adjustment is that they ignore what may be termed the monetary implications of balance-of-payments disequilibrium. This is why—to the continued surprise of their proponents—these methods are rarely, if ever, successful in achieving balance-

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of-payments adjustment. Balance-of-payments disequilibrium has two monetary aspects, according to whether one is considering the position of a relatively small country in the system, or the system as a whole.

From the viewpoint of an individual country, a deficit (on a monetary interpretation) represents an attempt by residents to dispose of unwanted domestic money by spending it. To cure the deficit it is necessary to restrict the domestic money supply to the point where residents are attempting to acquire additional money by increasing export sales or reducing import purchases. Failure to appreciate this point is probably an important factor in the explanation of the long-delayed impact of Britain's sterling devaluation in 1967. Under pressure from the International Monetary Fund, the British are now adopting a "monetarist" approach to balance-of-payments policy.

From the viewpoint of the system as a whole, the analysis of the liquidity problem which I have presented suggests that, so long as there is no international source—be it gold production or an international credit institution—which provides regularly increasing international liquidity in accordance with the requirements of world economic growth, some country (or countries) will have to run deficits to accommodate the liquidity demands of the others. Specifically, the system itself has demanded a United States deficit over the past decade to provide the rest of the world with reserves. Viewed in this context, U.S. balance-of-payments policies have been a fruitless endeavour, and moreover one with deleterious effects on the integration and efficient growth of the world economy. The choice is either to accept the deficits and the dollar standard, or to provide additional reserves through a different tap—the gold price, or international credit money.

THESE POINTS have an important bearing on the proposals recently advanced for attaining more automatic flexibility of exchange rates. First, for the individual country more flexibility would only provide more elbow-room. Short of a move to a fully floating exchange rate, a country would still be obliged to be disciplined in its domestic policy by the requirements of adherence to the system. Second, for the system as a whole, the usefulness of additional flexibility is conditional on the solution of the liquidity problem. Otherwise, exchange rates are likely to be rapidly pushed to and thereafter kept at the limits of whatever additional flexibility is allowed.

TURNING TO THE SPECIFIC proposals, there are two chief contenders: the "Wider Band" proposal and the "Crawling Peg" proposal. At present, while currencies have par values fixed in terms of gold, market exchange rates can move within a narrow band (one per cent maximum, in practice less) on each side of the parity. Within this band, rates are freely flexible. The band proposal is to widen the band to say, five per cent (most advocates actually favour a smaller percentage) on each side of the currency's value in dollars, thus permitting a maximum of automatic appreciation or depreciation *vis-à-vis* the dollar of ten per cent and *vis-à-vis* other currencies of twenty per cent. Under the "Crawling Peg" proposal, the band might or might not be widened. The essential change would be to allow the parity itself to be adjusted gradually over time, in response to experience of the relation of the parity to the actual or market rate. This could be accomplished either by giving countries the right to change their par values by discretion, subject to a maximum percentage change per year, or by fixing the par value each day or week as an average of the actual market rates prevailing over some past period, in which case the parity would automatically drift up or down in response to the currency's strength or weakness in the market.

These two proposals are aimed at rather different problems. The "Band" proposal is designed to give more flexibility in face of short-run disturbances such as speculative runs on a currency that may be expected to reverse themselves. The "Crawling Peg" proposal is designed to accommodate persistent—but not very large—discrepancies among national rates of price inflation produced by differences in national balancing of the employment and price stability objectives of economic policy. Since the working of the system has been characterised by both types of problem, a combination of wider band and crawling peg suggests itself as the optimum solution. Even so, as long as the amount of exchange rate change that could occur in a given period is constrained, the system would still be exposed to the risk of situations arising in which a country's par value will have to be changed by a substantial amount, with the associated problems of confidence and speculation.

While the experience of the past few years suggests the desirability of greater automaticity of exchange rate adjustment, there remains a question of whether such a change would be beneficial in the longer run. On the one hand, it can be argued that the successful devaluation of the franc in August 1969, and appreciation of the mark in September–October 1969, and in certain respects the devaluation of sterling in November 1967 show that the present International Monetary Fund system is less trouble-

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somely rigid than it has appeared to be, and that the problem is one of political will and of sophistication rather than of institutional rigidity. On the other hand, it can be argued that the present system, with all its faults and shortcomings, is more conducive to the preservation and extension of an integrated world economy than would be a system that allowed more national autonomy with respect of exchange rates. It has been also argued by some that greater exchange rate flexibility would be self-defeating in the long run, because it would simply encourage the already spreading use of the dollar as the international unit of account and transactions currency.

These questions of theory apart, the recent decision of the Common Market countries to proceed with the creation of a common currency, and in the meantime to maintain the existing margins for variations of their exchange rates around their par values, may well suffice to strangle the recent interest in greater exchange flexibility. For that interest has largely been aimed at encouraging differential adjustments of European exchange rates *vis-à-vis* the dollar; and until a European currency is actually established, it will be virtually impossible to devise a way of adjusting the exchange values of the European currencies equi-proportionally.

To SUMMARISE, I have attempted to explain the major problems of the international monetary system—liquidity, adjustment, and confidence—and to discuss the alternatives that now confront the system. These are various paths forward out of the current crisis; which ones will be ultimately adopted remains to be determined. In this area, the tools of rational economic analysis can only illuminate the issues. Ultimately, politics has to resolve them.

Beware of the Proctors!

By Arnold Beichman

"...if experience has established any one thing in this world, it has established this: that it is well for any great class and description of men in society to be able to say for itself what it wants and not to have other classes, the so-called educated and intelligent classes, acting for it as proctors, and supposed to understand its wants and provide for them. A class may often itself not either fully understand its wants or adequately express them; but it has a nearer interest and a more sure diligence in the matter than any of its proctors and therefore a better chance of success."

MATTHEW ARNOLD, *"The Future of Liberalism"* in *Irish Essays and Others* (1882).

DURING THE RECENT U.S. postal strike, student radicals offered their enthusiastic support to the mailmen.

In the ideological eyes of the young American militants the mailmen's strike carried with it "revolutionary implications." President Nixon had actually called out the troops to move the mail. The strike was an act of defiance against the sovereign power of the United States Government (a Federal law forbids government employees from striking). Yet when the student radicals approached the mailmen ready to help them, what happened? The *New York Times* (24 March 1970) reported:

> At least half a dozen times yesterday afternoon a crowd of striking postal workers in front of the General Post Office was approached by young people who offered solidarity with the strikers in the name of the peace movement or student radical groups.
>
> And in each instance the uninvited supporters were screamed at, taunted and sent packing by the strikers who made it clear that they saw no connection between their labour dispute for more pay and any other struggle.
>
> At one point shortly after noon, as the strikers gathered on the steps of the mammoth centre at Eighth Avenue and 33rd Street, five young men and women approached them.
>
> "We're from *SDS*," said a young man whose long hair was tied back with a string of beads. "We've come to help you."
>
> The youths were immediately surrounded by perhaps 50 of the 500 men who had scattered themselves on the steps of the building. "We don't need your help," boomed a voice from the outer ranks. "We don't want it," echoed another....
>
> The only eruption came late in the afternoon

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when a well-dressed man, who appeared to be in his 30's, approached a knot of strikers saying:

"I'm with you guys. You know if we weren't spending all that money in Vietnam we could all get good salaries."

The response was angry. "I got a boy in Vietnam," shouted one of the postal employes. "Look, Mister, butt out," yelled another.

The workers swarmed around the man." Get the hell out of here," some shouted. It was the only time that the police had to intervene. A group of patrolmen moved through the crowd and escorted the lone and by now alienated supporter to safety.

This same hostility by workers towards radical student demonstrations since they began in America in 1968 was also visible during the later London School of Economics student rebellion and during *les événements du Mai* in Paris. Nor have workers or their trade unions supported student uprisings in Germany, Italy, or Japan.

As one who has closely followed the American campus scene, I can say that not a single student outburst in the last two years has found official trade union support. I know for a fact that at Columbia University in 1969 one of the AFL-CIO labour unions, which had every good reason to strike, postponed it because the Students for a Democratic Society (*SDS*) had occupied two campus buildings. When I asked the union president why the scheduled strike had been called off, he replied: "We don't want to mix up our problems with their crazy behaviour. These kids are nuts and I'm not going to help them with the bodies of my members. . . ."

Another union leader with a Columbia branch had been so ignored by the university administration before April 1968 that he was preparing to strike. He hadn't even been able to get a university official to sit down and discuss worker grievances. Yet when the student upsurge took place, surely from a tactical standpoint a perfect opportunity to hit Columbia, he refrained. His decision was supported by the top officials of the New York labour movement, who had no particular affection for Columbia, and by the union workers, young and old alike, black, white, or Puerto Rican. They refused to give picket-line legitimacy to a so-called student "strike." One union official said as much in a speech to his members. When it was all over, he said, the workers would still have their problems but the students who "want to use you" would have gone elsewhere at $20,000-a-year salaries. These unions, by the way, have won their fight with the university thanks, certainly in part, to the student uprisings.

THIS PHENOMENON—the separateness of workers from student revolutionaries and from radicalised academicians—has been the target of scorn from some intellectuals and those, like Henry Brandon of the *Sunday Times*, whom I choose to call proctor-journalists. Brandon wrote from Washington at the height of the campus disorders last year (11 May 1969) that

> the *SDS* efforts to enlist support among industrial workers has failed so far. They are too fat and conservative.

Missing from his article was a list of reasons why industrial workers should have supported the *SDS* and why not also the professional or salaried middle class. Equally absent from his article was an interesting statistic about America's "fat and conservative" industrial workers: the average weekly take-home pay of a production worker with three dependants in 1968 was $95.28, according to the U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics. In 1969, it was a little over $100. In America, this is not considered a high wage and one can be sure it is considerably lower than Brandon's regular remuneration. And one might ask whether, a year later, *SDS* has enlisted Brandon's support.

This "fat and conservative worker" synecdoche seems to have been inspired by Herbert Marcuse who in his *Essay on Liberation* (1969) wrote that skilled workers, if they wanted to,

> could disrupt, reorganise and redirect the mode and relationships of production. However, they have neither the interest nor the vital need to do so: they are well integrated and well rewarded.

THIS DISILLUSION by intellectuals with workers as revolutionary instruments might be said to have begun with Marx and Engels. There is a letter which Engels, one of the earliest proctor-intellectuals, wrote to Marx shortly after the 1868 British general election:

> What do you say to the elections in the factory districts? Once again the working class has discredited itself terribly. . . . Everywhere the working class is the rag, tag and bobtail of the official parties, and if any party has gained strength it is the Tories. . . . It all shows up the disastrous ineptitude of the English working class. . . . Not a single working class candidate had the ghost of a chance but my Lord Tom Noddy or any *parvenu* snob could have had the workers' votes with pleasure. (*18 November 1868*)

Lenin fully understood what had to be done, and he simply did not allow the working class to "discredit" itself in his eyes. He abolished trade unions and anathematised collective bargaining as "economism." He knew that the real proletariat—and not the fictional protagonists of the Marxian drama—is unrevolutionary and that without a so-called proletarian vanguard party, workers would only seek more

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money and better conditions of work. Within each proletarian there was a counter-revolutionary bourgeois struggling to get out.[1]

SUCH A PATTERN of coming to power, as Engels and Lenin had designed it, needed an "angel in marble," a Worker, *Der Arbeiter*, willing to accept the mission wished upon him by 19th- and early 20th-century "scientific" socialists, the proctors of the proletariat, self-appointed, self-anointed, and objectively speaking (as they say) the would-be New Class of the Modernising Revolution. For Lenin, in backward, non-proletarian Russia, it worked; but for no one else since. The working class in democratic, pluralist societies has refused to rise to the revolutionary bait. Fidel Castro's revolution even in non-democratic Cuba was middle-class in origin. When in Spring 1959 he proclaimed a May Day general strike, it was not apprehension of Batista's thugs which frustrated Fidel's call, it was that the revolutionary middle-class intellectuals around Fidel simply had no relationship to the workers or peasants and so their manifestos fell on deaf ears.

This immunity to revolutionary slogans among workers and trade unionists is demonstrable by a simple fact: revolutionary socialism or communism has yet to be established in an industrial country through an electoral victory. Further, where revolutionary socialism or communism has been imposed, it could only be maintained by destruction of trade unions and collective bargaining. Is it not striking that the significant worker revolutions of the 1950s and '60s have been in East Germany, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia? (The overthrow of Nkrumah and Soekarno had worker support.) And is there any question but that the East European revolutions would have been just as successful as those against Nkrumah and Soekarno if the Soviet Union had not been a border power, a next-door neighbour? And could the East European revolutions have gone as far as they did had not there been an open, irrefragable alliance between workers, students, and intellectuals?

IT IS PRECISELY this kind of alliance which is non-existent in Western industrial countries. While there may be a kind of loose synergistic process among revolutionary students and professors, it lacks the most essential ingredient for the realisation of revolutionary hopes and dreams—a mass audience, "unconscious masses," or even a lumpen-proletariat (which if it will not engage in the crusade will, at the very least, be passive and not get in the way of the proctors). Because there is no base, there is no effective ideology, only a frenetic "socialist" rhetoric, *à la Regis Debray* and, more recently, terroristic bombings *à la* Nechayev.

Against whom is this terror and metaphorical revolution directed? No longer the university, because even after an academic administration has collapsed, what do you have, what have you changed, that is if you are a revolutionary student or radicalised professor? Very little. Today militant political action must be directed against the non-revolutionary worker and his trade unions. The Weatherman faction, which controls *SDS*, regards white workers in America as "inherently counter-revolutionary, impossible to organise, or just plain evil—'honky bastards'." Weatherman leaders derided white workers for "desiring better homes, better food and essentially better lives." Or as one might say, the industrial workers are "too fat and conservative." When student protesters shout their newest slogan, "All power to the people," you wonder what people they really mean.

AN ASSOCIATED FORM of fashionable nonsense has come from Russell Baker, the *New York Times* columnist who recently wrote, in his proctorial way, that "it will be a pity if the rising political reaction against the student movement succeeds in crushing it [because] it is still all that the middle class has going for it" (whatever that may mean). As Baker tried to explain:

> As forces for change, the two major parties, business and labour, seem helplessly bogged down in the same inertia that has left them impotent to create a sense of national purpose ever since the fires of anti-communism burned out in the late 1950s. The student movement, on the other hand, has at least expressed the discontent with modern American life that had been widely sensed by the white middle class long before the campuses began to explode.

Reading this I was reminded of Eugène Ionesco's line: "Often, alas, the most detestable

[1] As Lenin wrote in his *What Is To Be Done?*—"The history of all countries shows that the workingclass, exclusively by its own effort, is able to develop only trade union consciousness.... The theory of socialism, however, grew out of the philosophic, historical and economic theories that were elaborated by the educated representatives of the propertied classes, the intellectuals... quite independently of the spontaneous growth of the labor movement; it arose as a natural and inevitable outcome of the development of ideas among the revolutionary Socialist intelligentsia.... [Our] task, the task of Social Democracy, is to combat spontaneity, to divert the labour movement, with its spontaneous trade-unionist striving, from under the wing of the bourgeoisie, and to bring it under the wing of revolutionary Social Democracy." (Lenin, *What Is To Be Done?*, ed. International Publishers 1929, pp. 32, 41.)

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kind of bourgeois is the anti-bourgeois kind of bourgeois."

THE ASSAULT by the proctorial intellectuals against the labour movement in America is quite understandable. American workers were just as heedless of appeals by Stalinist or Trotskyite labour officials in the 1940s and 1950s as they are deaf today to the New Politics, including, it should also be noted, the race politics of George Wallace. What I find especially curious are the recent rumblings in liberal centre and conservative circles: I mean the proctor-intellectual campaign against the American labour movement by publicists as diverse as William F. Buckley, Irving Kristol and John Kenneth Galbraith. Buckley has for a long time been possessed by a Manichean view of trade unions. When their leaders speak on domestic issues they are devils seeking to impose some form of dastardly collectivism on America; when they speak on foreign affairs they are saints and Buckley cheers.

Professor Galbraith in *The New Industrial State* (1968) has written:

> As the trade unions retreat, more or less permanently, into the shadows, a rapidly growing body of educators and research scientists emerge.... It is possible that the educational and scientific estate requires only a strongly creative political hand to become a decisive instrument of political power.[2]

For Dr. Galbraith American trade unions no longer have meaning because "they are under no particular compulsion to question the goals of the industrial system."

My good friend Kristol is another case entirely. Judging from his writings, he would disagree on most socio-political matters with Galbraith and Buckley, but not, it would seem, on trade unionism. While Galbraith sees the unions in "retreat, more or less permanently, into the shadows," Kristol finds that "trade unionism

[2] The Galbraithean disenchantment with trade unions was preceded a decade ago by C. Wright Mills, a neo-Marxist intellectual, who (as Lewis Feuer writes) rejected "the notion that the labor movement is a progressive force in contemporary history." For Mills this "labor metaphysic" was a legacy "from Victorian Marxism that is now quite unrealistic." Lewis Feuer, *Marx and the Intellectuals* (1969), p. 218.

American intellectuals have for years enjoyed quoting the devil—President Eisenhower—quoting scriptures: "We must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex." In the same farewell address, virtually forgotten, is this sentence: "We must also be alert to the equal and opposite danger that public policy could itself become the captive of a scientific-technological élite."

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has become that most dangerous of social phenomena: a boring topic." It has also, he argues, lost its legitimacy and relevance. As so-called evidence he offers the fact that the *New York Times* (about whose journalistic competence he raised serious doubts a few years ago in the magazine *The Public Interest*, which he co-edits) no longer carries any serious labour reportage; that *Fortune* Magazine some time ago discontinued its "Labour" department, that *Time* and *Newsweek* only occasionally report on trade unions, and as for television, labour is on camera only during a tumultuous strike.[3]

Such "evidence" proves little about American trade unionism. What it does suggest is the incompetence of American news media to report —with any foresight and analysis—about what is going on in the minds of working-people. The postal employees' strike received banner headlines in the daily press, and pages and pages of reportage in the news-weeklies, and thousands and thousands of film footage on TV. Yet on the day before (or the week before) the unprecedented postal strike not a single daily, or weekly, or TV station forecast what might happen. How is it that the electronic or print media didn't know this was going to happen? Can it be that our newspapers and journals are a bloody bore? Why didn't our newspapers predict the student uprising? How is it that our most knowledgeable social scientists, the experts on the trends and swings of public opinion surveys, had no prior inkling of the campus insurrections?

What makes Kristol's attack so unusual is that, as an identifiable Burkean Whig, he wants some kind of drastic but undefined alteration in a labour-management-government system which seems to have worked in recent decades about as well, if not better, than any similar system I know of.[4]

FURTHERMORE, how can a social movement which brings together millions of workers into associations where they can work out their own economic advancement be "a bore"? Obviously, it must be a dreary bore to frustrated revolutionaries, like the Weathermen, and to cynical proctor-intellectuals like Dr. Galbraith, that a teamster (and it should be noted that *Fortune* Magazine in March carried a long, detailed and unboring article about the Teamsters Union by Irwin Ross), or a garment worker, or an electrician refuses to expand his role as a union member to include that of revolutionary conspirator or transvaluer of values.[5]

The history of American trade unionism is studded with the most violent episodes—the Homestead strike, the 1921 steel strike, the Molly Maguires, the Memorial Day 1937 massacre—but it never became revolutionary violence. This should not be misunderstood. I am not celebrating the American worker as my own private "angel in marble" nor am I hypersensitive about criticisms of trade unions. What I marvel at is the sudden and excessive assault on trade unionism by so varied a political spectrum at a time when workers in Western industrial countries are enjoying job security, rising wages (if, unhappily, with rising prices), increasing educational opportunities for their children, decent housing, and demonstrating a stubborn resistance to any and all invitations to bring down the house on all of us.

AND WITH WHAT great good sense! The utopian promise is always that things will be *better* for them, but the industrial worker has as always

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[3] *New York Times* Book Review, 1 February 1970.

[4] As Edward Banfield has written (in another but relevant context):

> "A political system is an accident. It is an accumulation of habits, customs, prejudices and principles that have survived a long process of trial and error and of ceaseless response to changing circumstance. If the system works well on the whole, it is a lucky accident—the luckiest, indeed, that can befall a society.... To meddle with the structure and operation of a successful political system is therefore the greatest foolishness that men are capable of. Because the system is intricate beyond comprehension, the chance of improving it in the ways intended is slight, whereas the danger of disturbing its workings and setting off a succession of unwarranted effects that will extend throughout the whole society is great." *Voting, Interest Groups, and Parties* (1966), p. 130.

[5] The élitist, class-conscious contempt for the American worker was recently expressed with an affecting innocence by a student at Kent State University, where the tragic killing of four students occurred in early May. In an interview, Jeffrey Zink, 21, of Canton, Ohio, a senior planning to enter law school, said:

> ... [If] you get out of your little shell and out into the general public, you'll realize that Spiro Agnew is probably the most popular man in the nation. If you want to live in a democracy and go by votes, then I'd say without a doubt Agnew and Nixon are in the lead. Everybody didn't go to college. Everybody hasn't read the books we've read. They earn their $8000 a year and have their own little home, their car and their job and they don't really care about anything else. That's the majority. (New York Times, 11 May 1970, p. 23.)

Please note "...don't really care about anything else...." Not their children, their families, their pleasures and sacrifices; pure materialists, the lower orders, sub-human, faceless, deserving no better epithet than "They."

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grasped with a fine sociological instinct that the revolutionary programme actually means that the average man will not have it better but *worse*. The dialectical ploy is always, of course, that the real worsening of living conditions is only "temporary" and that the sacrifices are for the "next generation." Half a century after Lenin's seizure of power you can, as far as the masses are concerned, kiss all the ploys goodbye. Only the wilfully blind can fail to see the tragic import of Che Guevara's refreshingly candid thesis (in *Man and Socialism in Cuba*):

> The vanguard group is ideologically more advanced than the mass; the latter is acquainted with new values, but insufficiently. While in the former a qualitative change takes place which permits them to make sacrifices as a function of their vanguard character, the latter see only by halves and must be subjected to incentives and pressures of some intensity; it is the dictatorship of the proletariat being exercised not only upon the defeated class but also individually upon the victorious class.[6]

Here is the perfect casuistry of the new class of proctors: they alone are advanced enough to see things whole, to have the right to impose sacrifices, to institute (how Orwell would have loved the phrase!) "pressures of some intensity."

We have the same candour from Lenin who —like Marx, like Guevara—knew that the revolution would never be a free and self-conscious act of the proletariat.

> When we [the Bolsheviks] established the dictatorship of the proletariat the workers became more hungry, and their standard of living went down. The victory of the workers is impossible without sacrifices, without a temporary worsening of their situation.[7]

Why, then, do the proctors always assume that the workers do not know their own true and best interests when they turn rudely away from the apocalyptic prophets of a fuller democracy and a healthier economy? Are they so wrong when they sense that things will actually become worse and that, as a consequence of the worsening, the revolutionary programme for a "fuller democracy" can only mean that people will have fewer, if any, democratic rights? For, obviously, a new movement which stands for material decline in the economic and political achievements of the masses can hardly expect either to get the *consent* of the majority (hence a minority putsch for power) or its *popular approval* when in power (hence totalitarian police controls). When a working class understands this it understands more than was ever dreamt of in the philosophy of a century of Marxism.

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[6] *Collected Writings of Che Guevara* (ed. Gerassi, 1968), pp. 392–3.

[7] Lenin, *Sochineniia* (Moscow, 1951), vol. 31, p. 233, quoted in Richard Pipes, *Revolutionary Russia* (1968), p. 340.

SOME MONTHS AGO I was in Massachusetts interviewing university students about their views on life and society. One of the young men I talked to wore his blond hair shoulder-length. His blue jeans were filthy, his shoes scruffy, his moustache scraggly. He said he was a radical and then he added: "But I'm not really. If I were I suppose I wouldn't dress this way. At Harvard, Yale, Columbia, you always know when a guy goes straight and becomes a *real* radical. He cuts his hair, not even long sideburns, wears decent work-shoes and shaves. And he goes off drugs, some guys even go off pot. If you're a real radical, that's the way you're going to do your thing, otherwise workers won't talk to you and you can't talk to them . . . and if you can't do that, how the hell are you going to make a revolution? If I were a real radical, I suppose I wouldn't look this way. . . ."

It is so seductive and so square, this *embourgeoisement*. Apparently only the "real" radicals among the young seem to understand. A great class, as Matthew Arnold pointed out, says for itself what it wants and shows a sure and successful diligence in the matter; it is the best judge of its own nearest interests. The proctor-journalists and proctor-intellectuals, as a self-defined class, no longer understand what is in their own nearest interests. This is sad and unfortunate for our democracy because we shall pay dearly for their disaffection.

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The Devil's Architect

On Albert Speer's "Memoir" — By GOLO MANN

TO SAY that Albert Speer's memoir is the most worthwhile of all those we owe to survivors of the Third Reich's ruling clique would be an understatement.[1] It is simply not to be compared to the paltry testimonies of the generals, the highly coloured and sentimentalised outpourings of the politicians. It will be numbered among the foremost examples of political reminiscence, and will always remain a deeply instructive book. The man who, after twenty years in jail, was still capable of writing this book undoubtedly deserves a measure of respect.

Sympathy? Sympathy is a personal matter. For my own part I found myself admiring Albert Speer's honesty or will to honesty, the skill with which he paints a portrait or describes an atmosphere, his factual reportage, his introspection. But I cannot find him a sympathetic character. He imagines that he has long ago exchanged his former ego—the ego of an ambitious, arrogant young German living in the intoxication of work, fame, and power—for another one, so that he can analyse what he once was with cool objectivity, as though analysing a stranger. Does not this very belief contain a trace of the old arrogance? Of self-criticism there is a great deal; of repentance, in the Christian sense of the word, hardly anything; perhaps he feels it to be unmanly. Moreover, try as one may, things one would like to understand often remain simply incomprehensible. Incomprehensible in retrospect even to himself, as he admits. How then could they be comprehensible to others?

This is the story of a pact with the Devil, entered gradually. We have the story that precedes it: the childhood and youth of the son of an upper middle-class German family; his student days with their familiar experiences, canoe trips down the Danube, youth movement, back to nature; all the usual literary concomitants (Stefan George, Oswald Spengler); the student's longing for something better than the crisis-shaken Weimar Republic had to offer youth; the first time he heard Hitler speak (and the man knew how to adapt his style to an academic audience); entry into the Party (*this* is no puzzle) even before it seized power. Then talent was aided by luck. Speer was always there when he was needed, first as an NSKK-driver, then as an architect. Patrons among the new holders of power obtained commissions for him: a district headquarters in Berlin, scenery for the Nuremberg Party Rally. He carried them out to complete satisfaction. In view of Hitler's passion for architecture it was inevitable that the two should meet. On the first occasion the young man did not catch the Reich Chancellor's eye; on the second he did. A commission to rebuild the old, dilapidated Bismarckian Reich Chancery. An invitation to lunch. Just before lunch his suit was spattered with plaster of Paris. Hitler: "We'll soon put that right." The 28-year-old Speer, a little while earlier unemployed, was lent the Reich Chancellor's jacket laden with decorations, and was allowed to sit in this jacket at the table of the man who was by now already all-powerful.... If I had to cite a moment at which the pact was complete, this would be it. Let anyone who was once young, ambitious and beginning to be aware of his abilities, examine himself to see whether he would have been able to resist the effects of being suddenly catapulted into the circle of power and unlimited opportunities.

And how *charmant* the Reich Chancellor was. Already dictator and still perfectly at home in Munich artists' taverns; joking, affable, in a Bavarian linen jacket, or in shirt-sleeves in the grass; modestly treating his architect, Professor Troost, as an equal. "Superficial characteristics," comments Speer in retrospect. No, they were not superficial; but I could not describe

[1] Albert Speer, *Memoiren* (Propyläen-Verlag, Berlin). Translated excerpts have appeared in *The Sunday Telegraph* (London), and the Anglo-American edition will be published later this year by Weidenfeld & Nicolson, and Doubleday.

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the mixture, the identity of the charming with the diabolical either. To do so, one would have to be an E. T. A. Hoffmann. In any case, young Speer was bewitched. Bewitched by the *Persönlichkeit*, by his rapidly developing relationship with the personality. No doubt he noticed that Hitler also had other faces, ugly, brutally egocentric faces, that there was something wrong with his human environment; he had an inkling, too, of what went on in the *Gestapo*'s cellars while waves of fervid activity and rejoicing broke over the nation. But:

> During the twenty years I spent in Spandau Prison I often asked myself what I should have done if I had recognised Hitler's true face and the real nature of the rule he had established. The answer was at once trite and depressing. My position as Hitler's architect had soon become indispensable to me. Not even thirty yet, I saw before me the most exciting prospects an architect can dream of.

And to his accusers at Nuremberg: "If Hitler had had friends, I should certainly have been one of his close friends." In the light of his own account, in the light of what he said about Hitler's character at Nuremberg, this statement is incomprehensible. We must take it as it stands: a fact.

He would not so quickly have become the chief architect, the *Generalinspektor für die Neugestaltung der Reichshauptstadt* (General Inspector for the Rebuilding of the Reich Capital), if it had not been for the premature death of Professor Troost. He would not have become Minister of Armaments and, as he calls himself, *der Zweiter Mann im Staat* (the "Second Man in the State") during the war, if his predecessor had not died in a plane crash. Good fortune came through another's death—this is all part of the pact with the Devil. At the same time Hitler was undoubtedly right when he complimented his collaborator with the words: "*Ach*, you would have got to the top anyhow!" Of Speer the artist we may hold a different opinion; but not of the vigorous self-confidence, the imagination, and energy of the organiser.

The chapters on the architecture of the Third Reich—*"Gebaute Megalomanie"* (Architectural Megalomania), *"Der grösste Auftrag"* (The Greatest Commission), *"Das entfesselte Empire"* (The Unchained Empire)—are the most interesting in the book; even more interesting than the chapters on the War, especially as plenty has now been written about Hitler the strategist, whereas no one had so

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much direct personal experience of this other side of Hitler's nature to draw upon as Speer. What he sees above all is the unity of Hitler's *Bauwahn* with his political mania, power mania, and megalomania. He wanted to come to power in order to build; he built in order to portray his power on an ever more extravagant scale. To Madame Speer: "Your husband will put up buildings for me such as have not been erected for four thousand years!" Buildings which, after another four thousand years, were still to testify to his greatness as ruins, an idea that helped to determine the choice of materials. For social building—hospitals, schools, dwellings for ordinary people—not a trace of interest.

More remarkable even than the plans that were carried out are those that were not carried out: a third and final Reich Chancellery that would have been seventy times as large as the first; Hitler's residence, a hundred and fifty times as large as Bismarck's residence; a show street in Berlin three times as big as the Champs Elysées; an assembly hall such as the world had never seen; in Munich a "Column of the Movement" that would have dwarfed the spires to Our Lady. Speer on Hitler's taste: like all his ideas, he was a product of the late 19th century—the Paris Opéra, Préfect Haussmann, the Vienna Ringstrasse. About Paris, which he so much admired, he remarked to Speer that he had often wondered whether he ought to destroy it but that this probably wasn't necessary; the new Berlin would in any case make it look like nothing at all....

Speer's own thinking about his architectural creations is divided. There was building for effect in the Baroque too, he says—which is true; but Schönbrunn or Schleissheim must be considered artistically superior to the executed or projected buildings which *he* designed to impress. Or else he says that the neo-classicist manner was not confined solely to Germany at that time; which is also true, but again needs qualification. At the same time, he is ultra-critical: the new super-Berlin would have been not only an insane, but also a terribly boring city. Also he seems to have felt in retrospect the brutality of the satrap style which he practised on orders from above. Even at the time he recognised the political significance of the architectural megalomania whose punctilious executant he was—the new *Reichskanzlei* built by 4,000 workmen in barely one year with its mosaics, its hand-woven giant carpets, its 145-metre-long gallery to be walked down by intimidated diplomats, all presented to his employer complete on the due date. Hitler: "I need vast galleries and halls in order to impress, in particular, minor potentates.... My surroundings must appear magnificent, then my simplicity will appear all the more striking."

IT WASN'T ONLY this. Berlin, Speer realised, was being planned as a world capital, which would be meaningful only if Hitler possessed world dominion. Precisely this plan Speer's employer admitted pretty openly. Speer did not allow himself to be disturbed by this admission, as he did not allow himself to be disturbed by the *Reichkristallnacht* (the night of the first nation-wide, organised assault on Jewish shops and businesses). "I accepted what had happened rather indifferently.... I felt myself to be Hitler's architect. Political events did not concern me...." In retrospect, he calls this illusion grotesque, and we cannot but agree with him. It is representative of the illusions of the majority, of the pact between *Führer* and *Volk*. One man was Hitler's architect and nothing but that; another was Hitler's soldier, road-builder, financier, inventor, aircraft designer; each one with armies of colleagues and executants; all blindly obsessed by their immediate purpose and asking no questions beyond that. The nature of the alliance between a capable, active and unthinking nation and the villain is illuminated by a man who was at once average and highly exceptional.

For Speer was not only the expert; he was also a member, half in, half out, of the circle of dilettanti, ignoramuses, and intriguers immediately around Hitler; he was at times the *Führer*'s declared favourite. The position of the loyal retainer, who was at the time regarded by the Party chiefs as a critical outsider, was an ambiguous one; we owe to it many revealing chapters in the book. For example, the ghastly, unspeakable dreariness and idleness of life on the Obersalzberg has never been so graphically described; nor have the intrigues of the paladins against each other, which often became war to the knife. Speer believes he has proof that Himmler tried to have him killed by a "political doctor" during an illness. The son of a good family, the reader of Stefan George and the canoeing idealist had got into nice company.

He joined in the game. He passed on unsavoury gossip like the others, laid mines or counter-traps, entered into special alliances, and with people of whose appearance and actions he paints such horrifying pictures that we cannot help assuming that he utterly despised them. Göring, during the Nuremberg Trial, exclaimed about Jews who were said to be still alive in Hungary:

> "You mean there are still some around? I thought we'd done for the lot of them. Someone didn't manage to follow orders...."

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The author comments: "*Ich war fassungslos* (I was flabbergasted)." Still flabbergasted? After living for twelve years at the centre of the corona which finally, as he relates, he recognised to be a "society of murderers"?

THE SAME SCHIZOPHRENIA was present in his relationship with the *Führer*, except that here fascination, veneration, and admiration were added, emotions which he did not, of course, feel for the minor demons.

He knew. He was familiar with Hitler's ideas, especially as the latter expressed them rather directly in front of him long before the war: *das Alles oder Nichts*; the alternatives either of going down into history as its greatest ruler, or of perishing as its greatest lunatic. Speer claims that after 1937 a change took place in Hitler's character, for which Speer blames his increasing isolation, the way he was worshipped by his comrades, which led to self-idolisation, and so on. On the other hand, he correctly understood that Hitler was pregnant from the beginning with that to which he eventually gave birth, that his thoughts and deeds were given from the outset and never changed. But when the gang made their way to Obersalzberg at the beginning of August 1939 they were a "carefree band"—carefree in August 1939! After war had been unleashed, Speer must have seen his life's work threatened, because building could not go on as it had (nevertheless, it did go on for a time); however, the "solution of national problems" was more important to him. What national problems still remained to be solved in summer 1939?

THE STORY OF THE WAR and of the author's experiences in the war, though just as well written, just as informative as the earlier sections of the book, is not quite so new; on this subject so much has already been said. It is also wearying, as it is bound to be, especially after winter 1941. Even the chapter headings are monotonous: "Beginning of the Descent . . . The Downward Path . . . The War Lost Three Times Over . . . The Collapse . . . Damnation . . . Five Minutes Past Twelve. . . ." We gain an insight into Speer's astonishing achievements as Minister of Armaments, his flexible manner of dealing with industry, the opposition he encountered in his belated transformation of the economy into a total war economy (an opposition which sprang from the demagogic instinct of Hitler and his *Gauleiter*: they didn't dare demand of their citizens what Britain's democratic rulers had long since demanded of theirs). We learn why the German atom bomb was not built and could not have been built even for billions (and

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not millions) before 1947, of Hitler's distrust of "Jewish nuclear physics" and Professor Werner Heisenberg's cautiously noncommittal attitude in this question. There is talk of the conditions under which concentration camp prisoners were forced to work for Speer's armament factories in subterranean caverns; also that the minister was a little ashamed, tried to improve things a little, when in exceptional instances he saw such things with his own eyes. Sympathy he had, although, as he stresses, it had no consequences; what had consequences was his will to master the tasks he had been given....

The effects of the bombing war are analysed, and it is proved that the Allies could have achieved far more far sooner, if they had concentrated consistently and not merely sporadically on the destruction of industries vital to the war effort. Speer describes the horror of nighttime air attacks; to be fair, as he always tries, he adds that the German cities were now suffering what Hitler had planned for London and depicted with lustful glee in 1940. Moreover, the *Führer* was utterly indifferent to his countrymen's sufferings. All he regretted was the destruction of representative buildings, especially the theatres. Which brings us back to Hitler. The pact with the Devil remains the core of the book.

HITLER AT WAR. The way he was spoiled by good luck at the beginning, then his insistence on continuing to be spoiled, on always being right; his over-confidence (compared with the French campaign the war with Russia would only be a game of toy soldiers); his torpor during the first phase of defeat; his superstitious belief in his special star; his frenzied effort of will; his blind clinging to false information; the deadening atmosphere in the headquarters, where no one cared about the consequences of murderous orders; the "madhouse of the briefings (*das Tollhaus der Lagebesprechungen*)," as Speer calls it as early as 1943.

One scene is unforgettable and so very typical of the "soldier of the First World War" in the Second: Hitler's *Salon*-carriage on the way to Munich. A stop at a station, a meeting with a military train. The grey, dirty, wounded soldiers stare through the windows at the sumptuously laden table. Quickly, Hitler has the blinds lowered. He doesn't want to see such sights, wants no contact; just as he doesn't want to see the bombed cities, just as he never tours the Russian front and issues his commands to hold out at all costs without knowing the enemy, the country, the terrain or the weather. This has often been described, but scarcely better.

And Speer? The story of his break with Hitler is as monotonous as the story of the war. And it took just as long, or even slightly longer; for as early as 1939 he mentions a diminution of the fascination. A slackening off, but a very slow one.

HE ONLY DISCOVERS that Hitler has a "repellent face (*abstossendes Gesicht*)" in spring 1944—late, late! At the same time he is at a loss to know what he really should work for—"for I no longer had a goal." On 20 July he was in Berlin, by chance in Dr. Goebbels' palace, and in this central position he learned of the "Operation Valkyrie." He promptly opposed the would-be anti-Nazi assassins. "Goebbels could count on my help." Later, he considers it worth mentioning, that he refused to watch the official film of the executions, with which his friends in the Party regaled themselves. Later still he himself made a feeble and (by his own admission) almost ludicrous attempt to kill Hitler with poison gas. This was at the beginning of February 1945. It never occurs to him that he, the mighty organiser, would have done better to place himself at the head of the conspiracy half a year earlier. He didn't fancy the idea of bringing the war to a premature end by doing away with the régime, he tells us; and under similar circumstances today he would still act in a similar manner!

Then why the *volte-face* of February 1945? At this juncture, in a flash, Speer discovered that his hero was guilty of high treason towards the nation, because he gave orders to destroy the foundations of its existence by a scorched earth policy. For Speer the limit had now been reached. The poison-gas murder came to nothing; but he sent the *Führer* one memorandum after the other, each one more openly admonishing than its predecessor. This led to scenes of an unsurpassably macabre character. Hitler's statement that if the German nation lost the war then it need not and should not survive—the more impossible its survival was rendered the better—is famous. Anything more than this was previously unknown to me. Now we know that Hitler read Speer's quixotically audacious warnings, accused him of treachery and gave him an ultimatum: retract or resign. Speer asked for time to think it over, vacillated under the serpent gaze of the broken enchanter, and finally exclaimed: "My *Führer*, I am unconditionally behind you (*Mein Führer, ich stehe bedingunslos hinter Ihnen!*)...." Behind the man whom six weeks before he had tried to kill.

His new oath of loyalty did not prevent him from systematically sabotaging Hitler's insane orders, in which Speer received the support of all "sensible men." On his very last visit to the

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bunker beneath the *Reichskanzlei* he confessed his sin.

> Embarrassed, I admitted in a low voice that I had not carried out any measures of destruction, in fact I had prevented them.

How did Hitler react? Tears came into his eyes. Poor, poor old man! His authority had been flouted. A little had been done to prevent the Germans from suffering the same fate as he had inflicted in its entirety upon the Jews, and upon the Poles and Russians as completely as he had been able. So he wept. And his minister, near-friend and would-be assassin, almost wept with him, in his deep pity for the doddery old fellow.... Heavens above, was such a thing possible?

From here to the attitude which Speer adopted immediately after Hitler's death, while he was still free, and which he consistently maintained for ten months before his Nuremberg accusers, is an unnatural, incomprehensible leap. Or would have been, if Speer had not been years ago in a state of mind which he himself describes as schizophrenic. His mind had been divided: one part, which determined his actions, was bound to the enchanter; the other watched with amazement, with trepidation and finally with hatred. Now he was undivided. With the same energy with which he had created his monster buildings and only three-quarters of a year earlier had forced German arms production up to its peak, he now threw himself upon the only thing that remained: to clarify the past, to confess his guilt. Did ambition play a part here too? Speer served self-accusation as he had served Hitler. A man like that doesn't do things by halves. He snatched the collective guilt to himself; not on behalf of the nation, but on behalf of all those who had shared power in the Third Reich, and hence on his own behalf. He stressed what counted against him; he belittled what might have been useful to his defence. He used the final speech of the accused, which was broadcast, for a sweeping examination of the question as to how all those crimes were possible, and found the answer in the combination of unlimited personal power with the new means of technology and technocracy. This danger, he warned, has still not been eliminated. Which is, no doubt, perfectly true.

As I remarked at the outset, one lays aside this book with a strong feeling of bafflement. This arises inescapably from the subject matter, when such events are described by someone who played a central part in them and yet was a man of sensitivity and intelligence. Many problems remain unresolved. Of the murder of

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the Jews he says simply: "I can make no excuse." He knew perfectly well what was going on, or rather he had an inkling and could and should have known for sure. Once an old Party friend hinted to him vague and terrible things about Auschwitz which he had seen. Speer asked no questions. What the German conquerors did in Russia he dismisses in one sentence; the horrors in Poland and elsewhere he does not mention at all; and yet he refers to himself as the "Second Man in the State."

The history of an individual, like history in general, is a closely woven fabric; one thing depends upon another. Since he was in it, since he loved his work and enjoyed his power, since "veneration of Hitler, a sense of duty, ambition and self-assertion" held him to his ever-expanding responsibilities, when could he have torn the fabric apart? Others tore it, for example Count Stauffenberg; but he wasn't Hitler's *Hausfreund, Lieblingsminister*, and favourite architect. The monster's magic grew weaker and weaker as the years passed, and yet it never ceased entirely. Had it completely faded when on that 1 May, the *Todestag* of his former idol, Speer took out the latter's silver-framed photograph and was overcome by hysterical sobbing? Did it ever fade completely? Is the man who wrote these memoirs a melancholy man? In the foreword, yes; I cannot say that the narrative itself conveys a feeling of melancholy, of *Trauer*; which again may spring from the subject matter, from the pressure of the events and experiences to be related.

There is a ballad by Chamisso, *"Die Männer im Zoptenberge."* There were three knights who once lived in pride and luxury and committed many shameful deeds. As a punishment they were banished into the mountain. There Johannes Beer from Schweidnitz, a simple and pious man, found them, and questioned them.

Drauf er: Ob zu den Werken sie sich bekennen? "Ja."
Ob solche gute waren, ob böse?—"Böse, ja—"
Ob leid sie ihnen wären?
Sie senkten das Gesicht erschraken und verstummten; sie wüssten's selber nicht.

Did they confess to the deeds, asked Johannes. "Yes."/Were they good or evil?—"Evil, yes."/Were they sorry for what they had done?/Taken aback, they bowed their heads and said nothing; they themselves did not know....

The Achievement of John Fowles

By Walter Allen

EVER SINCE last December, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, John Fowles' fourth book and third novel, has been on the American best-seller list, either at the top or very near it. Its enormous success has gone hand in hand with rave notices from distinguished reviewers; right at the start the seal of academic approval was stamped on it by Ian Watt, Professor of English at Stanford, whose *The Rise of the Novel* is a standard work throughout the universities of the western world, in the *New York Times Book Review*.

Fowles is, without question, a brilliant storyteller, in the simple and fundamental sense that he keeps one reading out of sheer curiosity to know what he's going to produce next, and he can put on an impressive parade of learning, though it can't be said that he wears it "lightly, like a flower." His first novel, *The Collector*, published in 1963,[1] was a noteworthy début. The collector of the title—a collector of butterflies—is a young municipal clerk, bitterly conscious of his relative inferiority in education and social position, who, having won a fortune in the football pools, kidnaps and keeps as his prisoner an exotic specimen in the form of an art student, a girl from his own town but of very different social background who has always been for him the unattainable ideal woman. The story is told in the first person by the young man and girl alternately. The girl, as she reveals herself in her journal, is much less convincing than the young man; she seems to me merely a stereotype of a stereotype, of the contemporary middle-class girl of some education as we meet her on Sunday mornings in *The Observer*: frank, fearless, "emancipated," etc., decorously swinging. The young man is very different; with his class-envy

[1] The books of John Fowles are published in Britain by Jonathan Cape and in the United States by Little, Brown.

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and his appalling consciousness of his own rectitude, which is the rationalisation of the sense he has of his many inadequacies, he is, as it were, a Wells character, a Hoopdriver, a Kipps or Polly, gone sour but clinging still to his awful lower middle-class respectability.

Fowles' second book, *The Aristos*, is subtitled a "self-portrait in ideas." An attempt to present the author's views on the role of man, in terms of belief and action, in the contemporary world, it is written as a collection of aphorisms. As Fowles notes himself, in a recent interview, "The pensée form is very antipathetic to the English palate." Fowles' book is full of interesting notions, but I'm afraid it has to be called pretentious. In other words, it falls far short of what it promises. This was probably inevitable, the masters of the form, or rather the masters of the aphorism as a means of philosophical discourse, being at once so few and so great. Whether a writer is wise to present himself as in competition with Pascal and Nietzsche is a matter of opinion; but at least it can be taken as an indication of the writer's ambition.

And ambition is probably the first thing that strikes one about Fowles' second novel, *The Magus* (1966). It runs to more than 600 pages and is a very elaborate structure indeed. Again I find it difficult to avoid the word pretentious. It is certainly grossly self-indulgent, though it is only fair to add that Fowles himself now seems to consider it a failure. It is told in the first person by Nicholas Urfe, a young Englishman, an Oxford graduate of conventional upper-middle-class background, who, by his own account, is morally unprepossessing and churlishly selfish; a man for whom other people, and women especially, are things. He goes to a Greek island as a school master and meets the Magus, a very rich cosmopolitan half-English Greek named Maurice Conchis, who seems to be offering him the kingdoms of the earth and is, one understands, confronting him with a series of initiation ceremonies which, if passed, will enlist him into the membership of the élite, perhaps of the Aristos. Conchis is a Prospero figure: he stages elaborate masques for Urfe's edification, masques which are what—results of hypnosis, effects of magic, or merely carefully staged productions? These are problems Urfe, a sceptic, does his best to solve. Certainly Conchis' power stretches a very long way. It seems to control the Greek postal services and it controls Urfe's movements and even his apparently chance encounters with others when he returns to England. Conchis, in fact, appears to be an international conspiracy, like the Jews according to the latest revelations about Rudolph Hess.

Fowles himself, challenged to state the meaning of the novel by one interviewer, says: "I was trying to tell a fable about the relationship between man and his conception of God." Well yes; good enough as far as it goes. But if this is so, and I don't doubt that it is, all one can say is that Fowles invented the wrong fable. *The Magus* is a difficult novel; but then I think of another difficult novel, which could also be said to tell a fable about the relationship between man and his conception of God, Kafka's *The Trial* and there is a world of difference between the two and the nature of the difficulties implicit in them. In Kafka the difficulties are inherent in the problem as dramatised in the fable, and indeed the problem *is* the fable. We are faced with the ultimate questions, the ultimate riddle, and the fable is stated in what may be called naturalistic terms. We are all the time in a city of the Austro-Hungarian Empire; the setting is palpable and tangible. It is there, like external reality.

I don't find anything like this in *The Magus*, and a comment on the novel from Ian Watt's review of *The French Lieutenant's Woman* is illuminating here. He tells us that in the United States *The Magus* has "won a special following among the under twenty-fives that bade fair to rival the simplistic and self-indulgent moralism of *Demian* and *The Lord of the Rings*." *Demian*

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has been read only by a few, but *The Lord of the Rings* we all know. Tolkien's book, it would seem to me, is the great contemporary example of fiction as opposed to the novel, fiction, that is, as the quite arbitrary invention of a world having little or nothing to do with the world we live in as commonly observed. It is a legitimate form of fiction, but since the world it presents *is* an arbitrary invention it is unlikely to throw much light on the facts of existence and the laws governing it in what we all call, for want of a better phrase, real life.

Indeed, while reading *The Magus*, I was reminded of earlier works of fiction, the Gothic novels of Horace Walpole and Mrs Radcliffe, works in which anything may happen, provided it is sensational enough, at the author's whim. The essential of the Gothic is a setting exotic enough in time or place to make sensationalism and mystification acceptable at the moment of reading, the sensationalism and the mystification being of such a nature as to inspire in the reader delicious intimations of the forbidden and the secret and unknown.

There is a credit side to the novel. Fowles' renderings of the Edwardian age, his descriptions of fighting in the first World War and of the German occupation of Greece in the second, are splendid feats of the historical imagination, and they indicate, in my view, the true nature of Fowles' talent.

Which brings me to *The French Lieutenant's Woman*. It is a most interesting novel, a genuine achievement, though not, I think, quite in the way some American reviews have seen. It is, first and foremost, an historical novel, and for all its up-to-date asides, an historical novel of an old-fashioned kind. Among scholars and some writers, the Victorian age has been "in" for almost thirty years. But I suspect that the educated layman, in the United States particularly, was jerked into full awareness of the Victorian age and its manifold and curious differences from our own only by the appearance, four years ago, of Steven Marcus' *The Other Victorians*. *The French Lieutenant's Woman* gives us a post-Marcus view, as it were, of the Victorian age. This is not to say that Fowles' theme is Victorian sex; it is much wider than that; but he does give his Victorian hero a sexual life of a kind that, though modest and unspectacular enough, would scarcely even have been hinted at in a Victorian novel.

Fowles tells the story of Charles Smithson, a gentleman of leisure, heir to a fortune and a baronetcy, an amateur scientist, and, discreetly, a disciple of Darwin; an advanced young man, in other words. The novel opens in 1867, with Charles staying at Lyme Regis, which is wonderfully well evoked, parcelling out his time between geologising and attending on his fiancée Ernestina, the only daughter of a wealthy draper and therefore of a class inferior to Charles'.

At which point it may be convenient to pause. The action begins in 1867 but it is narrated and interpreted from the point of view of and from the knowledge available in 1967. This seems to have bewildered some reviewers. They have pointed out that on the second page of the novel the name of Henry Moore occurs in the description of the Cobb and that a few pages later the narrator remarks that Charles had never heard of Karl Marx, who at that very moment was sitting in the Reading Room of the British Museum. In fact, Fowles here is merely taking advantage of hindsight in his interpretation of character and scene as historical novelists have always done, as Scott, for example, does in *Rob Roy* and George Eliot in *Adam Bede*. One can only assume that an acquaintance with classic English fiction is no longer a pre-requisite for reviewing novels.

Charles is marrying Ernestina out of a sense of duty, duty towards his position in society; she is, in the eyes of the only character in the novel who can be regarded as Charles' intellectual equal, "a pretty little thing, but a shallow little thing." Whether this is a true judgment it is impossible to say: Fowles is investigating the Victorian man, not the Victorian woman, and the view we get, of Victorian society and the Victorian woman, is a man's view. But on that first afternoon of the novel, as the lovers walk along the Cobb, they see Sarah Woodruff, the French lieutenant's woman of the title, "woman" being a euphemism for whore.

Sarah Woodruff is a figure out of a Hardy ballad. I mean by that that she is a romantic figure, the victim—in more than one sense—of passion. She is an outcast. She has made herself a public spectacle by falling in love with a French ship's officer who has abandoned her. He is the demon lover for whose return she daily and publicly waits. In a sense other than Marcus', she too is one of the Other Victorians. For Charles, she is the *anima* figure, in Jungian terms, whereas Ernestina belongs wholly to his *persona*. He rationalises the attraction Sarah exerts on him into the virtuous and disinterested aim of wishing to help a fallen and gravely misjudged creature; and perhaps he is helped in this by the fact that she is of a lower social class than himself, a governess and lady's companion. He constantly stumbles across her on his geological expeditions. She disappears, and he tracks her down to a boarding house in Exeter. In a consummately handled scene he goes to bed with

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her and discovers she is not what he has supposed: she is a virgin. She tells him: "You have given me the consolation of believing that in another world, another age, another life, I might have been your wife.... Today I have thought of my own happiness. If we were to meet again I could think only of yours. There can be no happiness for you with me. You cannot marry me, Mr. Smithson." She sends him away.

This has a fine period ring to it, on which Fowles produces his gloss. Charles "began to understand Sarah's deceit."

> She knew he loved her; and she knew he had been blind to the true depth of that love. The fatal version of her betrayal by Varguennes, her other devices, were but stratagems to unblind him; all she had said after she had brought him to the realisation was but a test of his new vision. He had failed miserably; and she had then used the same stratagems as a proof of her worthlessness. Out of what nobility must such self-sacrifice spring! If he had but sprung forward and taken her into his arms again, told her she was his, ungainsayably!
>
> And if only—he might have added, but didn't—there were not that fatal dichotomy (perhaps the most dreadful result of their mania for categorisation) in the Victorians, which led them then to see the "soul" as more real than the body, far more real, their only real self; indeed hardly connected with the body at all, but floating high over the beast; and yet, by some inexplicable flaw in the nature of things, reluctantly dragged along in the wake of the beast's movements, like a white captive balloon behind a disgraceful and disobedient child....
>
> Every Victorian had two minds; and Charles had at least that. Already, as he walked up Fore Street towards the Ship, he was rehearsing the words his white balloon would utter when the wicked child saw Sarah again; the passionate yet honourable arguments that would reduce her to a tearful gratitude and the confession that she could not live without him....

He writes to Sarah; the letter is not delivered. He loses Ernestina, is humiliated by her father, and loses too his expectancy of the baronetcy and the fortune that goes with it. He travels in America but returns as soon as a clue to Sarah's whereabouts is discovered. She is living in the household of Swinburne and Rossetti, among the Pre-Raphaelites.

And the end? Fowles provides us, in fact, with three possible endings. Rather less than a quarter of the way through the novel the narrator suddenly jumps into the novel as Fowles himself, proclaiming he is not the omniscient 19th-century novelist he has appeared to be. "I live," he says, "in the age of Alain Robbe-Grillet and Roland Barthes." So he is writing an absolutely modern novel. What he has to say about the nature of the novel and of fictional illusion is old hat, and far too much has been made of it by reviewers. It has its justification, I suppose, in the three alternative endings; but these, I feel, could have been contrived less clumsily. One remembers the two endings of *Great Expectations*.

What fascinates me, though, is that the sudden authorial intrusion, the dropping of the novelist's *persona* as narrator, is itself thoroughly Victorian. Fowles' Chapter 13 is, as it were, the mirror-image of George Eliot's Chapter "In Which the Story Pauses a Little" in *Adam Bede*. Fowles is a very clever man.

The significance of *The French Lieutenant's Woman* doesn't lie in its "experimental" features. These are much more apparent than real and, in my view, are a boring red herring. *The French Lieutenant's Woman* stands up in its own right as a remarkably solid historical novel in which Fowles recreates a large part of the ferment in English life a century ago, the intellectual ferment, the class ferment, the shifting of classes, the shifting of power, and the effects of these on the assumptions by which men and women live. It is a quite considerable achievement.

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EAST & WEST

Letter from Italy

By Luigi Barzini

IN THE LIGHT *of its cost and results, the policy for the rebirth of the Mezzogiorno may be considered: a great failure, a modest success, a great success, a triumph?* (MARK YOUR CHOSEN SQUARE WITH A CROSS.)

I should not be surprised to be asked this question some day, by some institute specialising in public opinion polls. Above all I should not be surprised because, like nearly all questions of the kind, it is formulated in equivocal tendentious terms. What does "rebirth of the *Mezzogiorno*" actually mean? (I know: it is the formula everyone uses—politicians, technicians, bureaucrats, journalists. But it is, all the same, a further proof of the confusion of language that corresponds to the confusion of ideas in Italy today.)

A man is reborn who has been born once already, and, figuratively speaking, a man is reborn when, after a period of decline, he goes back to the thriving life he once knew. But when did the *Mezzogiorno* ever thrive, when was it ever more thriving than the centre and north of Italy? When, in historical times, have the great majority of Southerners (not a picked minority) eaten twice a day, lived in decent houses, worn adequate clothes? And who ever stole prosperity from them? What diabolical plot by all-powerful villains has paralysed the activity and enterprise of the South?

The question would not surprise me, either, because it is formulated in a way that makes it impossible to give a single honest answer to it. To measure the success of any undertaking, including the enormous efforts made to push the South into the twentieth century, one must compare the results obtained not just with the situation as it was before (like the "Before" and "After" pictures in the old advertisements for hair tonic), but with the hopes universally aroused, the promises solemnly announced, the targets publicly proclaimed.

Nor is this all, of course. Before giving a responsible answer it would be useful, though perhaps impossible, to have some further information. What would have been the result if the same amount of money had been spent in another way? And what has the vigorous economic development of the rest of Italy, of Western Europe, and the rest of the world, done to improve conditions in the *Mezzogiorno* from 1950 until today?—an economic development that has both encouraged the demand for products from the South and urged millions of southern workers to emigrate. . . .

What, then, was the object of pouring in lire by the thousand million, of all this unprecedented investment by the state and by private interests, of these ambitious plans for public works and these vast loans raised both inside and outside the country? Was it just to improve the lot of southerners, simply to drag them out of their poverty and their age-old resignation and apathy? Was it to start up industries, to open mines, to bring in the tourists?

If this was the case, then the policy for the "rebirth" of the South may be considered a success; expensive, perhaps, with the results not always in proportion to the effort made, because billions have been wasted in plans that were unworkable (or else spectacular but unproductive), or have ended up in dishonest pockets or been used for purely electoral purposes; but a success all the same. No one can deny that the *Mezzogiorno* is no longer what it was only a few years ago.[1] Its progress is visible and can be documented.

THE IMPRESSION that the superficial traveller gets is indeed rosy. Everywhere he sees new roads, new ports, new hotels, new factories, new schools, new modern districts in the towns; and the science-fiction air of a good deal of this, the prosperous appearance of the people (southerners seem not just better dressed and better fed but actually taller, perhaps because they have taken on a new dignity), the large number of cars, all make one suppose the *Mezzogiorno* is a modern country, bursting with enterprise.

Of course, beyond the hedges of prickly pear bush, along the dusty country roads, behind the gleaming modern house-fronts, in the crumbling parts of the large towns and in small country towns, the ancient, desperate poverty *still* remains. In many villages only old people and children live—and wretchedly at that. The men have emigrated and the countryside is empty. People left behind talk with their century-old scepticism, but now embittered by terrible new disappointments, by the certainty that only the cunning and the dishonest can get on and then mostly by illegal means, which means that honest people get nowhere and that injustice in the South may change names, methods, and appearance but will never be eradicated.

All the same, even these people cannot deny that, as a whole, there is a great deal *less* poverty

[1] See my previous article, "The Difference in the South," ENCOUNTER, June 1962.

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than there was. Whole provinces are unrecognisable, factories have been built, hundreds of thousands of workers have found decent work at home, others are helped by the fact that there is more money about, however it is spent, and even if it does not profit them directly. Illiteracy is decreasing, some powerful families have grown rich, and millions of emigrants have eased the burden of unemployment and send money home.

All this might lead one to conclude that, if the purpose was merely that of improving some of the things that were wrong and raising some of the people from the state to which they were once condemned, then the policy for the South over the past few years has, for all its faults, produced positive results.

BUT WHAT SOME HAD HOPED FOR was not just to improve their own lot, a little or substantially, but to proceed towards the economic, social, and cultural level of the centre and North of Italy and the rest of Europe, to close the gap between the "two Italies" and even, shortly, to have parts of the South, or some particular sector of production, overtake the North in efficiency, seriousness, and productivity. If these hopes are borne in mind then the same policy must be called a resounding, expensive failure (as could have been foreseen from the beginning), and, what is worse, an historical opportunity lost for ever.

The fact that politically, economically, and morally the whole thing has failed is of course now firmly believed (and denounced) by eminent experts of southern problems; those who, twenty years ago, ingenuously thought that the only desirable aim was to "catch up with the North" or to overtake it; and that it could be easily reached.

The matter is important because the psychological and political repercussions of this failure will afflict Italians' lives for decades to come. Southerners, like everyone else, quickly forget what they have suffered for centuries, but angrily remember the recent promises which have not been kept; everyone knows that the centre and North of Italy is advancing at a faster rate than the *Mezzogiorno*, and that the gap between the two is every year becoming more impossible to bridge.

It is impossible to bridge, in fact, because southern people are not comparing the South with what the North really is—a North that has faults which seem almost southern, with its own squalid depressed areas and its own shabby poverty. They are comparing their own part of the country to a marvellous North spun out of envy and imagination, where everyone is rich and punctual, everything works perfectly, everything is modern, and the girls are all blonde and beddable.

The failure of this policy, as well as the relative success of the more modest policy, can easily be documented through figures.

1. In 1951, the South's net product was 1,825 thousand million lire; in 1963, at today's values, it was 5,847 thousand million. In the same period (*i.e.*, from 1951 to 1963) the net product of the centre and the North went up from 5,763 to 23,336 thousand million at today's values.

2. Investments in the *Mezzogiorno* went up from 541 thousand million in 1951 to 2,019 in 1963; during the same period in the centre and North, they rose from 1,641 to 5,674. As far as new industrial plants are concerned, the gap between the two Italies is alarming. From 1966 to 1969 the increase in the North alone was 45%; in the South, in spite of plans to force on development, it was 13%.

3. This difference of growth is reflected in the export figures. Between 1953 and 1967, Italian exports rose dizzily, from 942 thousand million to over 4,000; but the amount of agricultural products exported fell from 15·3% to 8%, and it was the agricultural exports of the South that fell in particular, while the figures for agricultural products grown or processed in the North actually rose.

4. The figures giving workers' employment confirm the same trend. Between the census of 1951 and that of 1961 the number of non-agricultural workers in the South increased by 700,000 (2·3% per annum), whereas in the centre and the North it increased by 2,700,000, or 3·1% per annum. The percentages for the decade are 16% for the South as opposed to 36% for the centre and the North.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE for this state of affairs? What are its likely causes? It is hard to say. The fault lies mainly with simplified diagnoses which have called for cures that were too simplistic and encouraged an excessive and dangerous optimism. These diagnoses are not, repeat not, often made by the most responsible experts of the *problema*, but are clumsy popular misconceptions taken up at second or third hand by men of action who have no time to study the matter. No one seems to have realised that the problem was not merely political and economic, but above all sociological.

People started off on the presumption that southerners were in reality for the most part northerners frustrated by history and the wickedness of others; that is, men who had more or less the same ideals in life and the same capacities as northerners and who merely needed

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money, suitable laws, incentives, and encouragement in order to turn into *entrepreneurs*, industrialists, financiers, managers, and technicians. This is unfortunately not true.

Southerners can, indeed, become at times excellent northerners, first-class workers and capable executives, provided they get away from their own society. Often they not only fit successfully into other societies but manage to get into positions of authority and to make a success of them. Where southerners have to make enormous efforts to succeed (and seldom do) is in the South.

The reason is that southern tradition, especially among the lower and middle bourgeoisie, encourages ideals that are not economic. "Gentlemen" prefer to sacrifice wealth to positions of command, authority, and prestige. Northern Italians, on the other hand, prefer affluence, even in obscurity. A man who inherits a piece of land in the Po valley works it as profitably as possible, borrows money to improve it, and buys more land. In the South, a man who inherits a piece of land very often rents it out and goes away to dedicate himself to academic work, or literature, or the law, to a career in the civil service or to politics.

This attitude means that when Southern bourgeois emigrate to the centre and North of Italy they are alarmingly good at getting to the top. Sometimes they also manage to get extremely well-paid jobs in industry, but as a rule these are jobs in which technical knowledge matters less than the technique of acquiring and defending power. An example of this is the huge success of Sicilian financiers and stock exchange speculators in Milan in recent years, who have played the market, bought, sold, and merged banks, holding companies, insurance companies, and firms of all sorts.

This lack of understanding of the southern character is odd in politicians and experts who were mostly born and brought up in the South. It has made the problem seem easier than it is, to be solved practically with the opening of credits. It has also meant that the real qualities of southerners have not been best used in their own and the national interest; it has slowed down or distorted a programme of gradual social change.

Among the causes of the trouble is the fact that little notice has been taken of precedents in other countries. In many parts of the world, both communist and non-communist, similar experiments have been carried on for decades, to turn agricultural depressed areas into modern industrial areas. Many mistakes have been made by others, millions of dollars, rupees, dinars, and roubles wasted, but there have been many successes as well. The mistakes have shown that there are analogous inflexible rules to follow, in order to avoid waste, in both the free and the communist countries.

First of all, what already exists must be encouraged in every way; that is, whatever activities nature itself has created, because these have a better objective chance of prospering. To begin with, agriculture must be modernised and the most promising local crafts turned into proper industries. Larger industries can then be built, carefully, on this foundation; these will partly be linked to earlier activities, that is to those that can prosper without help, and then, gradually, increasingly important industries and their ancillary organisations will rise spontaneously. Public works programmes must be launched at the same time to provide the necessary structures. Criteria for determining which investments will do well are more or less the same on either side of the ideological frontier. That is, it has been found that, generally speaking, what is economically best is also best from a social point of view.

In particular it has been proved that, although nothing can be done without capital, capital alone is not enough. The right men are needed as well. Good workmen are necessary (and there are plenty in the South), but also good *entrepreneurs*, industrialists, executives, organisers, financiers, salesmen, economists and managers. In other words, a serious technical middle-class, educated for what it has to do, honest, responsible, active; one that can judge problems, pick men, make plans, and successfully carry out difficult operations in surroundings that are sometimes hostile.

To cultivate a class like this may not be impossible, but it is very difficult. It needs a wide-ranging plan involving education at all levels, and scholarships to send the best students abroad; it means setting up apprenticeship schemes in the most industrially developed areas, awards to encourage the best, and strict rules of promotion through merit. All this cannot be set up haphazardly. It takes years, possibly one or two generations before its results are seen in practice. And, as everyone knows, it is the lack of this kind of men that has held back the South in the past and today makes its rapid development difficult.

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To these deficiencies of the *Mezzogiorno* must be added the faults that today bedevil the whole of Italy. The machinery of the state is decrepit; the simplest decisions wait years for agreement from the Ministries; sober responsible men have no defence against party pressures; there is a shortage of trained civil servants who know the problems and their background; and the funds allocated often have to provide a rake-off to parties in power and key-men before they reach their destination.

Apart from all this the policy for the South has been formulated by a political class that was largely unready for it, and sometimes filled with the crudest prejudices. It includes many men without experience, who know little of the practical problems of the world today. They are suspicious of private enterprise, without the help of which it is hard to industrialise a Western country; on the other hand, they believe rather oddly in the miraculous power of money alone. They pursue power for themselves and for their group as the most important object, which means that they often tend to turn what could be a productive investment into sterile but colourful alms-giving for electoral purposes.

They are always tempted to favour their friends and relations, and often think of a factory not as a machine to produce goods but as a monument to set up in their home town, without considering whether it is useful or suitable. Finally, they share the simple hopes of the local people: that is, they believe it is possible for the South to "catch up with the North and to overtake it. . . ."

THE RESULT IS what we know has happened. Billions have been poured into the South from 1951 until today. It is hard to say exactly what the figures are, because they include ordinary funds, extraordinary funds, grants from the *Cassa del Mezzogiorno*, state contributions to interest charges on loans for new industries, expensive salvage operations to bolster up weak industries, loans from the various international organisations, private, national, and foreign investments, and so on.

Most of this money, after stopping off in the South, has eventually found its way to the Po valley, thus encouraging further the economic development of the North, which is the opposite of what it was meant to do! The salaries of the northern technicians and managers, who often leave their families at home, went North; so did the money to buy nearly all the machinery (as happened in the case of the Alfa-Romeo automobile plant to be built in Naples); so did the eventual shareholders' dividends and profits of the parent company. The improvement in living standards naturally increased the demand for products which only the North could provide, cars, television sets, textiles, electric household appliances, and everything for the building and furnishing of houses. And the money which southerners were increasingly depositing in banks and in post-office savings also went North, to be invested in an economic area free from political pressures.

Around the hand-outs from the *Cassa del Mezzogiorno*, which could so easily be influenced by politicians, there hung (and still hang) crowds of petitioners, most of them quite incapable of setting up and running an industry or indeed any serious enterprise, but extremely skilful at obtaining political favours. Many of them used part of the money received to build ghost-factories which could not produce goods at competitive prices, and were closed down the day they were completed because the company owning them went bankrupt straight away. The real business lay in building the plants, not in running them, which could only have been done at a loss.

THERE ARE, TO BE SURE, also serious modern firms, running efficient factories, but most of them are too modern for the primitive conditions in which they are set. Signor Libertini, a member of parliament, recently said in a speech to the House:

> As you go along the motorway from here to Naples you see all kinds of thriving industries and get the impression that you are passing through a prosperous district. But when you stop and ask how things are, you realise that there is less work than ever because half these industries have just failed, and the other half are just about to fail.

It is not just on the motorway to Naples that you can see this; it can be seen all over the South and the islands. The *Mezzogiorno*, which was known to our fathers as the "cemetery of public works," is now turning into a "cemetery of industrial plants" as well.

There are northern industrialists, too, who have realised how the hand-outs really work and used them ingeniously for their own purposes. They set up firms in the South, with powerful friends to back them, fill the workshops with the latest machines, that are sometimes imported duty-free and always bought at bargain prices and with subventions of every kind. Then, after the factory has been opened, they quietly send part of the machinery up north, dismiss most of their workers, and carry on with what is left of the place (if it is not closed down altogether) at a much slower rate.

There are, however, a few large, serious, and extremely modern firms that produce goods at competitive prices, export at an ever-increasing

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rate, and thrive in an enviable way. They are nearly always set up by large private firms from the North or by state-owned mother industries. But they too contribute relatively little to the prosperity of the South. Some of them are so modern that they need few hands, and those nearly all highly skilled. They provide work for a few technicians, a few accountants, and a small number of office staff and workmen.[2]

Other outsize works arise in all their technical perfection, like the pyramids of Egypt in the desert, in districts that are still too backward to be able to make use of the advantages their presence might provide. The steel-works at Taranto (envied by the Americans and the Russians) have not produced any noticeable metal-works around them. The large chemical and oil works at Priolo in Sicily have not produced any medium and light industries locally, using the materials turned out on the spot.

Are these faults, which everyone recognises and which have often been denounced in the press and in parliament, being corrected? Doctor Guido Carli, Governor of the Bank of Italy, explained in 1966:

> The spread of easy credit means that those who ask for it think they have a right to credit; and the institutes that give credit are mainly influenced in their decisions by considerations of the social usefulness of investments. And, through a process of natural selection in reverse, among organisations and banks with varying traditions those with most experience—best equipped, that is, to examine critically the assets, financial and economic position, and organisation of firms—are overtaken by others more likely to grant every application, certain that this will be approved by those that decide how things shall be shared out.
>
> Easy credit is becoming more and more a matter of giving alms; and its extension increases the feeling that its principal purpose is to deal with local situations, which means that the giving of credit becomes increasingly subject to interference that threatens the objectivity of the bodies that give it. Collaboration with the political authorities, far from being confined to matters of general economic interest, is now sought in particular cases and uses credit to solve problems connected with them.

IT IS CLEAR that if things go on as they are the problem will become worse instead of better, because every year the North will advance at an increasing rate, helped in this advance by the vast sums handed out to the South and the islands. This is an explosive problem that might endanger social stability, internal peace, and the very unity of Italy. Minister Taviani, for the *Mezzogiorno*, rightly said at the last Christian Democrats' congress that it was not *"a"* problem but *"the"* Italian problem.

It is now clear from what has happened that it is not just a simple economic problem, the kind that can be solved by increasing the amount of money allotted. A systematic social transformation is needed to give people the outlook needed for the economic development of their country and to allow them to take advantage of their natural resources, which are few, and above all of their resources of industriousness and intelligence, which are plentiful.

As always in such cases one must start from the foundations, which have been neglected: agriculture and education. No place can thrive economically if its agriculture is primitive and choked. Everyone knows that the problem of agricultural production no longer exists. Everything can practically be produced anywhere. What does exist is the problem of marketing agricultural products. They must be sold when they can command the best price, and they must be of the quality and kind demanded by consumers. People are beginning to realise this in the South, but slowly. Enormous amounts of capital are needed to transform farms, educate agriculturalists, and bring in experts from more advanced countries than ours. Sicily must follow and overtake Israel before it can beat Milan.

Education. The problem is a national one, but the South could be out in front with large institutes to train specialists in organisation, experts in all the difficult modern techniques, managers, marketing experts and so on, as well as schools to turn unskilled into skilled workers. Without trained personnel at every level economic progress today is unthinkable.

Credit. It should be given (as Carli suggests) severely and shrewdly, by banks protected from political pressures. It should go to industries and enterprises that show a natural likelihood of surviving and prospering. On a framework of medium-sized industries larger and then very large indus-

[2] An oil refinery in Sicily, run almost entirely by automation, some time ago decided to surround the works with large gardens, in order to employ a few hundred local men, who from a strictly productive point of view were completely superfluous.

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tries could later be built, and they would then find suitable surroundings and plenty of customers on the spot.

Above all, prestige-industries should be avoided, the kind that southerners think they must have to prove to themselves they are no longer underdeveloped, the kind that remind electors of the name of the minister who set them up, but which have no chance of prospering. Among those to be avoided are duplicates of northern industries already well established. What should be chosen at first are plants that process local agricultural products, and completely new activities based on recent inventions, which have had no chance, yet, of putting down roots elsewhere.

IF ALL THIS WAS DONE, which seems highly unlikely, the South would become part of the great economic currents of the modern world, and would be dragged finally into 20th-century Europe. But it would not reach, within the next few years, the level of life in the North, unless (as many people cautiously suggest) the progress of the North were slowed down.

Why is it so unlikely that the gap between North and South will soon start to grow smaller instead of growing steadily larger? Above all, because the North has an old technically-minded middle class, so serious that to southerners it seems dreary, which proliferates in each generation like bacteria on a culture; a class that is tirelessly able to found new firms, run those already established, modernise old plants, invent new initiatives, and set up advertising campaigns and sales and export drives. These people, who are experienced with money and respect it, rarely bite off more than they can chew.

The hundreds of firms set up every day in the North are strictly planned from the point of view of costs, modernity of techniques, scarcity of the product on the market, political competitors, and foreseeable sales. These enterprises are hardly ever short of money. In today's world, money is one of the easiest materials to find, at least for anyone who has what it takes to reassure the international brokers of capital.

THE TWO ITALIES finally are divided (as I have suggested) by their basic outlook. For centuries the South has, for historical and other reasons, been dreaming solely of alms handed out from above by the Prince; and this means that today it is always (or nearly always) still dreaming mainly of help from the State. State support has some important advantages, to be sure, and in some extreme cases there could be no alternative to it. But by its nature it is slow, clumsy, timid, short-sighted, always late, and it takes a tiresome amount of political string-pulling.

In the same amount of time the northern industrialist makes up his mind, draws up plans, finds money, builds and runs new plants, gets back what he spent, pays his debts, accumulates assets, and starts thinking about new enterprises, conceived according to more advanced techniques, more modern, more efficient, and more profitable.

For these reasons, if I were asked "Is the policy for the rebirth of the South a failure or a success?" I should, if I were to be candid, answer: "That depends. . . ."

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POINTS OF THE COMPASS

South African Notebook

By David Holden

Arrival in the Dark

EAVESDROPPING on the plane, eight hours from Paris, after a moonlit stop-over in the steam heat of Kinshasa, I hear voices expanding with talk of coming home. In front of me is a middle-aged woman in pearls and what looks like a "good" dress from Harrods, with careful bleached hair-do, carefully taut figure, careful English accent, the vowels fractionally bent at the edges with a South African twang. Everything about her is slightly tense, under pressure, including the conversation—with an obviously embarrassed Englishman in the next seat.

WOMAN: "Keep an open mind, that's all I ask. Simply keep an absolutely open mind. Use your own eyes and ears—nobody else's. So many people come, you know, with their minds made up. It's so silly, so unfair...."

ENGLISHMAN (*Mutters inaudibly*)....

WOMAN: But what do you *do* in England for the coloured people, after all? You say they work for the National Health Service and the railways. But isn't that slave work, really? Oh, I know you call it something else, but that's it really, isn't it? It's just slave work."

ENGLISHMAN: "Well, I really don't want to get into a political argument...."

WOMAN (*with tinkling laughter*): "Good gracious no! Of *course* not! But you've already seen a bit of Africa, haven't you? You've had your first sight of it at that airport just now...."

ENGLISHMAN: "No, I haven't really. I was only there 40 minutes, I don't call that seeing Africa."

WOMAN: "But of course you've seen it! You can't get away with that sort of answer. You've seen the airport—and how it's run. And they just can't do it, can they? I mean, why not admit it? They can't do it. I knew that airport in the old days, when it was the Belgian Congo, you know, and I can tell you it was very different. What's happened, you see, is they've retrogressed. They've retrogressed. When we get to Johannesburg you'll see what I mean. I mean, there are shops and restaurants and a proper bar for transit passengers, not just one poor little African opening cokes! Oh, of course, after fifty or a hundred years, who knows? Perhaps they'll be able to do it, too; but you can't just *overlook* the fact that they can't do it now. I mean you can't. Can you?"

JOHANNESBURG: *1.30 a.m.*: Arrive and disembark. Through customs and immigration in 40 minutes to find no transport into town. Most of the passengers met by private cars and one taxi, leaving the crew and four passengers waiting.

2.35 a.m.: Special bus arrives and departs with crew.

2.45 a.m.: Nice, embarrassed French hostess from UTA explains to the remaining four of us that it's the same every time. South African Airways has a monopoly of ground transport and never sends the buses in time for this flight. "We telephone for hours and zey make a terrible fuss. I 'ave nevair seen anysing like zis anywhere. It is incredible!"

2.50 a.m.: Another taxi arrives and we get in. Driver proves to be what South Africans call "a real Van der Merwe"—an Afrikaner simpleton. He doesn't know Kemptown, where we have to drop two passengers at their home. He doesn't know the President Hotel, where a third passenger is going. He doesn't know the air terminal, where I'd arranged to be met. So it's 3.25 by the time we reach the air terminal, next to the railway station. It's locked, and the caretaker (white) inside says through the door that nobody's been there since 12.30. (This turns out later to be untrue. The friend who was meeting me had been there until nearly three.)

3.30 a.m.: Giving up the air terminal we reach the President Hotel, visible from most parts of the city centre on account of the fact that it is one of Johannesburg's tallest buildings with its name in lights on the top about 50 yards long. My fellow passenger alights and I ask directions from the desk clerk (white) to Dawson's, one of the city's oldest and most respected "luxury" hotels, where I've reserved a room. He's never heard of it. Looks it up in the telephone book, pores over a street map and decides it's only five blocks away. Gives directions which prove to be wrong.

3.50 a.m.: After driving in growing confusion through neon-lit but totally empty streets I spot an elderly African and hail him for directions. He stares apparently in panic, silent, then turns and shambles down a side street out of sight.

3.55 a.m.: Dawson's at last. It is locked and bolted, with only one small light visible over

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the reception desk. I ring the bell, hammer the door, shout. The street echoes with the noise but no one answers. Is there anybody there? cried the Traveller, knocking on the neon-lit door.

4.00 a.m.: Back to President Hotel, get a room, out of curiosity ring Dawson's to ask what the hell? No answer. (When I rang them again five hours later they were surprised to hear I was not in their hotel. "No sir, we are always open. There's always someone here. . . .")

4.15 a.m.: Bed at last. Could Kinshasa have been worse?

WARNING FROM A JOHANNESBURG FRIEND: "You can walk down to my office from your hotel—but if you're coming after eight o'clock you'd better stick to the main streets. Might get a knife in your back if you don't." Well, it might happen anywhere, I suppose, in the dark alleys of a big city. But where else, except New York nowadays, would a friend actually tell you, first thing, as a matter of course? Later another acquaintance puts me in the picture. Johannesburg's claims to distinction, he says with irony, are (1) it is the biggest city in the southern hemisphere that isn't built on a river or the sea; (2) its crime rates, motor accident rates, suicide rates and divorce rates are all among the highest in the world. And I note for myself in the latest Annual Survey of the South African Institute of Race Relations that the Republic accounted last year for 48 per cent of the world's known judicial executions. Nice to have that qualification, "known."

The Problem

THERE'S ONLY ONE, and it hits you at once. Take the first copy of the Johannesburg *Sunday Times* I get hold of. A 38-page paper, with one whole page of pictures, four full-page ads, seven pages of small ads, five pages of sport and two for arts features, critics, etc., leaving 19 pages for other editorial matter. Over 16 of them—80 per cent—offer practically nothing but variations on a single theme. Race relations in South Africa. (And a good slice of the sports pages is devoted to stories of anti-apartheid demos against the Springbok rugby team in Britain.) Two stories particularly attract me. One is a fascinating bit of Nationalist dancing on the head of a pin at a meeting in Pretoria of the right-wing extremist Herstigte-(Reformed) National Party. The party's deputy leader, Jaap Marais, was apparently reduced to almost (but not quite) speechless anger by a heckling youth who asked why the wife of the HNP leader, Dr. Albert Hertzog, had been rushed to a Roman Catholic hospital when she was ill. Was this the action of a true Calvinist?

> "Shouts of *'Shame!'* and 'Throw him out!' and 'What a despicable thing to say!' came from the audience."

The answer, said Mr. Marais, evidently between his teeth, was that the decision was not made by Dr. Hertzog, but by his wife's doctor. " 'And this doctor is a good Calvinist Afrikaner, like Dr. Hertzog.' . . ."

The second story concerns a Coloured community near Cape Town which is said to be simmering with indignation over a simplified hymn book introduced exclusively for the use of Coloured congregations in Dutch Reformed mission churches. Most of the objections arise from

> "a stanza in Hymn 20 where the Lord's presence is affirmed 'in huts and in halls.' In White churches, Coloured congregants say, the Lord is to be found in "halls and homes.' "

Other allegations against white church leaders in the same story are reported as:

> "(i) Farm labourers (Coloured) are taught to begin the Lord's Prayer with 'Die Vader' (The Father) instead of 'Ons se Vader' (Our Father).
> (ii) Apostles and other saints are described to farm children as 'Baas' Peter, 'Baas' Paul, 'Baas' Matthew, etc."

To be fair, the report gives denials from white representatives of the Dutch Reformed Church, in similar terms.

> "Mr. Botha strongly rejected the allegation that the [hymn book] was simplified. 'There was no mention of the Lord's presence in "halls and homes." White churchgoers sang of the Lord's presence 'wherever we may roam.' . . ."

NIGGLING, PRICKLY QUESTIONS pursue you everywhere for the first few days. Of definition, for example. Everything about "the problem" seems to depend on definitions, like who, what or why is a South African? European or non-European? Afrikaner or "English"? Greek, Italian, Portuguese—or maybe an English-speaking Jew? It's vital to know, or you can't

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interpret properly what's being said: yet so many of the definitions in common use are miserably ambiguous. I walk down the street and see a café labelled, boldly, "NON-EUROPEAN RESTAURANT." First thought: So it's for Africans. Second thought: Or maybe for Asians and Coloureds? Third thought: But who on earth are the "Europeans"? I thought the whitish-pinkish-brownish faces called themselves South *Africans*....

Very well, then. Start from the other end—who are the Africans? Four terms have been or still are most commonly employed by white South Africans to identify black South Africans: *Kaffirs, Natives, Africans*, and *Bantu*. *Kaffir* is from an Arabic word meaning unbeliever—and there are surely white as well as black unbelievers? *Natives*—well, virtually all the Afrikaners and many of the "English" whites are certainly natives in any rational meaning of the term. *Africans*—ambiguity already noted. *Bantu*, the current official jargon—probably the most absurdly ambiguous of all. It means people. Who isn't? All the terms fall down because they avoid the only thing that matters, which is colour. So one has to get around to talking about blacks and whites and Coloureds (in-between). This still leaves gaps, like the Asians (also in-between) and what kind of a white a white man is, or what kind of a black a black man is—but it's the nearest you can get to clarity.

AMONG THIS CONFUSION, evasions are constant and, I suppose, not surprising. You have to learn to cope with those as well. Like the lifts in the BP building in Johannesburg, where I notice three out of four labelled "EUROPEANS ONLY—SLEGS BLANKES." A group of us, all white, get in the first one that arrives and set off from the ground for the upper floors. At the first floor it stops and two blacks get in. Nobody says a word. Coming down again later a similar thing happens in reverse. Two black cleaning women get in on a higher floor and suddenly scramble out—giggling at almost being trapped in the closing doors—at the first floor. I learn later that this is standard practice, because the owner of the building (and the police) would like to enforce the "EUROPEANS ONLY" rule, but with only one lift for Africans it's altogether too inconvenient. White people upstairs would have to wait too long for their black messengers and cleaners to go to and fro. So there's an unspoken rule that the blacks use the white lifts from the first floor upwards to avoid embarrassing the white commissionaire on the ground floor who would feel obliged to make a row if he actually caught them at it.

Similarly, the shortage of skilled (*i.e.*, white) labour leads to a multitude of discreet or ludicrous "modifications." The papers are full of it: "WHY [White] BUILDERS DESPAIR," explains the Johannesburg *Star*. "Africans in the Transvaal are allowed to put the first coat of paint on a building but may not apply the second or finishing coats," even though the first coat is said to require more skill than all the rest. But there aren't any white painters to be had, so what to do? *Answer*: you hire Africans to paint your home anyway and everyone looks the other way.

Because of the job reservation by colour there's a shortfall of 50,000 skilled (*i.e.*, white) men in South African industry and service trades. Hence the Government's campaign for more white immigrants.

"The original limbless man could be a bus driver overnight here," said a Johannesburg resident, "as long as his skin was white." Hence, also, I presume, the extraordinary incompetence of many of the white workers a visitor meets—the Van der Merwe taxi-drivers, the hotel desk clerks who seem scarcely able to read and write, and whoever is responsible for so many of one's telegrams and messages going irrevocably astray. Three-and-a-half million whites are attempting (by their own choice) to maintain an expanding economy for nearly 20 million people, and it simply can't be done. With the skill and talent of five-sixths of the population grossly and arbitrarily under-employed the strain on the remaining one-sixth is just too great. Hence also, however, the widespread evasion of the job reservation rules which permits Africans to do on the quiet jobs they're not supposed to do at all. Sometimes it's just a matter of breaking the rules regardless—like the white home-owners who hire Africans to paint their houses. More often it involves the subterfuge of "re-classifying" particular jobs so that officially they don't require a "skilled" man any more and "unskilled" blacks can be turned loose on them in safety—and for less money.

BUILDING the Johannesburg freeways has just provided a typical case in point. A shortage of skilled carpenters was holding up work on the wooden shuttering for the concrete flyovers. Plenty of blacks were available who could do the job, but the white unions wouldn't accept them as carpenters. So the job was re-classified for "carpenters' assistants" which meant the blacks could do it—on condition that they neither carried a nail bag nor used a claw hammer. Why this esoteric qualification? Because a carpenter is defined as a man who carries a nail bag and uses a claw hammer, and if the blacks were allowed to do those things as well as the job, where would anyone draw the line? As one of South Africa's leading painters (canvas variety, white) said to me: "People here go insane in such a marvellously pedantic way."

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CONVERSATION WITH AN AFRIKANER BUSINESSMAN: "You people talk about this as a racialist society. But we're not racialists, Mr. Holden. I know the white man's lazy. I know he wants black men working on his doorstep but not living on his doorstep. But things are changing. I've got seven hundred Bantu and three hundred whites working in this firm and three years ago I couldn't have put a native wages clerk in the same office with two white women. But I've done it this year and we've had no complaints. I know you don't think that amounts to much, but it's progress, Mr. Holden. What we need here is time for more progress—and you people won't give it to us."

Progress towards what, exactly?

"Progress towards separation of responsibility among the races. What we've got to do is to make *apartheid* work. Make it *fair!* I know it's not right at the moment, but Rome wasn't built in a day."

"But if you're going to separate the races, why employ a native wages clerk along with two white women?

"Because I've got no choice, Mr. Holden. I've got to employ natives. You've no idea how bad the labour shortage is! And as I tell you, I'm not a racialist. I think many Africans are just as good as you and me."

Then why bother to try to separate the races?

"Because it's the only way, Mr. Holden. What other way can we go? The United Party talks about ending *apartheid*, but all they want is *baaskap* all over again—and we know from experience that can't work. We can't be the boss of everybody here forever, any more than you English found you could boss us about for 50 years. And then the Progressives talk about multi-racialism and having black representatives in our Parliament, but that only means we'll be overwhelmed in time. It's a simple question of numbers. Mass against mass. What other way can we go?"

This way, that way, no way out. I must have gone round this particular treadmill half-a-dozen times in a fortnight with puzzled, apparently sincere men—Afrikaners, especially, who hoped that somehow, somewhere, some time Mr. Vorster was going to square the circle for them. They evoked sympathy, frustration, depression in equal parts. Where do you, where *can* you go from here?

Glimpses of the Human Zoo

SOWETO sounds like a good, old tribal African name. It turns out to be the Johannesburg Municipality's abbreviation for the South Western Townships—about 30 square miles of standardised bungalows where two-thirds of the city's African population lives. Every morning the Municipality runs a bus tour for white visitors around Soweto, and as it's the only way most whites can get there without special authority it's usually pretty full. Americans on the world tour filled the bus I went on—fresh from shooting home movies of the lions in the Kruger National Park, apparently. Soweto provided them with more of the same.

"On our left you'll see a Bantu woman wearing a typical Swazi hat," said the tour guide. "If the driver goes slowly you can take a picture." Obligingly, the driver went slowly, groaning at walking pace alongside the woman in the Swazi hat who strolled down the verge with only a little more self-consciousness than a Kruger Park lion while everyone levelled their cameras at her out of the left-hand windows of the bus.

"Over there you can see some Bantu drinking in one of their beer halls. That's Bantu beer they're drinking—it's a thick, sort of grey liquid, very strong. I believe three or four gallons a day is quite an average consumption. The Government makes it and sells it to them in those plastic containers. They don't have any other containers because glass or cans would make rather nasty weapons after a man's had a few gallons of Bantu beer."

"Here's a group of girls on the right going back to school. You'll see one of them's obviously a Coloured—she's the lighter one in the middle there. Now there aren't any real Coloured living here, because Soweto is for Bantu, but you'll see a few like that because maybe her mother married a Coloured, or was a Coloured herself, and then if she's divorced, or the man dies and she marries again to a Bantu, she's re-classified as a Bantu and comes to live here. All right, Mike, you can drive on now."

Once we stopped at a centre for crippled workers and looked at the weaving and the net-making, and everyone bought a cushion cover or a table runner from the stall by the door. We had the houses of the Bantu rich pointed out to us. "There are five Bantu millionaires in Soweto and several witch doctors who are millionaires as well—only they don't get registered so they won't have to pay their taxes." We saw the outside of the Baragwanath Hospital and learned that it had 2,200 beds and was the biggest in the southern hemisphere. There was a new civic hall standing all by itself in the middle of a barren field, and there were supermarkets and churches, schools, cinemas and

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petrol stations (where the Bantu millionaires made their money, apparently) and those endless rows of bungalows everywhere. I wondered what Sophiatown had been like—the African slum where Trevor Huddleston once worked and that was razed as Soweto rose in the past 15 or 20 years. There was a picture of what might have been Sophiatown in the guide-book we were given. It looked pretty awful, like the back streets of Calcutta, and it was captioned, slightly obscurely, *"The Price of Progress."* Opposite was a picture of the roof-tops of Soweto stretching over the veld under a pretty blue sky. "Soweto," said the text, "is not ideal, as the housing is often monotonous, and facilities sometimes few, but the primary task must always be the elimination of slums and the provision of basic housing for every family. This target is in sight." Hard not to be sentimental and think the slum life might have been preferable. But probably wrong. Soweto is an advance. What is depressing is the sense of isolation, of being—almost literally—behind bars. Every now and then, as we approached the boundaries of the place, we saw a high, chicken wire fence with a few strands of barbed wire on the top. Once we actually passed through a gate in the fence and the guide joked about it with a practised laugh: "I can see you're all wondering about the barbed wire and the gate. Well, don't worry—they're not locked up at night!" The awful thing is that I really had wondered....

THE BANTU COMMISSIONER'S COURTS in Johannesburg look a bit like a war-time army camp. Dingy, "temporary" shacks, with bare rooms containing a magistrates' bench at one end, a dock on one side and a single, crude bench for spectators at the other. There are a white magistrate, a white clerk and a black clerk sitting beneath the magistrate, plus an interpreter and an African policeman to see the prisoners through the dock. Wire netting covers the windows and there is a nauseating smell of bodies. Through an open door at the back you can see into the courtyard full of wire cages where the prisoners are kept in groups. They're brought here in lorries from local police stations every morning, after they've been arrested for various infringements of the "pass laws." Usually they have to wait several hours in the cages, often 24 hours until the following morning; and if they have the misfortune to be arrested on a Friday night it'll be Monday before they're taken into court.

The morning I was there several hundred Africans were in the cages, and the magistrate seemed to be trying to get rid of them all before lunch. One by one they shuffled into the dock, looked at the floor and talked to the interpreter in whispers while the white clerk shot a series of apparently standard questions at them. "Where were you born?" "Who employs you?" "How long have you worked there?" "What happened to your pass?" Rat-tat-tat for about 90 seconds, and then rat-tat-tat again—the sentence. "Two rands fine or five days." "Ten rands fine or 30 days." "Remand for one week for further investigation." And also, with remarkable frequency, "Charge withdrawn."

The average on my morning was 28 cases an hour, with 50 per cent convictions, about 25 per cent remanded and 25 per cent discharged. Four other courts were in operation in the same block, so they were probably getting through about 4–500 cases a day. (There were, in fact, over 900,000 cases throughout South Africa under various petty *apartheid* laws last year, so 4–500 cases daily in the Johannesburg courts may be an under-estimate!) The proceedings were so swift that I could hardly follow them, and the prisoners looked understandably bewildered. But the white clerk told me it was a routine morning. "It's really just a way," he said, "of seeing a man's pass book is kept up-to-date."[1]

STELLENBOSCH, not very far from Cape Town, is one of the most attractive places in South Africa. White, prettily gabled, Cape Dutch houses, rolling vineyards, a lively Afrikaans university, and in an old farmstead at Lanzerac, just outside the town, probably the best little hotel in the country. It was from there, after a more than usually presentable lunch and a bottle of the local white wine, that I went with *B.*—whom I had better not identify further except to say that he is white—to look over the Cape Coloured side of the fence.

We began at a shanty town a mile or two from Stellenbosch, where 150 Coloured families lived. They had occupied a similar shanty town before in a "white" part of Stellenbosch, but the whites had objected to the eyesore and the authorities had moved them on to this new site in a Coloured zone. At that time, being officially homeless, they had received no official aid to set up homes but local church and student groups had come to the rescue, helping them to restart as best they could in rows of tin-and-tea-chest shacks, with stand pipes for water at 50 yard intervals. Now, however, about a quarter-of-a-mile away, the Government was building 616 new coloured houses, similar to the African

[1] Every African in a "white" area must have a pass book. It registers his elementary vital statistics along with his places of residence and employment. If he has no approved residence or employment he will probably be "endorsed out" of the white area —*i.e.*, sent to whichever of the African "homelands" is appropriate.

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bungalows of Soweto. So we went to look at those. Not exactly ideal homes. The rooms (from two to five in each bungalow) measured nine-feet-by-seven. There were no electricity, internal water, ceilings, door frames or internal doors and the walls were only 2½-inches thick. Definitely not ideal homes—but plainly better than the shanty town.

Unfortunately, they weren't available for the homeless, shanty Coloured, because those people were already safely inside the Coloured area. The new bungalows were to house Coloured families that weren't homeless at all, but who lived in an old "white" part of Stellenbosch from which they were now being compelled to move. The old houses were our third port of call. Some were fairly tumble-down, many were decent, old-fashioned wooden or brick structures in a variety of styles and sizes, probably between 50 and 100 years old. Being in the centre of town they had electricity and water and at a guess I'd say very few had any rooms as small as nine-by-seven. With a little money and a lick of paint they could have been turned into a nice little example of urban renewal. In fact, a number of streets are, said *B.*, scheduled for white residential occupation after the Coloureds have gone. The rest will be knocked down to make room for light industry and extensions to the University. Meanwhile, the Coloureds have to get rid of all their electrical equipment and bulky furniture and move into the nine-by-seven bungalows. And the homeless remain that way, in their tin-and-tea-chest shacks.

Conversation with a Dominie. The Rev. Dr. Willem Lubbe is Editor of *Die Afrikaner*, the new weekly newspaper financed by Dr. Albert Hertzog on behalf of his Herstigte (Reformed) National Party. Apparently, conversation with him soon turns into religious discourse—not just because he's a dominie of the Dutch Reformed Church, but because the HNP itself claims to be the only party truly inspired by the word of God. Thus, within two minutes: "Politics for us means maintaining our Calvinist principles—that is, the word of God in all things." And in *apartheid*, especially, since that is the most important element of God's design.

"The word of God teaches that the existence of separate nations and separate peoples was willed by God. We must therefore respect the diversity He established. If we mix with non-white nations what will happen to us? We know from experience—we have 300 years' experience of what will happen if black and white are mixed."

(The shadow of the Cape Coloured looms, and I recall what one of their leaders said to me, sitting in a car in Cape Town because there was nowhere else we could easily meet: "We were the first natural results of this bloody place—nine months after Van Riebeeck landed. And now we're worse off than ever.")

Dr. Lubbe goes on to say that the remarkable preservation of the Afrikaner nation is due to its readiness to serve God's will as—in essence—a chosen people. "The argument boils down to a firm belief that the burden of the Afrikaner is no fortuitous thing. He has a purpose here, ordained by God, to serve His will and to serve His other children."

Including the Africans?

Definitely including the Africans. "The Bantu are like children. You can't expect a child, a mere child, to have the same judgment as an adult. You can't expect these people who're so far behind the whites to know and respect their own identity and their own God-given purpose as we do. They must be educated, and it is *our* purpose to educate them. When that's done they don't want to lose their identity. They *want* to remain apart. That's our experience."

But if they remain apart, won't you be deprived of their labour, their skills? Your economy might get poorer instead of richer. Your standard of living might fall... ?

Dr. Lubbe, firmly. "We would rather be poor and pure, than rich and mixed."

Across the Colour Lines

In one way *apartheid* has obviously worked—by making it increasingly difficult for anyone to communicate across the lines of colour. Public expression of black African attitudes has been wholly obliterated: I can't think of a single significant instance of it in the two-and-a-half weeks I was in South Africa. Private expression is almost equally inhibited. Where can a white man meet and talk to an African except in the kitchen, or across a serving counter—*de haut en bas?* A few African newspaper reporters, a handful of African students, and church ministers who're not yet totally cut off—there's practically nobody else. The Coloureds and Asians are easier to contact because their exclusion from white society started later and hasn't yet progressed as far. But since the exclusion of the Coloureds from Parliament, and the Government's stacking of the new Coloured Representative Council last year, to frustrate the elected majority gained by anti-*apartheid* candidates, Coloured spokesmen are resentful and mistrustful. The fear of informers and the Bureau of State Security ("Boss") inhibits frank talk. "The Government talks about a state of calm," said one Coloured leader in Cape Town. "There's no state of calm. There's only fear. Nobody knows who to talk to, or how much. I've been

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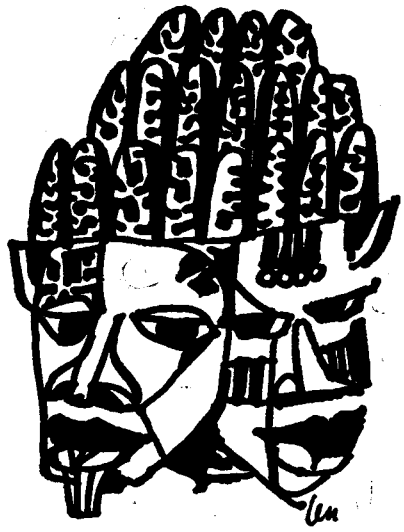
warned to behave myself. If you print my words overseas I don't give myself *that* much chance of escaping a banning order!"

No NAMES, no pack drill, then: but here are three views across the colour lines.

1. A moderate Coloured spokesman in Cape Town pointed out that the Government's action over the elections to the Coloured Representative Council had proved that they had no intention of giving the Coloureds freedom to manage their own affairs: they were merely asking Coloureds to be their own policemen. The Council was expressly forbidden to criticise Acts of Parliament or actions of government officials so in practice it would be able to do "bugger all." The Coloured community, he said, was seething with resentment and was determined to do all in its power to squeeze the whites economically as the whites were squeezing them politically. ("Don't forget," said a sympathetic white about this, "the Coloureds form 90 per cent. of the industrial labour force in the Western Cape, and there's not a farmer within 100 miles of Cape Town who could operate without them.") And yet, said the Coloured spokesman, with what sounded like anguish in his voice: "If the Government started now on a process of gradual relaxation, with the Coloured people first—it would be easier that way—I think there'd be some goodwill created. It's not too late, provided it was a continuing process. I mean, we aren't going to accept the United Party policy, just going back to white supremacy and white paternalism. I'm talking about treating us as equals. But they won't. They think everything's lovely. They don't know and they don't listen. Their minds are closed."



2. A private house somewhere in the white suburbs of Johannesburg. The door is locked, but opens to reveal a young man with his neck strangely twisted. Various explanations are afterwards offered for this phenomenon. He says he did it playing rugger. Someone else says it's a nervous affliction induced by the attentions of the security police. A third says he was actually beaten up by the police. The point is that the last two are as readily believed as the first.

In the basement of the house a multi-racial party is in progress. About 15 whites, with four African youths and girls and one or two Coloureds and Indians. Pop music on the record player and mixed dancing. It's a shock to see it can still happen, and one senses a touch of self-conscious defiance about the actual physical contact of black skin on white. Everybody present is a student leader of some kind. Committee members of the National Union of South African Students, Africans from the United Christian Movement, and from other African institutions. I talk to one of the white NUSAS members who speaks of the problem of trying to maintain both open protest and discreet contacts across *apartheid* barriers. In the past, he says, English-speaking white students (he discounts Afrikaner students as conformists) have followed traditional liberal ideas of protest, taking up events as they happened, laws as they were passed, restrictions as they were imposed, etc., protesting about them, and then moving on to the next event, law or restriction and protesting about that. Always being moved backwards, always forced in the direction the Government wanted. Now they want to experiment with a more positive line. Herbert Marcuse and R. D. Laing crop up in his talk. Group Dynamics is mentioned several times. In practice it seems there are certain things that can be done, legally, to maintain some multi-racial channels of communication: *e.g.*, occasional parties like this. There are loopholes in the law to be exploited—*e.g.*, at Witwatersrand University (Johannesburg) a few of the students are still non-European, in spite of the fact it's been declared "white" only.[2] The non-whites are there by special permission because they can't find equivalent courses in non-white universities. So their presence must be exploited to maintain multi-racial university institutions and forums. Also the university's only confined to whites as to its formal, registered body of students. Non-whites can still come legally and take part in other campus activities like theatre, debates, etc. They must be made aware of these possibilities. But, he continues, the trouble is that Africans, by and large, are no longer interested in meeting whites. They've been thrown back on themselves and are now interested only

[2] The actual figures are: Coloured, 20; Asians, 239; Africans, 5. The total student registration is 8,847. (Source: *Survey of Race Relations in South Africa*, S.A. Institute of Race Relations.)

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in their own questions and their own answers. Thus the old tribal colleges which have been declared African universities—Fort Hare, University of Zululand and University of the North, etc.—are becoming centres of black power thought, unmodified by any white influence, and NUSAS has increasing difficulty in gaining their cooperation.

J., an African present, confirms this without prompting. Says he and his friends want to meet whites but it's too difficult and most of them get discouraged. He himself has tried hard to keep up contacts, but often feels despairing and uncaring because the security police seem so determined to prevent him. "I've tried to tell them I'm not a subversive. I'm *not* trying to overthrow the Government. I only want to *talk* to whites..." but the suspicion and surveillance have continued. The other non-whites present agree. None of them, apparently, believes his or her presence at the party will be unknown to the police. The white students say they are under the same pressure. The owner of the house, sitting quietly upstairs, says the telephone's tapped all the time and he goes out into the garden from time to time to see if any police are hovering about so that he or his wife can tell the youngsters to stop the dancing downstairs in case the police try to bring an immorality charge. And one of the white students, a quiet, thoughtful, intense young man—tells me he's just been forced to resign from a position in NUSAS after pressure from the police. They'd reminded him that a friend of his had been imprisoned for three months. Was it worth risking the same? Probably not—"You're not even a martyr here when that happens. You just disappear and eventually get a one-way ticket out of the country, or a lifetime of silence —voluntary or enforced."

3. "YOU ARE NOW ENTERING THE TRANSKEI." Past the sign at the Kei river bridge, north of East London, you climb high into rolling uplands of thin grassland, cut by deep, transverse valleys and heavy, superficial erosion. Scattered mud-hut villages everywhere, bare-breasted women, mounted men and enormous herds of mixed stock—too dense a pastoral population, surely, for this or any other land?

This is the Transkei—South Africa's only functioning "Bantustan," where the blacks have had "home rule" for seven years and very slowly the whites are being squeezed out by order of the Government in Pretoria. (Home rule doesn't give autonomy in anything that matters much and the racial principles of *apartheid* are applied here as much as in the Republic—except that this is a "black" area, and the whites don't have to carry passes!) A few years ago there were 14,000 whites living in the Transkei among over two million blacks, and 460 white civil servants out of a total strength of about 4,000. Now there are only 10,000 whites among two-and-a-half million blacks, with only 350 white civil servants. Half the 600 white-owned trading stations have been taken over by blacks, there are only four towns left with areas "zoned" for white residence, and in the middle of Umtata, the capital, they're just finishing a posh new "Bantu" hotel with three stars for luxury, no less. Also, because it's black—and intended to be blacker when, one day, there are no white residents left at all—and to some extent protected by its Home Rule constitution, it's about the only place inside South Africa where a white man can talk to an African with the reasonable conviction that he'll hear the truth. "The fact that you can meet me," said Curnick Ndamse, Transkei Minister of Education (and the fact that I can name him, too) "is an advantage. Here, at least, we can say our thing."

Ndamse was a lecturer in anthropology at the African College of Fort Hare and was once banned by the South African Government. He's also a firm opponent of *apartheid*, yet now he's a member of a Government that is officially committed to making *apartheid* work—since that's the essential premise on which the Transkei came into existence. How does he reconcile the contradiction? "We propose to exploit it for our own ends." *Apartheid*, he explains, is South Africa's policy—so South Africa must see that it works. The Transkei would therefore demand more and more money and more and more land from South Africa to ensure that the Transkei worked. In 1968–69 it had received only 23 million rand (about £14 million) for all purposes from Pretoria. It wasn't enough to run one Government department properly, yet they had six departments to finance. Their demands would be perfectly constitutional, but they would show Pretoria (*a*) that if they weren't met the present Transkei Government would be easy meat for the local opposition, which would be more difficult for Pretoria to handle; (*b*) that if they weren't met the world would know *apartheid* was a fraud; (*c*) that if they were to be met the sacrifices entailed for white South Africans would be huge—probably more than they would ever make. It was a simple case of put up or shut up. "People may be entitled to their prejudices," said Ndamse, "but they must pay for them. If they won't pay, they must face the fact that other solutions will have to be found."

Knowledge Guzana, lawyer and leader of the opposition Democratic Party, is one step ahead, seeking other solutions already. The Democratic Party has 16 of the 45 elected members of the Transkei assembly and is totally opposed to *apartheid* and separate development. "We want

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multi-racialism and a Transkei which would be an integral part of South Africa—a province of the Republic, like Transvaal or the Free State." If the party won power, it would extend voting rights in the Transkei to non-Africans, invite private white capital to invest there on ordinary commercial terms, and give full property rights to whites and Coloureds. In other words, it would destroy *apartheid* inside the Transkei. But at the same time it would insist on full constitutional recognition from Pretoria, such as the present Government enjoyed. "If the Republican Government didn't contemplate all the possible consequences of independent, democratic Government in the Transkei, they should have done. They can't stop us reversing *apartheid* here without making nonsense of their own constitutional position."

Is it just liberal prejudice that makes me think these are authentic black African voices? Perhaps the only truly authentic ones a white man can hear in South Africa—because they're the only ones that can say their own thing to him.

OBITER DICTUM FROM AN ENGLISH-SPEAKING LADY: "It's nothing like you people overseas imagine. The Africans are really very well treated. We don't separate them—that's a lot of nonsense! Why, I took some pictures down at the beach only the other day, showing the African nannies and houseboys all swimming in the same place with their white families. . . ."

Homelands

SUNDAY MORNING on the high *veld*. A splatter of tin roofs among a grove of eucalyptus trees marks another little Afrikaner *dorp*. The roofs are painted bright red, bright blue, sometimes silver. Red dust roads run between the bungalows and a few plants droop in the heat, set in little pots and tins on each shaded *stoep*. There is the Dutch Reformed Church, spired and forbidding, at the end of the main street and a cream-painted town hall halfway down—a mixture of plantation Gothic and Bradford palladian, glittering in the clear light. A petrol station, a general store, and a small hotel. An empty rugger pitch on the outskirts, a deserted tennis court by the school. A dozen or two cars stand outside the church, and another car has stopped for a moment at the main cross-roads. I see the occupants—father in dark suit and waistcoat, mother in white, frothy hat and fresh, white blouse, children in sports clothes but scrubbed hygienically clean and impossibly fair. Otherwise the town is empty.

I drive on to the next *dorp* and find the same story. Between them lies the emptiness of the *veld* itself with the road running straight and clear, marked by telegraph poles and barbed wire. There is a 360 degree view over this great plain, and almost nothing but virgin land and sky in sight. A flock of sheep, pink from the earth, is huddled into the side of the road as I pass by two small black boys waving red flags. A few herds of cattle, rather scrawny, can be seen, a strip or two of maize. But mostly nothing but brownish moorland, and the birds. Long-tailed fly-catchers hover over the roadside, with tails fluttering and waving like Chinese kites. Hawks sit on every other telegraph pole, buzzards wheel overhead in a sky that stretches unbroken by tree or hill or building through its fullest arc—blue and white, full of little surrealist clouds, as sharp as a Chirico painting. Another flicker of roofs comes up among another grove of eucalyptus. Another spired church, more dusty roads, and no sign of life. It is Sunday, and from Dewetsdorp to Witbank, via Bloemfontein and Mafeking, even in the metropolis of Johannesburg itself, from Saturday noon to Monday morning there falls upon all these places the sun-struck silence of the dead.

Sunday in East London is pretty dead, too, but in a slightly different way. Here the bungalows have nice, red tiles on their roofs, and are called Traveller's Rest and Dunromin, and the hotels march grandly along the sea front like Bournemouth, and some of them are even flying the Union Jack. At the south end of the town, in the harbour, you can see the red and black funnels of the Union Castle among the cranes. A warm and sticky breeze comes off the Indian Ocean, bringing in the surf; and along the prom there are some sad-looking seals in a cement pool, some sadder penguins and a couple of misanthropic gannets, with an aquarium behind. Four small boys and their fathers are suitably wrapt in contemplation of these sights. Further on, the cars are drawn up in rows to face the sea, each with its prime specimen of *homo Brightoniensis*. Elderly couples—Dad in his shirt sleeves smoking his pipe and Mum squinting serenely seawards in a Sunday afternoon coma. Packed families, in a permanent state of semi-crisis, the children sticky with chocices. Young couples locked in each other's arms. A few men wear blazers with crested breast pockets, one or two elderly military types sport sprightly moustaches and walking sticks and march briskly along the pavement with their dogs. There is a

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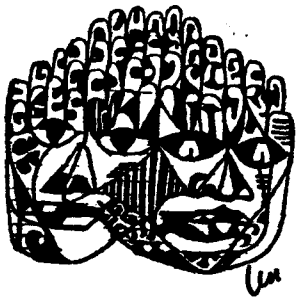
relaxed, soft air over everything, with the sea spray blurring the light. No wonder the English stayed here, while the Boers went inland.

But what about the other homelands? The Transkei, with its rolling, overcrowded uplands and its bare-breasted black women? Or the 250 other little bits and pieces of South Africa that are supposed to be reserved for the blacks, and one day, says the Government, will be "consolidated" into seven more independent Bantustans? Will it ever happen? Can it be enough? Well, the Afrikaans newspaper *Die Beeld* has just published some figures on the matter, projected from the last South African census. By the year 2,000, they say, there will be 35–40 million blacks in South Africa, with eight million Coloureds, nearly two million Asians and only six million whites. The territory reserved for blacks at the moment is 13 per cent of South Africa's land area. The territory reserved for Coloured and Asian homelands is nil.



I was thinking about these figures as I drove northwards from Umtata, in the Transkei, to the coast again, to Durban this time. Another river marked the boundary of the Transkei and suddenly I was in little England once more. Ramsgate, Margate, St. Michael's-on-Sea, the Cutty Sark Hotel and the Seaview Apartments. There was hardly a black man in sight except the ice-cream boys and the coffee-bar cooks, and the entrance to Durban was like the Great West Road, with little red brick factories for Maynard's Wine Gums, Schweppes, and Triang Toys. It looked very solid and very normal. Could it all be built on sand? And then I thought of the last conversation I had in Umtata, which in abbreviated form I set down here.

CONVERSATION WITH AN AFRIKANER CIVIL SERVANT IN THE TRANSKEI: Mr.——, (no names, no pack drill again, I'm afraid) the South African Government, which employs you here, says it intends to make the Transkei completely a black state. When will that be accomplished?

"That's very difficult to say. I would say at least two decades, probably more like 40 years from now."

There are a quarter-of-a-million African men and perhaps as many women from the Transkei working in the white economy of the Republic. It's also South African policy to get many of them to come back and live and work here instead. When do you think you might find work for, say, half these people?

"Don't ask me such a question! That's a very long way away. You see there's nothing here but farming and it's purely subsistence. We'll have to change the whole way of life before we can do what you ask about."

As a white man, how do you like working here alongside blacks, and for black Ministers?

"There's a wonderful spirit of cooperation here between us few whites and the Transkeians. You get the same support and effort from your staff as you would anywhere in South Africa. Mind you, Mr. Holden, I never expected in my wildest dreams that I would one day work with the Bantu, and when I was posted here I was very worried. But I see now it can be done."

So do you think you might work with them in the Republic later—maybe even live alongside them?

"That's a much more difficult question, and please don't quote me—but you know there's such a big—such an *enormous*—difference betwen us. I mean, take the Bantu lavatories—they get all blocked up with stones, because these people won't use paper. And there's lovely houses built for Ministers here, with beautiful modern American kitchens, and fowls running wild in them. One of them, I heard about, there was a pig slaughtered in the bath. So—yes and no—I can and I can't see myself working with the Bantu in other circumstances, maybe in the Republic even. But it's really *very* difficult. You *must* see that. . . ."

He was obviously sincere, and so am I when I say that I believed him.

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AUTHORS & CRITICS

"*The Pornography of Violence*"

John Calder's Illusions

By Ernest van den Haag

MR. JOHN CALDER'S reply to Pamela Hansford Johnson's defence of her "On Iniquity" [ENCOUNTER, February and April] makes depressing reading because he buries the problems in a farrago of obscure irrelevancies. I can deal only with some of the most egregious ones.

"Many people are undoubtedly better off" (happier? healthier?) owing to permissiveness in the theatre and on T.V. I know of no psychologist who believes that, or of any evidence. Is this asseveration more than a restatement of the assumption which Mr. Calder sought to prove (permissiveness is good, therefore it makes people better off)?

Elsewhere Mr. Calder refers to empirical evidence: "abolition of censorship has worked dramatically well in Denmark, bringing about a decline in sexual crime." There has indeed been a decline of 31%—because some actions previously classified as sex crimes (*e.g.*, public indecency, voyeurism, male prostitution, sale of pornography) no longer are. Rape and sexual assault have not dropped. Mr. Calder's evidence shows only that when an action, previously a law violation, no longer is, because the law has been changed—then the action no longer violates the law (and is not recorded as a law violation). Sexual crime has been reduced "dramatically" by changing the label from illegal to legal. This may sometimes be a good idea. But still a change of labels ought not to be confused with a change in what is labelled. The best that I can say for Mr. Calder's argument is that, perhaps, he did not know what he was doing; the worst, that he did.[1]

According to Mr. Calder, violence "is always the direct result of frustration" and anything else is never "the cause," but only a "symptom," which we need "not try to ban." (Aren't symptoms "causes," and "causes" symptoms, depending on the context?) Why should we not "ban" symptoms? We do extinguish fires (symptoms) regardless of cause (inflammable materials, or someone throwing a match). Why this contempt for symptom control, in general, and control of violence in particular? Any way, I do not share Mr. Calder's faith that "intelligent social engineering" will "remove social frustrations" and "enable every child to live in the world happily," without violence. Here Mr. Calder asks us to believe in "the evidence of things not seen." But there seems to be less evidence against almost any other religious faith.

The idea that violence "is always the direct result of frustration" is either false or meaningless. It is false if "frustration" refers to an independently ascertainable psychological state or to material deprivation. I cannot see how Roman emperors were "frustrated," or the Ku Klux Klan, or Stalin, or concentration camp guards, or Ian Brady. On the other hand, most materially deprived persons are not violent. Now, Mr. Calder might argue that the emperors, the concentration camp guards, *et al.*, were in some psychological sense frustrated. He would have to infer this frustration from the violence, *i.e.*, the frustration would precede violence *by definition*. But its independent existence or causative role could not be shown. Whoever is violent, whatever his condition, would be defined as "frustrated," and we would learn nothing about the causes of violence from this definition. Beyond definition, I know of no evidence linking frustration to violence more than say, surfeit, boredom, disagreement, lust, fear, etc.

MR. CALDER ACCUSES P.H.J. of writing "as a member of a mandarin élite." Apparently he grants P.H.J. this membership because of the quality of her writing although her pro-censorship views are opposed by the mandarin élite and would disqualify her. Mr. Calder modestly implies that he is not a member, apparently because of the quality of his writing although his anti-censorship views are upheld by the mandarins and would qualify him for membership. These views are bitterly opposed by the "common man" and clearly disqualify him as one. Everywhere intellectuals oppose and (with the possible exception of Scandinavia) blue-collar workers favour censorship. This tells us little about the merits of censorship, but suggests that Mr. Calder, more than P.H.J., is the spokesman for a self-righteous clique of mandarins who know what others ought to think and need. That these mandarins are "for the

[1] Incidentally, the decreased sale of Danish pornography, on analysis, seems to involve a reduction not of sales, but of revenue, owing to price reductions brought about by legality and competition. But it is still too early to reach conclusions.

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people" (actually for what they think the people ought to be for) matters less than that "the people" are not for them, at least not with regard to pornography.[2]

Mr. Calder champions the conventional view that violence is caused by poverty and inequality. (As poverty and inequality have decreased, violence has increased. Never mind; reformers are so taken with their guilt feelings they must ignore data which do not easily fit the conventional rationalisations thereof). Why doesn't violence come from eating bananas? Some people who do eat them engage in violence; most do not. Some poor people engage in violence; most do not. Those who do, in both cases, may be predisposed. (At least banana eating, unlike poverty, has not fallen while violence has risen.) No doubt, Mr. Calder will point out that, although there is no demonstration, the poverty theory seems more "plausible." Which can be said of books even more! For books, rather than poverty, are known to give people ideas which occasionally lead to action. Why does Mr. Calder "not for a moment think" (is it that painful?) "that a person is likely to commit murder as a result of reading"? More likely, it seems to me, than as a result of poverty, or bananas, if the reading presents murder as pleasurable and morally justifiable.

IT IS TIME to turn to the problem which Mr. Calder has obscured:

1. Is pornography necessary (or unavoidable) to freedom, to literature or art—is it inseparable from either, or both, inasmuch as censorship (owing to intrinsic inseparabilities, or to human frailty) could not but be so arbitrary as to do more damage to freedom, or literature, than is tolerable, or worth suffering, for the sake of outlawing pornography? If the answer is negative—

2. does pornography do enough damage (and is the damage of a kind preventable by law) to make prohibition legitimate and useful? Is outlawing an economic and effective remedy?

I cannot here try to answer these two decisive questions exhaustively. Moreover, P.H.J., in defending her original "On Iniquity," paraphrased many of the arguments I originally urged in favour of the view we share. (See my previous article, "Is Pornography a Cause of Crime?" ENCOUNTER, December 1967.) So let me just add a few clarifications.

The damage pornography can do consists

1. in precipitating crimes of the sort it may make inviting;
2. in cheapening and flattening the quality of life;
3. in eroding social cohesion which rests, after all, on mutual empathy and identification, in turn dependent on shared values and shared restraints.

Pushing liberty too far, particularly in a mass society, is not doing a service to it. It is likely to call forth a reaction which will push restraint, including censorship, to damaging lengths. A reasonable position, thus, calls for a moderate degree of censorship which leads to prosecution only in rather obvious cases and instructs juries to consider the evidence with respect to intent and effect of publication. The effectiveness of such laws is not measured by the frequency or success of prosecutions, but by the decrease of the productions that are deterred by the existence of the law. I know of no case where freedom was actually decreased, or literature damaged, by such procedures.

I think that some sexual practices, such as homosexuality, also might impair social cohesion since they are contrary to traditional values. However, outlawing these practices inflicts considerable suffering on those concerned, without actually diminishing the practices themselves. Hence, I should oppose outlawing them. But outlawing pornography does not cause suffering. It may spare some possible victims of crime.

Contrary to what so many defenders urge, I can see no loss to literature if pornography were prohibited, for pornography, to be effective as such, must be blatantly bereft of literary and artistic value. Literary critics who have difficulty in recognising pornography usually are not as incompetent as they make themselves out to be. They feel that, for the sake of liberty, they must deny that they can tell literature from pornography, just as Communists and some New Leftists will deny that they can distinguish between freedom and oppression, democracy and dictatorship, when such a distinction might interfere with the ideology or purpose to which they are devoted. To be sure, marginal cases occur, as they do with most legal distinctions. And juries can decide them as they decide other marginal or doubtful cases.

MR. BENN LEVY ["Of Figleaves," in ENCOUNTER, July] adds some interesting and not a few shoddy arguments to Mr. Calder's.

> "In America the crime rate has risen while the incidence of violence on mass media has dropped ... PHJ should be surprised out of her wits ... on her assumption ... [these] ought to be parallel graphs."

[2] Mr. Calder quite obviously expects to be among the "social engineers." I fear he might be among the engineered.

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Only if her assumption was that mass media violence *alone* accounts for crime rate changes. It was not. Thus, obviously, there can be offsetting factors, *e.g.*, lower apprehension and conviction rates, insufficient penalties etc. Mr. Levy also finds "Mr. Calder's correlation . . . with personal social and political frustration rather than with televiewing might be more conclusive. . . ." Does Mr. Levy find the graphs "parallel" here? is there more frustration in England than in 1935? 1955? 1965? (There is more crime.) I don't see it. Perhaps Mr. Levy's definition of "frustration" is so inclusive as to permit any reading of the "graph". Which makes it useless, but does not justify Mr. Levy's preference for Mr. Calder's ringing cliché. I am afraid that nothing else does either.

Although he can be as muddled as Mr. Calder Mr. Levy on occasion does better. Not well enough, however. He guesses, correctly I think, that a minority of viewers become less aggressive because they experience violence vicariously through viewing, while another minority becomes more aggressive because they will emulate what they see. He concludes that "the overwhelming majority are unaffected." The trouble is Mr. Levy does not specify what "unaffected" means. That they won't run out and commit mayhem? Doubtless. That their disposition is not affected cumulatively as it may be by, say, advertising? (Is advertising, then, without effect?) Would Mr. Levy approve a steady diet of violently and invitingly anti-Semitic or anti-Negro performances? They might well leave people "unaffected" in the first sense. But they might also contribute enough to an undesirable climate to justify legislation. Violence invited against groups of people does not seem worse to me than violence suggested against people as a group. I should try to restrain both suggestions.

T.V. violence is not easily disentangled from other factors which may influence social behaviour. Mr. Levy is right; our ignorance in this area *is* disturbingly great. But why does that justify permissive more than prohibitive attitudes? If the effect of a drug is unknown we usually restrict its use until either harmlessness or harmfulness is demonstrated. Yet drugs harm mainly those who volunteer to take them. Pornographic violence in books or shows may harm non-readers (*viz.* Ian Brady's victims).

Mr. Levy argues that "society" wants T.V. violence (wherefore it is commercially profitable). It merely reflects, or illuminates, reality, hence: "to deplore it is . . . as inept as to deplore the climate."

This is a royal muddle. Has no one told Mr. Levy that we make laws because we want to do the thing our laws restrain us from doing? (With Mr. Levy I believe in "original sin," though I'm less inclined to Pelagian heresies than he is.) We—society—want laws restraining anybody from doing what we all want but decided nobody should do. Thus, sadistic performances might attract vast audiences—which might also vote to prohibit them. "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak"—and law is one device to strengthen it. Even if the performance is "true to life," I would vote to prohibit it if it contributes to the climate both Mr. Levy and I deplore. If, however, besides being "true to life" the performance also "illuminates" life, it is, to that degree, art and not pornography. Which brings me to Mr. Levy's difficulty in differentiating.

He complains that no usable definitions have come to his attention (I am sorry that he ignores the definition I offered in my article in the December 1967 Encounter, and the fact that at all times custom establishes some operant definition). True, experts often disagree. But experts (even when not perjurous) usually disagree whether they are psychiatrists, ballistic experts, or handwriting specialists. So do witnesses. I don't see this as an argument against listening to them, and letting the jury decide.

It is entirely possible to distinguish between "illuminated" and "dark" areas, although any definition of the limits of either area is necessarily arbitrary, and can be changed from time to time, and be disagreed with. Such border-line cases may be disputed in court. But most of the time I believe there will be little or no difficulty distinguishing between pornography and literature, art and sadism.

Mr. Levy finally argues that we should "shoulder fully the responsibility of controlling ourselves." This is surprising for a believer in original sin: for that belief implies that we need all the help society can give to control ourselves. The task will still be great enough. The issue then resolves itself to whether legislation can give us *any* help and whether that help would have undesirable incidental effects of a grave enough nature. I do not think that Mr. Levy has shown the absence of the former as a possibility, or the presence of the latter as a probability. Consequently I can see no reason for not advocating reasonable restraint to be imposed by society through law.

Let me conclude by drawing attention once more to a simple and obvious fact. People, in all known societies, function by controlling their own impulses, in part consciously or semi-consciously, and in part by means of unconscious repression. The more the last is the case, the more ambivalent they feel about whatever may remobilise what has been repressed. The impulse stirs when stimulated, and so do the

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defenses. Wherefore, as a matter of psychic economy, people tend to avoid what may upset their equilibrium too much.

The social analogue of endogenous censorship, repression, is indeed censorship. Neither may be the ideal form of dealing with what may be difficult to face. "If men were angels," James Madison reflected, social controls would not be needed. But unlike Mr. Calder, he knew that men are not angels and will not become angelic through "social engineering." Nor did he think we would become perfect if treated as though we were. On the contrary, wishes must be distinguished from fulfilments. Simply telling a patient what he has repressed is ineffective and, sometimes, dangerous treatment. The defence has served a function. Unless the patient collapses, his defences will reappear as long as they are needed. So will censorship, if we allow pornography to go too far. But as do the defences in such a case, it will reappear in more extreme, sweeping, and actually damaging form.

Moving On

If Love has been sitting for hours
on an Allen Jones girlie chair,
if I have been given a backscrubber
for my birthday, if a prominent
poet wants to kidnap our pussycat,
if publishers regard themselves
as Fishers of Men. . . . This
is all so cosy in the Year of the Dog.

If I am a selfish liberal
socialist, if the office coffee
tastes of tealeaves, if the
ice is still on the polar ice cap,
if I regard my two
children with tenderness,
this is the face-down card,
the life that was dealt me. . . .

If what is ordinary still stays
ordinary, why should I run
to peanut brittle, put the
record straight on a Western campus,
worry about the tweeters and woofers,
blockade the television with
a sofa or davenport?
I am the friend of a healthy ulcer.

If the double-barrelled names
are firing off platitudes,
if some smooth idiots are
nursing constituencies,
if a moneyed party wears
Enoch's albatross. . .
my life still moves into
its twilight, grey is the colour.

Gavin Ewart

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LETTERS

Dr. Miller and Psychiatry

"EVERYTHING we have learned from the last three decades of rigorous psychiatric research favours the view that the important mental illnesses—*e.g.* depression and schizophrenia—originate in disturbances of biochemistry and metabolism."

If Professor Henry Miller's view ["The Abuse of Psychiatry," ENCOUNTER, May] is accepted (and it can only be accepted if we ignore the results of research which happen, like R. D. Laing's, to conflict with it), what then? What *causes* the disturbances in biochemistry and metabolism?

It is one of the sillier habits of physicians—using the term in Dr. Miller's sense, to make the contrast with psychiatrists—to assume that if a physical cause is found, it must be *the* cause of an illness. There are disorders which can be attributed to a microbe, or a poison; but over a great range of illness, from colds to cancer, we are no nearer finding a physical cause than we were fifty years ago. In fact we are further away, because what were assumed to be the causes of illness—viruses, for example—are now recognised as being no more than the agents. What is it that activates the virus? We do not know.

The hunt for a physical, or chemical, cause of schizophrenia continues; and no doubt in time some researcher will find the missing link, and will get the Nobel Prize for it. But it will only be a link. In all likelihood it will do no more for schizophrenics than the discovery of all those viruses has done for people who suffer from colds. It will help to explain how schizophrenia happens; not why.

But "why," I am always being told, is not a question which reputable scientists—or physicians—ask. So much the worse for science!

BRIAN INGLIS

London

IT IS UNFORTUNATE that Dr. Henry Miller chose a literary journal to air his rather angry views on psychiatry in his article "The Abuse of Psychiatry" [ENCOUNTER, May]. It would have reached more psychiatrists in a medical journal; now enlightened response may be lacking, and it will only delight many ignorant lay people with already erroneous ideas about this loaded subject. Many a psychiatric patient is in for a tough time at the dinner party.

I am just a simple psychiatric patient and as such my views hold little or no value. However, the mere fact that this is a non-medical publication may make it possible for me to make some comments.

Dr. Miller states that quite sophisticated psychiatrists accept cheerfully the patient's account of the origin of his troubles.

Such a psychiatrist would indeed be cheerful! No patient is so lucky as to know where the origin of his troubles lies. Most traumata have occurred in very early childhood and have almost always to do with unsatisfactory relationship with one or both parents. If the patient thinks he knows the origin, he is invariably wrong. One hears so many women say: "I am in this dreadful state because of my husband." In most cases their personality was already severely damaged before they chose their husbands. One is inclined to blame circumstances and certainly marriage partners. If one must put a blame somewhere, the best bet is "mum and dad," they—inadvertently or not—have caused most of the damage, apart from inheritance.

The psychiatrist's sublime role is to replace the original bad parent with a satisfactory substitute. And what a formidable task that is.

I have been seen by about 12 psychiatrists and treated by five. The failure to cure me completely so far has not been their, but more my fault. I am a lousy patient. It would be much easier to have a tumour on the brain and I would in that case receive much more sympathy.

It is also my experience over long years that no bona fide psychiatrist takes on a case unless it is a "deserving" one. And they are not afraid to tell you "to pull yourself together," or as my present doctor prefers to phrase it: "The answer lies in the soil."

CARLA MARKHAM

London

BRIAN INGLIS is always interesting and provocative. He almost makes one excellent point, and scores several splendid non-points. He is absolutely right in criticising the concept of *the* cause of a disease, and this applies both to physical and psychological causes. There are a handful of diseases where the immediate cause is of such overwhelming importance that it outweighs the contributory causes: typhoid fever just can't occur in the absence of the typhoid bacillus, and certain inherited defects arise from well-defined biochemical anomalies. But most illnesses result from a chain of causal events of quite different orders. Even so banal a disorder as duodenal ulcer may manifest the operations of a strongly inherited tendency, a tense and obsessional personality (probably part of the same thing), a contributory occupation, irregular and unwise dietary habits, excessive smoking, and emotional disturbance. There isn't really *a* cause of duodenal ulcer, but we know enough of the contributory factors to enable us to control the disease effectively in a large number of cases. We know that a high level of gastric acidity is a virtually invariable link in the course of events that ends in the ulcer—and that effective reduction of the acid concentration by medical or surgical measures will usually relieve the condition so completely that the patient can cope with his heredity, his personality, and even his misguided habits, free of the symptoms that previously made his life a misery. Since hyperacidity represents the link in the chain of causation that is most easily interrupted by treatment, it is convenient medical shorthand to regard it as the operational cause.

Elsewhere Mr. Inglis is wide of the mark.

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Physicians do not "ignore" research: they evaluate it but they do not necessarily accept it. Secondly he is unduly pessimistic. There are already several diseases due to chemical anomalies that can be corrected or greatly ameliorated by treatment. Diabetes is the commonest, but there are others that are rarer and more dramatic: the therapeutic potential of biochemistry is enormous. The common cold is difficult to control because of the large number of strains of virus and the short duration of immunity. But planned research in virology has already paid a magnificent dividend in the eradication of poliomyelitis and offers further exciting prospects. Fundamentalism has no place in science or medicine. It will always be possible to ask another "why," like the child who asks "But who created *God*?" The physician's task is simpler —and more useful. He seeks to identify those causes of disease that can either be avoided or eliminated.

I MUST REASSURE Mrs. Markham that I am not in the least angry about psychiatrists and thoroughly enjoy arguing with them. I agree with much of what she says. However, I can assure her that there are psychiatrists who are happy to attribute chronic psychiatric illness to a single traumatic incident in early life, or to current misfortune, and that such simple attribution is rarely correct. Mrs. Markham sounds the kind of psychiatric patient any doctor would be pleased to treat. It is much more common for the patient in whom the therapy has been unsuccessful to claim that she was in perfect health until she started the treatment.

HENRY MILLER
University of Newcastle upon Tyne

TV and "Going Back to the Cave"?

A Reply to Robin Day — By DAVID DIMBLEBY

IN "Troubled Reflections of a TV Journalist" [ENCOUNTER, May] Robin Day seems to give comfort to those who see television as a threat to society not just because of the way it is used, but because of the nature of the medium itself. Mr. Day would not, of course, consciously provide ammunition for our enemies. He is, after all, one of the most distinguished journalists television has yet produced, but it is because what he says matters that I would like to take issue with some of his arguments.

Mr. Day's thesis seems to be that television is beset by inherent limitations, which he implies it has not yet overcome. Top of his list is that "it depends on pictures." This leads it, he says, to disregard the causes of events in its obsession with "vivid, action-packed" coverage of the events itself. Colour television has accelerated the decline, so that now "human communication seems to be turning full-circle back to its primitive origins." It is an interesting theory, suggesting that all the advances in communications have been in vain—that we are back in the cave, drawing pictures on the walls. Mr. Day supports his contention by referring to the decline in intellectual content, and the contemptuous dismissal by television men of people speaking on television as "talking heads."

To take "talking heads" first, Mr. Day must surely know that the expression does not refer to *interesting* talk. It is a term invented by film editors to express their despair at stories sent back to them which contain *all* talk and *no* pictures. It is true that television demands high standards from its participants—interminable discussions which ramble on lose audiences on television just as they do in real life. But when the talk is good, it is as riveting on what Mr. Day calls "that wretched little screen" as it is in reality. All of us feel occasionally that topics we are covering deserve more time than the programme allows, but to interpret this as television's contempt for the spoken word is unfair. Television has immeasurably raised the level of public discussion and the articulacy with which political and social affairs are discussed. Its discipline is certainly harsh but not innately destructive.

As for pictures, variously described by Mr. Day as "crude visual headlines" and "crude visual journalism," he claims that television's need of pictures has given it an insatiable appetite which has profound implications. "It means that television has a built-in tendency to present issues solely in terms of their immediately visible results." I disagree, and I think that if they believed this to be true many of those who work in television would desert it for the printed word. Mr. Day cites as examples the coverage of Biafra and Viet Nam. In both instances, he believes, the wars were presented in terms of casualties, combat, and starving children, to the exclusion of a proper debate on the reasons for these wars. He envisages the possibility that full television coverage of wars, such as the Americans have allowed, may in the end make it impossible to fight a war, however just; that the will of a democracy "to resist the forces of evil or even to safeguard its own freedom" may be sapped.

IT IS A FAR-FETCHED CONTENTION, based on inaccurate evidence. The wars in Viet Nam and Biafra were both endlessly discussed on television. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee Hearings on Viet Nam must rank as the fullest debate about the propriety and effectiveness of a war that any nation ever conducted. That the results of the debate were to increase the mistrust felt by many Americans about the way in which the war was being fought is not relevant to the argument. The point

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is that the issue was continually discussed. The same is true of Biafra, a subject on which Mr. Day himself presided over full-scale debates in the BBC's *Panorama*. Of course, the pictures that came back from both these arenas had an effect, allowing the public for the first time to see what war was like, instead of relying on the stories of those home from the front. All of us now understand exactly what it means to go to war, exactly what happens when bombs and napalm are used, exactly what homelessness implies for refugees. Can this be wrong? Is not the result that for the first time democracies can decide for themselves when the forces that threaten them deserve this kind of retaliation?

To be fair, Mr. Day was stalwart in his insistence on television's need to be continually aware of the dangers that surround it, constantly ready to resist pressures from governments and commercial interests. He stresses also that the integrity of programme makers and the strength of purpose of those ultimately responsible for programmes is the only safeguard against a degradation of standards. With all that I heartily agree. What I dispute is his analysis of what he calls the "limitations" of the medium. It seems to me that he describes these in the language of the enemies of television, of those who do not understand what the medium can do, nor what it has already achieved. Neither the reliance on pictures nor the ability to see faces as they talk is inherently limiting. Of course they can be misused or handled unscrupulously, but to call them limitations is to turn one's back on a major advance in communications.

We are not in danger of going back into the cave and drawing pictures on walls. We are actually able for the first time to talk to each other face to face, and to be seen and heard doing it. It is an advantage to be seized, not a limitation to be exposed.

Amnesty: Partial or Impartial?

An Exchange between Martin Ennals & Tibor Szamuely

Mr. Tibor Szamuely's claim [Encounter, June] that Human Rights decrease in inverse proportion to the excitement they engender would be a suitable subject for a post-graduate thesis. As a generalisation however it would hardly be acceptable in an A level history paper. Another postulate with perhaps greater validity would be that the need for international protection of human rights increases in direct proportion to the means available to each government to deprive its citizens of their rights.

The Universal Declaration of Human Rights is 21 years old. It is contradictory and declaratory but at least it defines what people have not got and as such provides a measure of what they want. I know that there is much truth in Mr. Szamuely's assertion that governmental hypocrisy makes the task of organisations such as Shelter, UNA, Civil Liberties and Amnesty International more difficult. If Mr. Szamuely had played any consistent role in these organisations over the last few years however he would have realised that they are only too well aware of the dangers of the patronising politician who pays lip service to ideals and thus averts his own responsibility. (The Minister of Housing once contributed his Xmas card money to Shelter.)

The most notable example is that of Northern Ireland. For 30 years the National Council for Civil Liberties campaigned for basic human rights in Ulster with the assistance of M.P.s who later became Labour Ministers. Their access to power brought not even a puff of change until the reform movement broke into the headlines when the extremists started breaking heads.

Furthermore, nationalisation of humanitarianism has positive drawbacks. A recent campaign on privacy led by Civil Liberties has been neatly sidestepped by an understanding government which sets up a commission of enquiry excluding from its mandate any reference to government intrusions and from its membership anyone associated with Civil Liberties. So the subject is buried again. Resurrection is unlikely except perhaps when a new government replaces the old and the ex can criticise the actual.

The main body of Tibor Szamuely's attack is directed at Amnesty International for which he seems to have a particularly hard spot. His chief criticism is that by pursuing a policy of impartiality Amnesty International has managed "to blur the vital difference between totalitarian and non-totalitarian states." The application of the "single standard" to all acts of injustice is indeed the core of Amnesty's methodology. Without it Amnesty would be just another anti-communist anti-reactionary anti-body. We do not, however, say that all wrongs are equal; merely that all wrongs are wrong. To follow the thesis of Mr. Szamuely would be to accept that the lesser educational problems of the children in Birmingham are of no account while children in Nigeria have no schools. Szamuely further criticises us both for giving the figures of political prisoners where they exist, as in South Africa or Indonesia, and for globalising to a figure of 250,000 because we do not have a country by country statistic. We are not "reluctant" to provide figures where none exist and we cannot do more than say, as in the U.S.S.R., that the figures may well be in the tens of thousands. Tens of thousands only too quickly become hundreds.

The trade union report to which Szamuely takes such exception was produced by the British Section

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of Amnesty to draw public attention to the problems of trade unionists in areas where their leaders lacked the acknowledged respectability of Vic Feather. It was a report for the press not a document for the student of sociology. By coincidence I received Szamuely's article in the same post as a document from the Society for Cultural Relations with the U.S.S.R. complaining about our comments on Soviet trade unions and enclosing a copy of the ILO report on the subject which differs widely from Tibor Szamuely's interpretation.

Amnesty International's willingness to tackle both the Human Rights motes and the beams is one of its weapons in a world where human rights are talked but not practised.

PUBLIC OPINION is important in effecting change. Nationally it can too easily be suppressed. Internationally, however, suppression is more difficult. Public opinion is valued by those who seek its support and feared by those who would suppress it. The Soviet writers and intellectuals who, in 1969, used Amnesty International as a channel for their petition to the United Nations which the UN Moscow Information Centre had refused to transmit, were eager for the support provided by our organisation and our UN consultative status. But the Swiss (lovely country Switzerland, though my wife deplores their lack of rights for women) who goes to prison every year because he declines to carry arms, or the Norwegian who opposes NATO but not all war, are also entitled to the support of public opinion. The right to conscientious objection is incorporated in one of those international agreements at the Council of Europe which Szamuely so scorns.

It is on this question of international agreements that Tibor Szamuely allows his typewriter to run out of control. Either we believe in the rule of law, nationally and internationally, or we do not. Either we work painstakingly towards a code of conduct commanding as much international respect as a national criminal code or we allow anarchy, which we deplore at home, to prevail abroad. The drafting of a convention on torture is one step towards international responsibility for national conduct. The Nuremberg Tribunals were another. The fact that conventions are slow in ratification does not mean that conventions are ignored. On the contrary, it means that governments take ratification seriously. Ratification is only the second step in a process where enforcement of international rules of law must be a goal.

Back in 1968, which was the last time that Tibor Szamuely and Amnesty crossed swords, we commented on Soviet trial reports from *Le Monde* which Tibor Szamuely had missed. We were encouraged by sentences of exile instead of hard labour. The reports were in fact not full or completely accurate. But then—and now—we welcome trials as being better than disappearance and exile better than hard labour. As one hostile ambassador recently expressed it: "We are all beasts when we imprison people; but if you wish to influence us you must understand the nature of the beast. We too are human beings. Do not merely condemn us when we are wrong; commend us when we improve."

ON ISRAEL, Mr. Szamuely let himself down badly. He had done no research and it is even in doubt whether he actually read the document about which he is commenting. To say that "for many months Amnesty's investigators sought for proof of torture; they traversed the length and breadth of Israel and Israeli-held territories; they were granted every facility to visit prisons and detention centres, question prisoners, etc." is simply false. We have not conducted an enquiry in Israel. We have suggested that the Israelis should do so. Our press communiqué cited four cases as examples of why they should do so. The Israelis have the details of these and other cases and have had for months. We have made or accepted various proposals for dealing with the problem of torture in Israel but nothing has ever materialised. When similar allegations were made about Aden, the British Government after initial denials and spluttering, appointed a commissioner to enquire. We suggested the same procedure to the Israelis. The allegations of torture are manifold. They are an inevitable part of a propaganda war. What is important is not to believe the stories; only to examine the evidence. This is what we have done. By armchair distortion Szamuely harms all parties to the discussion.

No one is suggesting that the 79 Jews in Egyptian prisons are being tortured. They ought to be released as others have been over the past 18 months. They are Egyptians with no useful information and torture would presumably be pointless. In Iraq, Amnesty International, along with most other humanitarian influences, failed. But does failure to prevent executions in Iraq justify ignoring possible torture elsewhere?

If support for Dr. Spock in U.S.A. were incompatible with support for Larissa Daniel in the U.S.S.R. then a conflict of claims would emerge. In practice, support for one helps the other. It is not a question of equality of guilt; rather one of unity of effort and a sharing of responsibility.

A Reply

MR. MARTIN ENNALS' REPLY is an interesting blend of the *faux naif*, the misleading, and the ignorant. He attempts to put me right on Amnesty's basic philosophical approach: "We do not say that all wrongs are equal; merely that all wrongs are wrong." I fail to see the point of this hair-splitting. May I illustrate the Ennals thesis? (*1*) to upbraid one's child unjustly is wrong; (*2*) to murder a child —or anyone else—is wrong. Surely even Mr. Ennals can see the difference between the two "wrongs." But of course he does—in the course of his activities he always manages to come down much harder on wrongdoer *"1"* than on wrongdoer *"2"*. After all, the fellow may be armed, and, anyway, what's the use of arguing with someone like him?

Mr. Ennals adopts a facetious approach to very serious matters. With a completely straight face he informs us that the main difficulty of trade unions in Russia is that "their leaders lacked the acknowledged respectability of Vic Feather." On the contrary: I can assure him that Mr. Shelepin is a

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highly respectable figure—not only a Politburo member but even a former chief of the secret police. In the same jocular vein Ennals says that the ILO report on Soviet trade unions differs widely from my interpretation. Indeed it does: I assume Mr. Ennals knows that the U.S.S.R. is a member of the ILO and its Governing Body. He appears to accept an official Soviet-approved document. So much for "impartiality."

If Mr. Ennals does not know the number of political prisoners country by country then how can he possibly give a "globalised" figure? The difference between, say, 20 thousand and 200 thousand prisoners in Russia would presumably be

The Liberators

THE SLOGAN OF THE DAY *was "Vergewaltigt die Wachtmeister!" or, as their American comrades would put it, "rape the pigs!" The four young militants of the German New Left —Andreas Baader, Thorwald Proll, Horst Söhnlein, and Gudrun Ensslin—had been each sentenced to three-year prison terms for setting fire to a Frankfurt department store during the night of 2/3 April 1968. During their Frankfurt trial Danny Cohn-Bendit made a brief, dramatic star appearance in the court-room balcony. In their last words to the judge the defendants threatened: "Your kind of justice will be put on revolutionary trial...."*

That trial has now apparently begun, with the violent liberation of Andreas Baader who had been serving his sentence in the Tegel penitentiary of West Berlin. There he had often been visited by his lawyer, Horst Mahler, the leading counsel of the German New Left, and by Ulrike Meinhof, the former star-columnist of the Sex-&-Revolution magazine, konkret. *Even though the prison authorities were generally aware of a plan to free Baader, they gave him permission to continue his "sociological research" in various West Berlin libraries. On 14 May he was allowed to visit, under guard, the Sociology Institute in the university precinct of Dahlem. He claimed to be writing a book on youth problems for the Berlin publisher Klaus Wagenbach, and the German authorities took a "serious" view of his literary project. When Baader was escorted into the Reading Room, his friend Ulrike Meinhof was already waiting for him. Some time later four others, disguised by wigs, stormed into the library and fired their pistols and their tear gas charges. There was an exchange of fire; one of the librarians was hit by a bullet from a liberator's Beretta and was critically wounded. Baader and his liberators all escaped, he and Ulrike Meinhof making their getaway by jumping out of the Institute window and racing off in a stolen silver-grey Alfa Romeo. They left behind them several other wounded guards and librarians. The escapees apparently still had time to pick up Frau Meinhof's children, 8-year-old twins.*

This dramatic incident has given new spirit to the otherwise fragmented forces of the German New Left. "Ulrike's Deed" was found "heroic," and the activists' publication "883" rededicated itself to the programme, "Macht kaputt, was euch kaputt macht (Smash those who would smash you)!..." This was quite in keeping with the militant spirit of Ulrike Meinhof who recently accepted a teaching appointment at the University's Institut für Publizistik; *as she had written in her column in* konkret *on the subject of the political pyromania in Frankfurt: "What is progressive about setting a department store in flames lies not in the destruction of the goods, but rather in the criminality of the deed, its violation of the existing legal code...."*

IN VARIOUS INTERVIEWS *Klaus Rainer Röhl (Frau Meinhof's former husband) offered to shed light on the new career of the "Wunderkind" of the Left, now 35, who has been taken in Germany as "a de luxe edition of 'Red Rosa' Luxemburg." He called attention to various psychological and physiological factors, ranging from her childhood as an orphan to the disorienting effects of her recent brain-tumour operation. Her collaboration with what he called the "Berlin Mafia" since the days of Dutschke constituted years of systematic "brutalisation." But all this from Röhl may be less objective analysis than the* ressentiment *of a former husband whose divorced wife organised a Pop-Hippie gang to destroy the* Jugendstil *furniture in their old Hamburg-Blankenese villa (and also to urinate collectively in the conjugal bed).*

On a more ideological level, Röhl's magazine which was at one time the general voice of a New Left has now turned on its comrades of the extreme wing. It is a case of the revolution beginning to devour its brothers and sisters, husbands and wives. According to a leading article by Röhl in konkret *(4 June), entitled "Anarchism Leads to Fascism," the greatest threat to radical social change now comes from "the Parasites of the Left, the royalty-rich clowns of the Pop Sub-culture, and the Terrorist Groups of Anarchism...." He warned against those German comrades who now have a pyromaniacal infatuation with weapons and explosives ("Mollies" is their affectionate name for Molotov Cocktails); and he was contemptuous of the theatrical Wild-West tactics of those German Weathermen whose strategy and tactics were derived "not from Karl Marx but from Karl May...." He pointed out that no sooner is a so-called heroic deed done than the Press, Film and T.V. moguls are offered exclusive photographs, tapes, interviews, and star-engagements. (Both* Stern *and* Spiegel *were offered exclusive "inside" stories of the Berlin Liberation.) Röhl called for an end to that "false sense of Solidarity of the Left" which has sustained until*

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of some significance. And what exactly does he mean by saying that "tens of thousands only too quickly become hundreds"? Is he implying that stories about Russian political prisoners are grossly exaggerated, or that the number is actually on the increase? If the first, I would remind him of the people who for 20 years maintained that there were no more than a handful of prisoners under Stalin; if the second, then the duty of his organisation should be, not to hush up the facts but to alert world public opinion. An extremely well-informed Soviet underground publication, recently smuggled out to the West, gives the number of political prisoners in the U.S.S.R. as 500 thousand (exactly

in Berlin

now an emotion of comradely sympathy for such enemies of the proletariat, the people, and socialism. Adopting one of their own slogans, he called for the smashing of anarchists ("Macht den Anarchismus kaputt").

WRITING FROM AMMAN, *where the whole Berlin Liberation group had fled—in a new resolve to help the coming Revolution by joining the El Fatah forces to "crush the fascist ideology of 'Zionism'"—Ulrike Meinhof counselled her friends on the German New Left to "Build the Red Army Now!" Weapons were absolutely necessary, for no revolution could be made without an armed struggle. (This last message to the comrades was sent* via *the good offices of Mme Michele Ray, the former Paris mannequin who turned Left in her Coco Chanel outfits and has since reported from the revolutionary front lines of the Viet Cong, Guevara, and El Fatah.) Frau Meinhof was seriously troubled by the "revisionism and pure reformism" of those who hold that first the Proletariat had to be organised and then armament for revolutionary violence could take place. She was also troubled by the usage of the German word "Bullen" for the police rather than the Panther's American epithet "Pigs"* (Schweine), *since "bulls" imply a sense of strength, and in any case it was vital to establish that the Man in Uniform was indeed a Pig and not a human being* ("kein Mensch") *and therefore not to be talked with but only shot at: as representatives of the System they needed to be fought, "ruthlessly, without hesitation or scruple...."*

SO HAS VIOLENCE *of a politico-ideological nature escalated again on the German scene.[1] On 2 June 1967 a West Berlin policeman shot and killed a demonstrator named Benno Ohnesorg during the anti-Shah of Persia rioting. But this was still at a time when the German Radical Left was under the influence of Rudi Dutschke's* SDS *thesis, namely, that "Terroristic violence against persons is no longer necessary in the metropoles...." The* SDS *had expressed its "distress" at the arson in Frankfurt. Then came the attempt on Dutschke's life on the Kurfürstendamm, and the death of a photographer and a student in the rioting against the Axel Springer press. Extremist elements in the* APO-*movement (Extra-Parliamentary Opposition) took up Professor Herbert Marcuse's thesis that "Oppressed minorities have a Natural Right of Resistance...."*

Thereafter both theory and practice moved into a new phase. The SDS *proclaimed that the old thesis which made a distinction between violence against "things" and against "persons" was no longer valid. An attack against the Berlin police who were guarding a Court-house was mounted with several thousand bricks and rocks, and resulted in the hospitalisation of 130 policemen. Bakunin's old formula of "Propaganda of the Deed" ruled the day. Since the beginning of this year in Berlin, there has been: a Molotov-cocktail attack on the automobile of the Tegel prison warden; explosions in front of the house of the editor of the "BZ" (a Springer newspaper); the fire in the rooms of the District Court Judge (the arsonists leaving behind photos of Andreas Baader); more Molotov-cocktails in the North Berlin Labour Exchange; a fire-bomb attack on the Amerika-Haus. On 9 May, during the Cambodia demonstration, one plain-clothes policeman who was being beaten-up fired wildly and wounded several bystanders. Thereafter, "883," the house-organ of the so-called "Revoluzzer," published the threat: "The four* Popos [*Political Police*] *whom we beat up on Saturday are only a beginning...."*

FOR THE MOMENT *there appears to be a United Front among the usually fractionalised Left-wing sects—the various mini-groups of Maoists, Stalinists, Leninists, Trotskyites, the members of way-out Hippie Communes, the "Pot Rebels," the so-called "brother and sister fuck" companies, the "Red Cells" in the universities, et al. But all this is only taking place on the anarchistic periphery of the world of the German Left, isolated from social realities, enthralled by the hope of some speedy revolutionary change through violence, busy with plans to throw bombs, set fires, and liberate imprisoned comrades, for each deed constitutes for them a kind of sign of the imminent break-through to some brand-new era.*

DER SPIEGEL/STERN/DIE ZEIT (*Hamburg*)

[1] See the previous reports in ENCOUNTER: Kai Hermann, "Germany's Young Left," April 1968; Golo Mann, "A Word to the Restless Berlin Students," July 1968; Jürgen Habermas, "A Critical Word at 'The Court of Our Self-Appointed Revolutionaries,'" September 1968; "Revolution & Ripe Tomatoes," November 1968; Horst Kruger, "Children of Liberalism," "The Neo-Utopians," "The Politics of Defecation," February 1969; "The Uses of Dialectics," March 1969; Erwin Scheuch, "The Liberation from Right Reason," "The Coming of the Stone Age," Bernd Nellessen, "The Corpse of the Free University," and "Fffffruuustrationnnnnnnn," April 1969; "The Cult of Violence" and "The Revolution is Devouring its Parents," May 1969.

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double Mr. Ennals' "*globalised*" figure). Does Ennals still say that "no figures exist" for Russia? I suppose he is waiting for the official Soviet statistics to be published—how could he otherwise maintain his "impartiality"?

It would be interesting to know, incidentally, why Indonesia was the sole country for which Amnesty International gave precise figures. Could it be—could it possibly be—because Indonesia is the only non-communist country in the world where the number of political prisoners is really comparable to the communist figures about which Amnesty remains silent?

Mr. Ennals refers to a previous occasion when we "crossed swords." This was the curious incident, described in my article, when Mr. Ennals and one of his colleagues published a letter in *The Guardian* (24 December 1968) expressing their "encouragement" at the fact that the five Soviet protesters against the invasion of Czechoslovakia had been sentenced only to exile instead of hard labour. Their statement was quite untrue: two of the accused had received long prison-camp sentences. Even after I had pointed this out in a letter to *The Guardian* Ennals did not see fit to withdraw his misleading account. Nor is he at all apologetic today. He was, he explains, simply led astray by an incorrect story in *Le Monde*.

The explanation won't wash. Why did Ennals need *Le Monde* when, on 12 October 1968, the whole British press had carried full and correct reports of the sentences passed on Pavel Litvinov and his comrades? As, by the way, did *Le Monde*. So much for Ennals' alibi. *Le Monde*'s position, I might mention, was very different from that of Mr. Ennals: "For people like Litvinov, Larissa Daniel and Babitsky, exile may be an even harsher experience than prison." The Western Communist press took an even stronger line. The Italian *l'Unità* wrote: "The sentences are out of all proportion to the nature and the size of the demonstration." The Austrian *Volksstimme:* "The severity of the sentence is inexplicable." This was the Western *Communist* opinion of the very same sentence which the "impartial" head of the "impartial" Amnesty International found so "encouraging." A rum business, to say the least.

Nor is that the limit of Ennals' impartiality towards the U.S.S.R.: he actually *welcomes* "trials as being better than disappearance and exile better than hard labour." That's funny: hadn't I heard somewhere that "all wrongs are wrong"? Or does Ennals' Law apply only to non-communist, preferably democratic countries? Would it not be more accurate to express Ennals' Law as "all wrongs are wrong, but some are more wrong than others"? (By now Mr. Ennals' gratification must be boundless: in the last few months literally hundreds of political trials have been held in the U.S.S.R.)

WHICH BRINGS ME to the strange case of Amnesty and Israel. Here Mr. Ennals falls into a strident, almost hysterical tone: he accuses me not only of falsehood, but even of not having read the Amnesty report. But alas for him, my account was absolutely accurate (save for the minor detail that Amnesty had spent several weeks, and not months in searching for torture in Israel), and it can be corroborated on every point—and not by Amnesty methods of proof, either.

Ennals' outbursts show the increasing desperation of his attempts to wriggle out of the ugly predicament in which he has landed himself. He does not even try to take me up on any one of my statements and, instead, brazens it out with a glaring untruth. Amnesty, he writes plaintively, has never suggested anything more than that Israel conduct its own investigation into the charges, yet Israel stubbornly sabotaged every well-meaning proposal. I am afraid that Ennals' latest version of the facts is totally false.

It is refuted by the notorious Amnesty report itself, which called for an investigation, not by "the Israelis" but "only by a Commission of Inquiry whose impartiality is beyond question," and which should be "international in composition." Earlier Amnesty had demanded that it be allowed to conduct its own formal inquiry—graciously condescending, however, to include one Israeli lawyer in its commission. Mr. Ennals would do well to re-read the text of his own Report before accusing others of ignorance.

The most extraordinary feature of the whole affair has been the forbearance with which the Israeli Government long submitted to these unprecedented demands. Perhaps they were taken in by Ennals' constant mention of his organisation's "consultative status with the United Nations"—a distinction to which he pompously refers even in his present reply, but which in reality carries no more importance or exclusiveness than "*By Appointment Suppliers to H.M. the Queen.*" The Israelis gave Amnesty facilities which no other country would ever dream of granting. They carefully investigated eight specific cases raised by Mr. Ennals (*i.e.*, did exactly what he now says they refused to do). Their voluminous report was imperiously rejected by Amnesty as "insufficient" (no more explanation given), yet they still persisted in trying to reach some accommodation—until Mr. Ennals, his patience with this insignificant nation finally exhausted, decided to release his farrago of hearsay and anonymous allegations to the world.

THERE ARE OTHER indications that Mr. Ennals may be having difficulty in controlling his delusions of grandeur. "No one is suggesting that the 79 Jews in Egyptian prisons are being tortured." What this means, of course, is that *he*, Ennals, is not suggesting it. But the world is not populated solely by Ennalses, and a great many people are making precisely this suggestion. Mr. Ennals must be reading the French press with less than his usual assiduity, otherwise he might have heard of the conference held on 27 January by the non-Jewish organisation "*Amitiés Françaises pour la Délivrance des Juifs au Moyen-Orient*," under the chairmanship of the President of the French Senate, M. Alain Poher, which published proofs of the continuing torture of Jews in Egyptian prisons—proofs at least as convincing as Amnesty's own. But then, Mr. Ennals is not interested in Arab countries: dictatorships should not be upset.

"The allegations of torture are manifold," writes Ennals. "They are an inevitable part of a propaganda war." Quite. Then why has he made Amnesty International serve as a weapon in this propaganda war?

Mr. Ennals has formulated the central point of

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disagreement between us: "Either we believe in the rule of law, nationally and internationally, or we do not." Well put. I don't know whether Amnesty has an official motto, but on the strength of this statement I suggest they adopt *"Credo quia absurdum est."* Amnesty, it seems, is concerned not with reality but with *belief*: "belief in the rule of law"—in England as in Russia, in Israel as in Egypt, in Norway as in Cuba. The harsh, brutal fact that in most countries there is no such thing as the Rule of Law does not exist for Amnesty. All must be treated equally. Governments, they "believe," do not ignore ratified conventions. Could Ennals name one single paragraph of the Convention on Human Rights which the U.S.S.R. has not systematically and deliberately flouted?

Norwegians and Swiss, he explains, "are also entitled to the support of public opinion." Indeed they are; what is more, in their countries free public opinion actually does exist. Mr. Ennals is entitled to pretend that the situation in Communist countries is identical. But should he be allowed to get away with such exercises in sophistry?

"If support for Dr. Spock in U.S.A. were incompatible with support for Larissa Daniel in the U.S.S.R. then a conflict of claims would emerge," declares Ennals grandly. "In practice, support for one helps the other." Rarely have I seen crucial issues more blatantly confused. Dr. Spock stood in no need of Amnesty's "support": he was tried by jury, before an independent court, in the full blaze of publicity; during his trial and appeal he was out on bail, continuing his political activities unimpeded, after which he was legally acquitted. Larissa Daniel, on the other hand, was tried by a State "court," in complete secrecy, with neither press nor public represented; she was held in prison throughout, her appeal was automatically rejected, and she was sent to cut logs in Siberia. Is Mr. Ennals really blind to the fundamental contrast between the two cases And could he explain how exactly "support" for Dr. Spock has "helped" Mrs. Daniel?

In my article I accused Amnesty International of blurring the vital difference between totalitarian and non-totalitarian states. I am grateful to Mr. Ennals for having provided further evidence for my charge.

Tibor Szamuely

London

"Who Killed the Student Revolution?"

The very brilliance of Professor Nisbet's "Who Killed the Student Revolution?" [Encounter, February] may, I fear, blind us to several serious errors in his analysis. Some nails are undoubtedly hit right on the head: the emphasis upon overindulgence of students as a source of revolt, and the exposure of the nullity of the supposed academic goals of the movement. Nisbet's salute to Chancellor Strong of Berkeley, the first of a long line of administrators to be undercut and betrayed for doing their plain duty, was also a most welcome note.

Nisbet goes wrong, however, in a proverbially dangerous way: he underestimates the enemy. He scorns the current crop of revolutionaries because they are middle-class, because as mere students they are psychologically and economically dependent. But in decrying the romanticism of the revolutionaries, Nisbet himself falls victim to a romantic fallacy. Napoleon made the error of dismissing the English as "a nation of shopkeepers." For Nisbet similarly, it is unthinkable that the offspring of Madison Avenue jingle-writers could actually carry off anything as serious, desperate, and destructive as revolution. Such types don't have the *cojones*—for good revolutionaries you need Workers, or even Aristocrats, or better yet Blacks with their legitimate grievances. History, unfortunately, teems with examples to prove Nisbet wrong; indeed, one is hard put to think of revolutions *not* predominantly led by middle-class intellectual types. Let's face it. If there is a critical mass of individuals willing to kill or be killed to overturn the system—whatever their social origins, and however vicious, wrong-headed, or even pointless their reasons—you will have the makings of revolution. (Of course, whether the revolution will be ultimately successful is quite another matter.)

Nisbet's romanticising of the black student militants will be painful to those who have been their victims. The blacks are shown as virile and nationalistic, properly contemptuous of their would-be pseudo-revolutionary white student allies. Nisbet does not seem to realise that his seeming tolerance of black misdemeanours reveals exactly the same faculty attitude so justly criticised by him when applied to the misdemeanours of white students. (I don't for a moment think that Nisbet *really* would tolerate crimes, white or black; it is the romantic attitude he strikes which leads his argument to this false position.) And he is just wrong on the facts in asserting a total split between Black and White revolutionaries. The most successful of the black revolutionary movements, the *Panthers*, has prospered in spite of—indeed, surely just because of—its willingness to make a popular front with the well-financed and well-connected white revolutionaries. Eldridge Cleaver's foreword to Jerry Rubin's new *Scenarios of the Revolution* is but one more instructive example.

In Nisbet's view, then, there's no need to worry about the blacks; they're winning their own revolution and won't really want to rock the boat. Aside from race, he makes Viet Nam the one valid, bed-rock cause of the student revolt. He embroiders on the official version of the military-industrial complex's misdeeds (official on the campus, that is) only by emphasising the evil role played by corrupted political intellectuals—Bundy, Rusk, Rostow, *et al.* But again, he sees no grounds for worry any more. "Peace has become respectable"; Nixon's de-escalation has collapsed the issue. Unfortunately for Nisbet's thesis, the student revolt is world-wide. How can Race or Viet Nam explain the events in France, in Japan, in West Berlin?

Nisbet's analysis is defective, and his optimistic prediction unwarranted. We are nevertheless, in the U.S. at least, seeing some remission of our symptoms. The explanation would seem to be reasonably clear. As suggested (with some distaste)

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in Nisbet's last section: Society, *mauvaise bête* that it is, has begun to defend itself.

JACK HIRSHLEIFER

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IT'S NOT EASY, it may be impossible, to reply to Professor Hirshleifer's comments. I'll begin with his final sentence. I am frank in admitting I suffer from a poor sense of timing. I had somehow thought that our *mauvaise bête* would by this time have become a little more ferocious in defending itself from attacks. On the evidence of human history, as well as of the animal kingdom generally, it is astonishing how little overt defence of this sort is necessary. But a society whose principal journalistic spokesmen can get away with equating the occasional lapses from immaculate decorum of a Judge Julius Hoffman with the obscene and calculated attacks by an Abbie Hoffman and his seven accomplices on both judge and the judicial system he represents is clearly not yet in the state of mind I continue to predict for it. Not yet.

As to Professor Hirshleifer's other very well-taken points. I don't want to appear to be slinking for cover in semantic distinctions, but I wrote the article to distinguish between revolutionary behaviour and merely delinquent, adolescently delinquent, behaviour. Bear in mind that for several years the looting of buildings, humiliation of professors, burning of libraries and computer centres, smearing of filth on academic walls, and incessant screams for amnesty by those in the very act of looting and pillaging, were regarded by many of our colleagues in this country as revolutionary idealism. As it happens, I have little use for any violent modern revolution, starting with the French, but I thought it valuable to distinguish between the behaviour of the Dantons and Robespierres (evil as that may have been) and the behaviour of the Rubins, Rudds, and Dellingers. It was not so much to *diminish* the importance of the latter as it was to indicate, in direct fashion, the *nature* of its importance. And this nature, as must surely be evident now even to editorial writers and educational specialists from New York to Los Angeles, falls in the annals of delinquency and vandalism—increasingly terroristic vandalism—rather than of revolution. This does not at all mean underestimation of possible damage and danger to American society. But I had never seen academic liberals apply the terms "first flower" and "finest generation ever" to the youthful gangs that roll drunks, and I wanted most of all to question the relevance of these terms to those gangs on campus that roll professors, deans, and chancellors.

On the "middle class" origins of revolutionaries. Professor Hirshleifer may be right, though I am sceptical that is the case (admitting quickly, of course, these origins for the prime figures in France, Russia, and Germany in modern times). When one considers that most revolt in Europe prior to the 18th century was religious in inspiration, and with strong roots in the peasantry, the case is not so clear. But my chief concern in any case was the *American* middle class of the present age: newly affluent, uneasy, even guilty, in their wealth, possessions-oriented, frequently Left in political stance (especially professors and Madison Avenue jingle writers), timid about exercising authority anywhere, especially at home, often insecure psychologically, and with an almost fetishistic attitude toward their children. *This* is the class, or group, that is less likely (as I said) to produce revolutionaries than large masses of agreeable, charming mass children on the one hand and, on the other, in relatively small but menacing minority, the kind I described—given to destructive temper-tantrums when demands are not met immediately and precisely ("after all", as one of them put it the other day, "we are no longer babies"), fascinated by the scatological, easily bored, often lonely, enjoying destruction of buildings and books and computers as they once enjoyed destruction of their own toys, unremitting in insistence upon attention, love, and instant forgiveness for all sins, and, finally, ever-eager to escape into womb-like, drug-induced ecstasies . . . or else suicide.

I QUITE AGREE that from society's point of view it matters not whether bombs are planted by "revolutionaries" or by "delinquents"; that a social system may be as easily destroyed by suicide-bent Uglies and Crazies masquerading as idealists as by those in the austere, non-clownish, but deadly tradition of a Robespierre or Lenin. But since it has taken so many of Professor Hirshleifer's and my colleagues in America so long to see what has in fact been involved from the outset of the so-called campus revolution, I felt I had to emphasise the distinction. I thought, knowing the political romanticism of so many academic social scientists in this country, that it just might help to identify vandals and delinquents for what they are, thus removing future likelihood of "first flower" and "finest ever" as covering terms.

As to the blacks and whites, I hold no brief for black vandals and delinquents, and trust that our *mauvaise bête* will in due time defend itself from attacks from this quarter as well as from other quarters. That Jerry Rubin would crawl all the way to Cleaver's hide-out for one, perhaps final, pat on the head (I choose to watch my language here) is no surprise. There will be more of it. Guilt springs eternal in the American white middle-class breast, and many young whites will endure all manner of rebuffs, insults, and jibes in the hope of just one occasional pat on the head. But the segregatory processes I described between black and white militants are nonetheless going on. And they will increase. For the present, though, I think all that is off is my sense of timing. As more and more blacks make middle-class status, exclusionary processes among themselves will become more evident—directed to the Eldridge Cleavers, Bobby Seales, and Rap Browns—and by and by the remaining black hoodlums will perhaps have no place else to go than to the arms of the Abbie Hoffmans and Jerry Rubins. They deserve each other. God be merciful to them all. No, perhaps not merciful, but at least *just*!

ROBERT NISBET

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Anti-Art?

ONE OF THE PROBLEMS which was touched upon by Daniel Bell in his article "Unstable America" [ENCOUNTER, June] was what he termed the "change in cultural sensibility." In this brief section he remarked upon the new currents of artistic activity which, he says, "simply remain at the level of anti-art." He suggests that alongside an insistence on immediacy and involvement there is a rejection of "interpretation."

Although Professor Bell was limited by space in his examination of the complex relationship between artistic phenomena and the society from which they spring, it was encouraging to see a sociologist referring to it within the context of a larger thesis.

Working as I do with art students the following points seem pertinent to his comments.

1. Throughout this century many artists have *consciously* engaged in what might be termed "anti-art" activities. This is frequently not the result of an irrational, noninterpretative approach but is a considered attempt to challenge the traditionally institutionalised role they have been allocated by society.

2. Historically we can frequently note that concurrent with such activities other artists have attempted to create a situation which would allow them to be meaningfully integrated into society. Thus one might see contemporary art students commenting critically and often wittily on the idea of the "fine art object" with what appears to be anti-art activities while others attempt to create an art commune with the emphasis on the social contribution art can offer to society.

3. Clearly not all art students or artists can be categorised in this way; some are genuinely confused about their present role and produce work which might well fit Professor Bell's description; others are content to work within a traditional convention.

Unless one is aware of the calculated nature of the response of many artists to their situation there is a danger of dismissing much of their activity as entirely negative and unconsidered. This attitude can all too quickly lead into the argument that decadent art signifies a decadent culture. I can only add that many of the artists and students I have met are fully aware of their actions and the implications of these actions and that their artistic statements are an integral and coherent part of a particular analysis of the society of which they are a part.

N. UPFOLD

Cardiff College of Art

Goethe's Faust

JOHN MANDER slipped [ENCOUNTER, December] when referring to "Goethe's Faust's presumptuous 'True, I know much; but all things would I know.'" These are not Faust's words but those of his ridiculous assistant, Wagner, attired in a dressing gown and night cap, a light in his hand—virtually a cartoon—and Faust immediately gives vent to his antipathy.

WALTER KAUFMANN

Princeton University

AUTHORS

Peter Jenkins is the political columnist for *The Guardian* in London. His book *The Battle of Downing Street*—an account of the Labour Government's confrontation with the trade unions—is to be published by Charles Knight & Co. at the end of August....

John Wain's latest novel is *A Winter in the Hills*, just published by Macmillan. He writes regularly for ENCOUNTER, and among his recent articles are "Art, If You Like" (May 1970), "The Prophet Ezra v. 'The Egotistical Sublime'" (August 1969), "Orwell and the Intelligentsia" (December 1968)....

Golo Mann is one of Germany's most distinguished historians. His *History of Germany in the 19th Century* is a classic study, and was published by Chatto & Windus in 1968. Among his articles in ENCOUNTER are: "Napoleon" (December 1969) and "A Word to the Restless Berlin Students" (July 1968)....

Walter Allen is Professor of Literature at the New University of Ulster. He was for many years the Literary Editor of *The New Statesman*, and Penguin has re-published his study of *The English Novel—A Short Critical History*....

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